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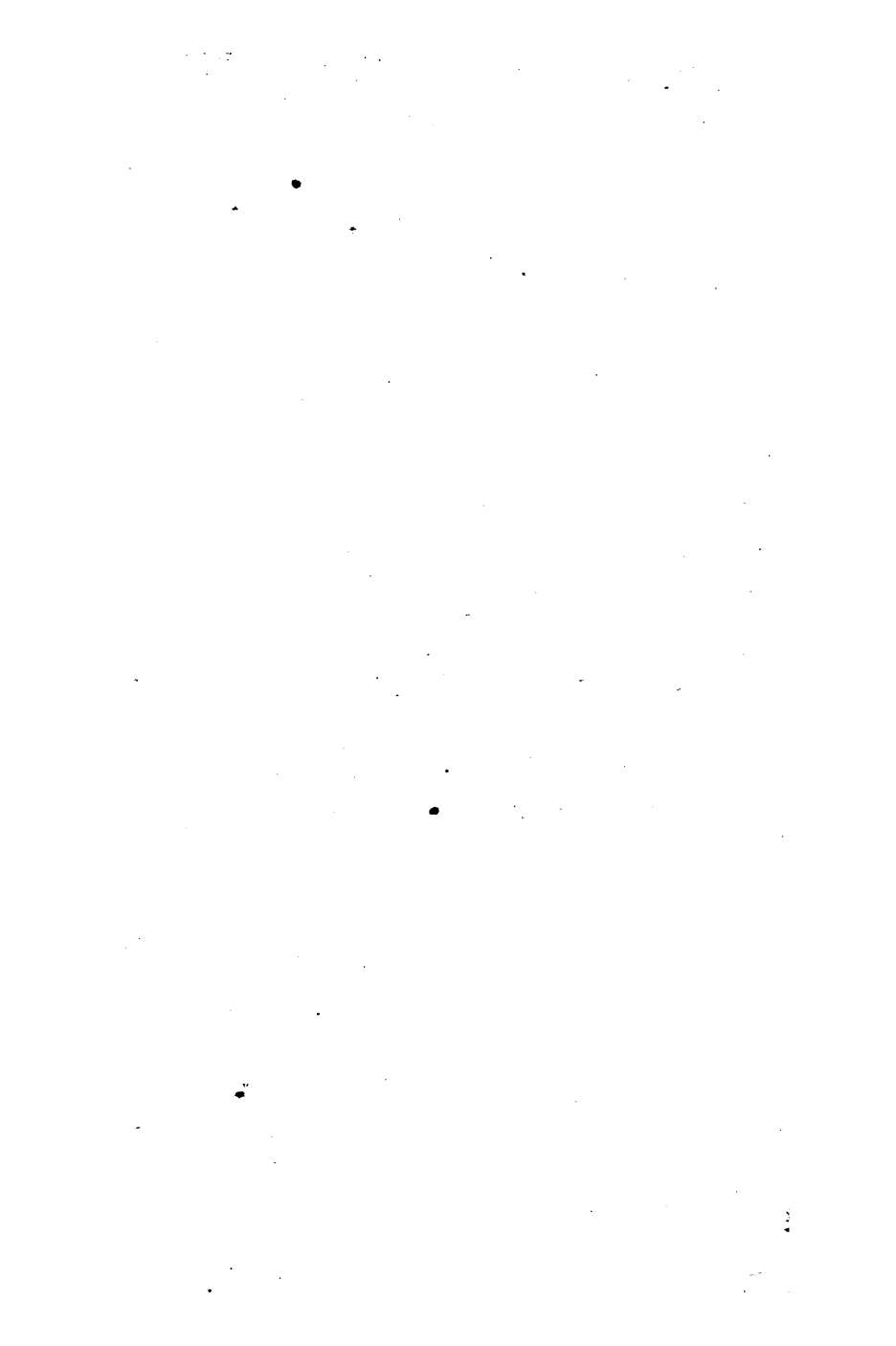


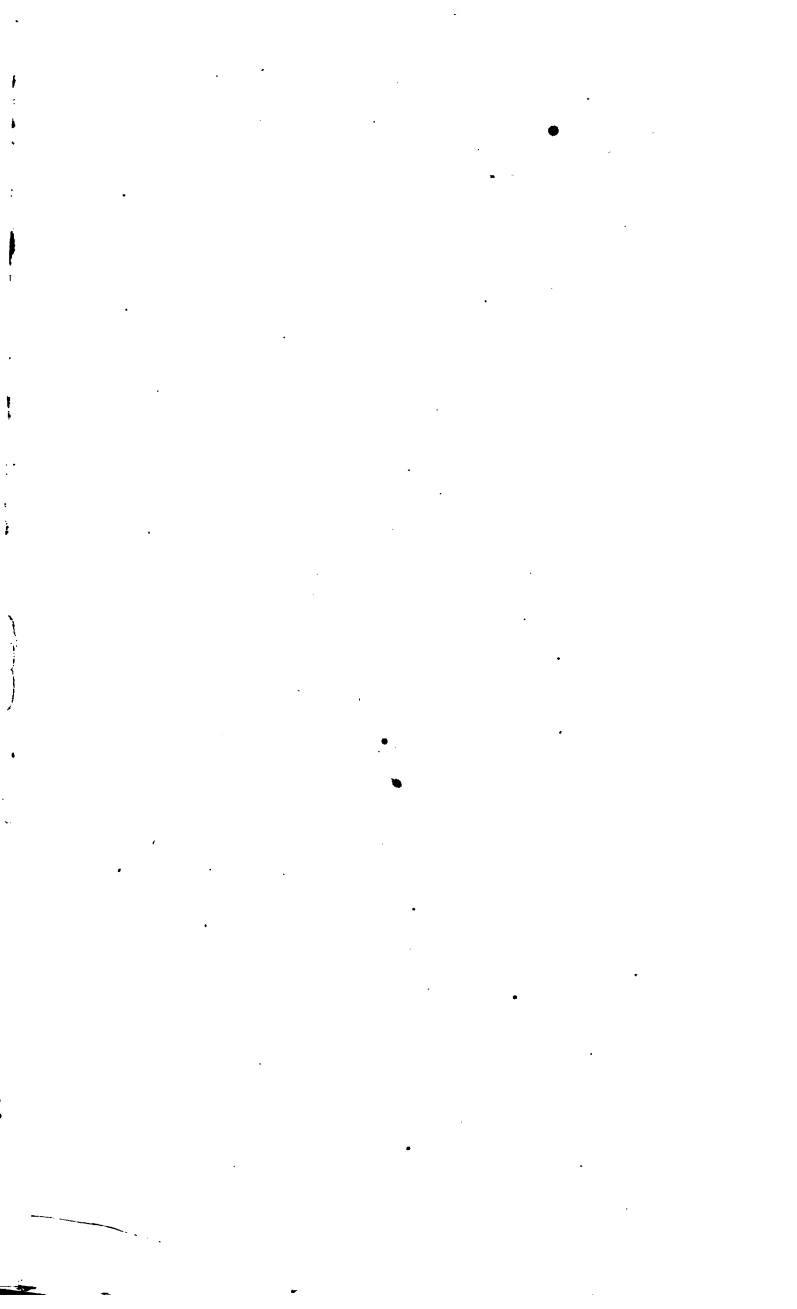
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DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FOUR VOLUMES IN TWO.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,
AUTHORESS OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

.....Take Physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. III. AND IV.

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DON SEBASTIAN,

OR

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

DURING Sebastian's absence, Abensallah had informed Tefza of the numerous cavalcade, belonging to the Turkish Bashaw, which was proceeding nearly in the direction of the yearly caravans to Mecca, and with which if he hastened, he might fall in, and reach Syria safely, whence it would be easy to pass into Arabia: on the contrary, if he let this escape him, he must wait several months for the setting out of the annual one from Fez; and so unnecessarily protract the period either of his slave's freedom or conversion.

This information had determined Tefza to proceed without delay in search of this private caravan, while he dispatched one of his servants to a kinsman at Riffa, with directions for the management of his affairs during his absence, and an order for him to return the slave, (with such money as the journey required) in the track of the caravan.

This arrangement was most welcome to Sebastian, who retired to rest on a heap of dried mosses, with a lightened and grateful spirit.

On the morrow they departed: tears fell from the venerable Abensallah, as he gave a parting blessing to the fugitive King: Sebastian in return kissed his hands

repeatedly, with much emotion. The great age of Abensallah forbade him to believe that they should meet again, till they met in the kingdom of Heaven: but sorrow was checked by the thought, that Abensallah had long divorced every selfish care, and considered death only as an angel that was to open for him the gates of Paradise. His unblemished and benevolent life warranted such an expectation.

Many were the exhortations against rashness, which the good dervise had given Sebastian before Tefza awoke; he now whispered them afresh: the King listened submissively: his last injunctions to Abensallah were to cherish Babec, for Kara Aziek's sake.

Babec indeed shared his regret, although he saw her joyfully nestling over her young ones in a cage of osiers, which Ismael had slung under the shade of a plane tree, near the cave;—without knowing where she was put, Tefza heard that she was given to Abensallah; and as doves in Barbary are considered the especial bird of God, he looked on such a present as a favourable omen.

The travellers came up with the caravan, formed by the Bashaw's people, after a journey of two days.

With what tumult of heart did Sebastian behold the close litter of Kara Aziek! he dared not approach too near, lest the sound of her voice might reach him, and hurry him into a transport that must betray their attachment.

Slowly traversing the desert of Zala, he and his pious companion shared in the advantages of the armed guard, and passed securely on through hordes of wandering people: at night he would draw near the tent where Aziek slept; his soul had no disquiet save for her safety; and for her he sometimes feared, when the indolent soldiers lay scattered about, offering an easy conquest to the robbers of those wilds.

In one of these nights, when all the party were sunk to rest, Sebastian left the sleeping Tefza, and affecting to seek rest also, lay down before the women's tent with Barémel at his side. As he lay, his ear caught

the sound of a light tread; he drew back; some one advanced to the opening of the tent, as if to breathe fresher air; the person sighed,—ah! that soft but profound sigh, it could proceed from no other heart than Kara Aziek's.

Trembling with joy and apprehension, he now drew near again, and applying his face close to the tent, said in a low voice, "I am with thee, Aziek!"

For a moment all was still; the next instant the drape of the tent was drawn aside; and Kara Aziek herself appeared: her face was lighted up with joy; she shrunk back, yet stretched out her arms towards him; he flew forward, he prest her to his heart, and then hastily relinquished her: she retreated quickly and dropt the curtain, while he threw himself again upon the ground.

All this was done with such rapidity and in such silence, that he doubted whether he had or had not embraced the living Aziek; but transient was the doubt; sweet and consoling recollections succeeded. The throbbing of the faithful heart that had panted against his, yet seemed to say in every beat, "I am re-united to thee again—I will never belong to another!"

Every thing appears possible to chaste and requited love: Sebastian now fondly believed that they were indeed re-united for ever; he dared presume that saints and angels, pleased with the sight of two hearts so purely attached, would plead for them in Heaven, and obtain their happiness of the Most High.

Like all other lovers he fancied that no one loved like him; like all other lovers he believed that *his* passion must be crowned with success. Erring Sebastian! perhaps the very reason upon which thou didst ground this presumptuous certainty, should have been the awakener of thy fears! Happiness is not for mortality; and would not happiness uniformly result from the enjoyment of a virtuous affection exactly returned?—

He now calculated the number of days in which the caravan would arrive on the confines of Egypt, they must then separate: by the most sacred promise he

was bound to accompany Tefza in his progress to the tomb of Mahomet, after which he would be free ; but in the meantime what would become of Kara Aziek ? would the laws of Moorish mourning protect her from the coarse passion of Ibrahim ? She had assured him that they would.—

Satisfied with this assurance, (satisfied because his hopes were changed into confidence,) he revolved in his mind a multitude of visionary projects for her escape from the Bashaw, which alternately seized and abandoned, employed all his faculties so entirely, that he did not perceive himself deserted by Barémel.—The overjoyed animal had sprung into the tent after Kara Aziek, and now re-appeared ; his master instantly felt the use that might be made of him, and extending an eager hand to his collar, found what he expected, a piece of writing beneath it. As he crushed the precious vellum in his hand, he darted round a glance of apprehension ; no one had observed, for all were only beginning to rouse themselves from sleep.—

It was not till he had removed to a distance, and knew himself concealed by a cluster of palm-trees, that he opened and read these brief sentences.

“ We must not trust ourselves to behold each other again, while surrounded by the Bashaw’s people ;—I know thou art near to me, and that must be sufficient—convey thy plans to me—rely on the eternity of my love—I will live and die, only thine.”—

Transported with a prospect of correspondence, yet determining to use it with prudence, Sebastian hid the letter in his breast, and hastened to rejoin his companions, who were by this time preparing to strike their tents and re-load their camels.

As they rode slowly together in the track of the caravan, the persevering Hadgé resumed his old theme ; both his eloquence and his pertinacity seeming to increase as he drew nearer the native country of Mahomet. Sebastian had no longer thoughts for so futile subject : neither arguments nor bursts of scorn interrupted Tefza, and charmed with this fancied attention

the good man believed himself on the point of saving a soul from perdition.—

At night they halted again; and then, while Tefza slept, the anxious lover briefly sketched to Kara Aziek his situation and his views: Barémel once more played the part of Babec, but it was not till the succeeding day, that Sebastian learnt the effect of his letter.—Kara Aziek determined to visit the tomb of the prophet ere she went into Syria: she announced this intention to the captain of her guard, who dared not disobey the commands of his master's bride, when those commands were associated with a pious object.

Orders were then issued for the caravan to direct its course to the western bank of the Red Sea, instead of proceeding through Egypt. Tefza extolled the youthful devotee, and called on his slave to let so memorable an example influence his prejudices.

It was only from these new movements that Sebastian joyfully gathered the intentions of Aziek: fearful of discovery, she would not trust their mute messenger too often, but contented herself with caressing him in her tent, soothed by the mere consciousness of his belonging to Sebastian.

By slow stages the travellers had traversed the deserts of Zala and Nubia, skirted the kingdom of Sennaar, and proceeding along the western coast of the Red Sea, were preparing to cross it into Arabia: it was at this period that Aziek hazarded another letter to her lover.

She informed him, that if on their arrival at Mecca, he would assume the disguise of a female merchant of perfumes, and present himself at her door, she would incur the risk of receiving him, as then they might concert together the means of escape.

Impatient for this blissful moment, time seemed stationary to Sebastian, while the caravan proceeded along the varied land of Arabia towards the city of Mecca: at length they entered it, the different persons were dispersed, and Kara Aziek took up her abode in a habitation without the walls of the town.

Inclination would have hurried the impatient Sebastian immediately to the feet of his beloved, but he sought to enjoy that felicity unalloyed, and he could not do so while he knew himself a slave: to shake off his servitude by fulfilling the conditions upon which freedom had been promised him, was his first determination. He reminded Tefza of their compact, he recapitulated the words of Abensallah, and declaring himself eager to witness the ceremonies that were expected to work his conversion, called on the old man to lead him quickly to the mosque.

The admission of Christians into their holy city or their mosques is prohibited to the Mahometans, but this law is sometimes waved in singular cases; so that Tefza had procured a warrant from his spiritual superior, authorising him to lodge his slave in the suburbs of Mecca, and to edify him by a view of the Mahometan worship.

It was to eyes blinded and ears deafened by intent attention to one precious object, that all the frivolous pomp of Mahometan ceremony was now directed: Sebastian endured it, but he could not bring his mind to observe and investigate its absurdities.

Tefza with grief beheld him enter the mosque, apparently look at, and listen to all that passed, yet never once did an air of abstraction quit his features, nor would he for an instant join in the slightest appearance of worship.

The third day closed; his probation was at an end.

As they returned together from evening prayers to their lodgings near the city, profound silence subsisted between them; but there was no silence in their hearts: Tefza's intreating eyes spoke only too audibly, as they perpetually turned and fixed themselves upon the face of Sebastian.

The regards of the King were cast down; his head was inclined, his step slow; but this downcast look, this regulated pace, the burning glow that increased every moment upon his cheek, plainly developed the struggles of a man, the expression of whose gladness, decency and gratitude united to control.

Tefza could with difficulty restrain his tears ; when he entered his lodgings they burst forth : he turned abruptly round, and throwing himself upon the neck of Sebastian, exclaimed in a broken voice :—" You will leave me then, my son ?—my desolate old age—my love for thee—will nothing plead ?"

Interrupted by sobs he proceeded no further. This affecting resignation, this mild remonstrance, this fidelity to the promise given at Riffa, melted Sebastian ; he ran his eyes eagerly over the amiable figure of the old man : his grey hairs and gentle countenance, the supplicating look with which he regarded him, pierced him with regret.

" Alas ! my father," he cried, falling at his feet, " I leave you with a sorrow which my conduct may seem to contradict :—O, may you one day know my heart ! may all whom I loved, or who have served me in Africa, know the imperious destiny that has controled my action ! I am not what I appear, Tefza : that God whom we equally adore, ordained me to a far different lot from that to which you have seen me condemned ; I must endeavour to regain it. I leave you only for the fulfilment of duties, and in the hope of obtaining happiness. Ah ! why has fate thrown me amongst so many excellent persons whom I can never hope to behold again !"

" And am I never to see thee again, my son !" cried Tefza ; as he spoke, the blood forsook his cheeks, and he sunk down overpowered with affliction : Sebastian prest his lips upon that trembling hand in agitated silence.

The Hadgé wept audibly : " O Fabian !" he cried at last, " my sand is nearly run, might I but hope to meet thee in another existence, that hope alone"—

" Father !" interrupted the young King, with a steadier voice, " I feel that another world will re-unite us : I love you, I owe you infinite gratitude, my soul thirsts to pay its debt, but here it cannot be ; our different creeds, and different fates, sever us decisively. It is for this necessity you blame me ; you are good and just

according to your judgment, yet you wrong me, and it is only in another existence, that learning my motives, you will cease to condemn my actions. O my father! time, suffering, and reflection, have assured me, (me, who once persecuted unto death) that all who sincerely love their God, and his creatures; all who strive conscientiously to fulfil what they believe to be his law; whether they be Jew or Gentile, whether disciples of Christ or of Mahomet, will, at the last great day, be accepted into his heavenly kingdom."

Tefza gazed at him as he would have eyed the opening Heavens, then catching him in his arms, he cried in an ardent tone, "I *will* think so, my son, I *will* think so; it is impossible that such a soul as thine should be devoted to perdition."

The Christian and the Mahometan wept in each other's arms: that fierce and indignant Sebastian, whom the slightest shew of authority inflamed to madness, was in a single moment softened to woman's tenderness, and wrought to regret the necessity which severed him from one whom so lately he had opposed and upbraided.

"When we have been separated one year," said he, as he rose from the neck of the good Hadgé, "ask of Abensallah my story; he will tell it you, for I have instructed him in it. You will then pity and pardon me perhaps—at least you will own that only the strongest affections, and the most powerful duties, tear me from you."

Sebastian hastily embraced him while speaking, and was going to break away, when Tefza put into his hands one of those beautiful shawls which the Moors call Haegs, requesting him to accept and wear it for his sake.

"Think of my paternal love when thou dost first unfold it," he said faintly, "may the great prophet forgive thy blindness, and bless thee wherever thou goest. Alas! Fabian! thou didst make life dear to me, what will it be soon?"

Pierced, penetrated with honourable regret, Sebas

tian turned again to embrace him, exclaiming—"You rive my heart, Tefza, for God's sake cease.—How it would console me to think that you and Abensallah spent your days together."

At this suggestion the countenance of the Hadgé suddenly brightened, he grasped his young companion's hand, saying in a more animated tone, "Would it console thee? then I promise it,—that pious man will not refuse my wish to share his peaceful abode—my wealth shall become in his hand the property of others:—together will we talk of thee, my son—together will we pray for thee: then wilt thou think of us together?"

Sebastian joyfully promised to do so, and once more embracing Tefza, tore himself away.

As Tefza supposed him going to seek an immediate conveyance to Cairo, whence he might embark for some Christian port in Europe, it was prudent to avoid the chance of a future rencontre with him; Sebastian therefore repaired to the remotest suburb of the city, inhabited mostly by Jews, who being accustomed to trade with the Portuguese settlers at Ormuz, were able to understand their language.

He procured lodgings at one of their houses, and retiring to the chamber allotted him, threw himself on a mattress, not to rest, but to revolve the scheme of his conduct.

It was his intention to attempt seeing Kara Aziek early on the morrow; for this purpose he must procure some merchandise and some disguise. At this necessity he started as from sleep; how were these to be acquired, utterly destitute as he was of the means to purchase them! never before had the exiled monarch felt the grasp of penury: while in slavery money would have been useless, and therefore it was an unfelt want; Aziek's tender precaution had enriched him when he returned to Portugal, and since his second captivity, though that treasure had been swallowed by the ocean, its loss had been unmarked, since Sebastian could have no use for gold, except to relieve the wretchedness of others, and for that purpose the hand of Tefza was always open.

Paralized with this blow, which threatened destruction to every plan his heated fancy had been forming, he started up, and stood rooted to one spot, anxiously seeking some other resource; the gift of Tefza then came to his recollection. It was a Haeg of such transparent fineness, and so curiously flowered with gold, that it might well afford a specious excuse for traffic; he decided therefore to present it for sale at Aziek's gate, and as the garments he wore were of silk stuff, it would not be difficult to obtain in exchange for them a Jew's black gown.

These ideas no sooner arose in his mind than he took out the shawl, and hastened towards a window to examine it more attentively; while unfolding it he heard something fall on the ground, which lifting, he found to be a purse stuffed with gold coin: the last words of Tefza then recurred to him—"Think of my paternal love."—

He did think of that love, he did gratefully acknowledge it. Enhanced by his late perplexity, this considerate benefaction excited no common emotion of gladness and gratitude: it was from the hand of Tefza then, that he was receiving the means of happiness; without this present every effort must have been feeble and confined, and now he might command all that money could purchase towards its attainment.

He looked at the purse with moistened eyes, for he thought of the generous old man's cheerless age and pitiable character. Tefza's was not one of those vigorous minds which are sufficient for themselves: he needed objects to enliven and to interest him; without these he sunk into sadness. Piety however offered such a character consolation, and Sebastian comforted himself by hoping, that in the mildly-cheerful society of Abensallah, his weaker spirit would find a stay and a charm.

On the morrow, after sunrise, when half the inhabitants of Mecca were hastening to the shrine of their prophet, and the remainder were opening their shops, arranging their merchandise, &c. Sebastian enquired

of his host where perfumes were to be purchased ; the Jew hastened to produce some scented handkerchiefs, and having just received a small portion of the flowers of the keura, (an Arabian tree, the blossoms of which retain their celestial fragrance even when dried,) he soon disposed of them to one who caught eagerly at any thing which might prove a passport to Aziek.

The Jew was well paid and incurious ; so he neither openly nor secretly commented upon the stranger's additional purchase of a woman's black gaberdine and large hat. Having made these useful acquisitions, Sebastian went to one of those public places where coffee is sold, and having obtained some, he retired to a back apartment, and there stained his face and hands, already darkened by many a burning sun and scorching wind : he threw the gaberdine over his other clothes, and watching an opportunity when all the men in the coffee-house were gathered round one of those storytellers, that in the east make a trade of amusing strangers, he glided into the street, and was soon lost amongst the crowd.

By the least frequented ways, he reached the abode of Kara Aziek : it was the hour of morning prayers, and every man was at the mosque ; all but a few soldiers who relieved each other as guards at her door. Sebastian eyed them well, to observe if they were men he had ever conversed with during their journey over the deserts : he did not remember their faces, and trusting to a similar forgetfulness on their side, he approached and asked, in a stifled jargon, whether they would look at his merchandise.

The soldiers, who were Turks, did not understand, and roughly repulsed him ; he unfolded his shawl, and the delicious scent of the keura flowers instantly perfuming the whole air around them, induced one of the guards to call out an old negro, whose office it was to convey the commands of Kara Aziek from her women to the Bashaw's officer : by this negro the soldiers had been instructed not to turn away any vender of perfumes.—

The unsuspecting slave now beckoned for Sebastian to enter, and led through a suite of apartments to a chamber adjoining that of Kara Aziek; the negro left him for a moment, then re-appearing, said something in his own language, and went out the way they had come.

Left alone, eager and apprehensive, Sebastian knew not whether to follow or to proceed; while he hesitated, the door of the inner chamber softly opened;—he bent forward—a female figure came forth—she put aside her veil, and shewed him an unknown but engaging countenance, fair, pale, and mildly sad.

Past the prime of life, and evidently wasted by sickness, the lady looked like some interesting phantom; she smiled and courteously bowed as she passed slowly to the opposite door, which she bolted, then re-approaching, took him by the hand and led him to the entrance of the other chamber.

This unknown European, his incertitude, his grief, his fears, all were forgot, when in the retired chamber to which she pointed, he beheld Kara Aziek alone, unveiled, trembling with love and expectation: he flew forward, he locked her in his arms, he held her to his heart in silence; but that heaving heart, his quick and disturbed breathing, his trembling convulsive grasp, spoke more eloquently than words the extent and the intensity of his joy.

The softer and fainter spirit of Aziek seemed to sink under the weight of happiness: she lay on his bosom nearly insensible; her eyes closed, and her feeble hand incapable of returning the frequent pressure of his. At length Sebastian spoke, and the sound of that beloved voice, like some strain of music, suddenly dissolved the spell; a few relieving tears trickled from beneath the eyelids of Aziek.

It was but a moment of happiness; those joyful tears which the devoted lover gently kissed away, were soon replaced by mists of fond apprehension: they must part again! their fate was yet darkened by menacing clouds, which might burst in destruction over *their hapless heads.*

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In answer to Aziek's expression of these fears, Sebastian eagerly besought her to say whether she had learned where she was destined to remain in Syria: Aziek informed him that she heard the Bashaw had given orders for her to follow his camp, which some Syrian merchants at Mecca, had described as being in the interior of Persia; part of which kingdom he had already traversed as a conqueror.

"It is in this hurry of war, and triumph of success, that I hope for awhile to be forgotten;" she said, "and perhaps the confusion of such scenes may render escape less difficult: at any rate I trust to this altered person for abating that strange passion of the Bashaw's, which a picture (drawn in my days of peace,) had created.—When he sees me, surely—I know not how to explain my meaning, Sebastian—but it is not love he feels for me—and nothing less than love can be satisfied with Aziek as she is now."

She spoke this blushing and looking down; and Sebastian felt such delightful tenderness as he gazed on her, that it was some moments ere he perceived the justice of her suggestion.

His beloved was changed: it has been remarked that "folly and insensibility season beauty;" they preserve it indeed, from that alteration which reflection and extreme tenderness, inevitably produce.

Aziek's gentle form was constructed too finely for duration under violent emotions of any kind: her grief at his supposed death, and her joy at finding that grief unfounded, had wasted her visibly; it had exhausted her strength, and gradually dried up the rosy spring that used to colour her cheeks. The brightness of her beauty indeed was clouded, but no disease had fixed on her constitution, no languor pervaded her countenance; and when Sebastian first saw her again after their long separation, he felt not the absence of perfection while his senses were unshocked by an appearance of absolute decay.

The devoted lover ardently kissed the hand which Aziek had extended to him; "I complain of nothing,

sweetest Aziek, if I may but retain *yourself*—your heart—your soul!—Live for me, continue to love me—and time, which hastens to wear away such passions as those inspired by mere beauty, will only bind *our* affections in closer union.—Yes Aziek, it was reserved for your precious character to teach me the nature and the value of real love; of that love which the *Great Being* beholds with complacency, and will bless hereafter:—till I knew you, I was ignorant how much that sentiment can exalt as well as delight.—We must not part, Aziek!—I cannot—cannot quit you.”—

The tone in which he pronounced the last words, penetrated Kara Aziek; she lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on his, with the look of one whose heart is overflowing with some feeling they long to express, and share with a beloved object; tears of strong emotion gushed from them, a vivid colour spread over her face, and she threw herself suddenly into his arms, exclaiming—“we are divided now perhaps, by Heaven’s will, only that we may meet again for eternal reunion.”

The expression given by her touching voice to the word *eternal*, struck Sebastian forcibly: he recalled the European woman that had conducted him; he looked intently at Aziek:—resolved to believe what he wished, and without giving utterance to his thoughts, he pressed her against his heart with an emotion only to be conceived by one who has felt the same.

“That Christian lady whom thou hast just seen,” said Aziek, as she disengaged herself from his arms after a short pause, “is my friend; she was a slave in my uncle’s house, and I bought her to give her liberty, and convey her to a countryman now residing at the Persian court. She was taken in a vessel returning from Venice to England (of which country she is a native.) and having lost her husband during the engagement of the ships, cared too little for life to lament her captivity. I love her, and confide in her: I have told her our story, (but concealing thy rank,) and it is with her I hope to fly to the court of Persia.”

“ And what is her countryman, Aziek ? ”

“ The queen of England’s ambassador, Sir Anthony Shirley ; a sage and worthy gentleman ; one, she says, that will protect me, and would aid thee, if— ”

A sudden light shone over the face of Sebastian—
“ Tell me Aziek,” he said, “ have you heard the grounds of this war ? which are the aggressors, the Turks or the Persians ? ”

Ignorant of her lover’s motive for this inquiry, Kara Aziek proceeded to detail what had been casually communicated to her by the old negro, and by the captain of her guard ; from their accounts it was evident that the Persians had been forced into hostilities. A most atrocious act had been committed on their frontiers in the time of peace by a Turkish grandee whom the Sultan refused to punish ; this insult had been followed by a train of enormities which obliged the sufferers to take up arms, and the merciless Ottomans had already traversed part of Persia, with desolation and cruelty as their attendants. It was a war of justice on the part of Persia ;—not a barbarous contest for supremacy.

“ Once more then in the broad field of honour—once more in open day and fearless truth, will I press onward to my wishes ! ”—this exclamation burst from the heart of Sebastian : as he spoke, his hand habitually sought the place where his sword formerly hung ; joy smoothed his noble brow, his whole being seemed to dilate.

“ What meanest thou, Sebastian ? ”—faintly articulated Kara Aziek.

“ To gain you like a King and a soldier !—Tremble not my beloved ; think you that the God we serve, will not bless me more in the open path of sincerity, than when shrinking from scrutiny, planning, deceiving, and overreaching ?—my soul abhors artifice, Aziek,—’tis a yoke that galls me worse than servitude or chains.—I will abandon this disguise, trust your dear safety to angels like yourself, hasten to Persia, enroll myself in her list of champions, and with my sword clear out the

way to thee.—I will win thee—I will deserve thee Aziek!”

In an ecstasy of hope, the young and ardent monarch fell at the feet of Kara Aziek ; he was restored to himself, he was Sebastian of Portugal again ! never had she beheld him thus.

What new charm did this proud fire spread over his countenance ! his figure was concealed by its loose black drapery, but his uncovered head breathed indeed both the King and the soldier.

Aziek regarded him more fondly, more admiringly, more devotedly than ever : “ Ah why must I love thee thus (she exclaimed) with an increasing passion ?” her blushing face hid itself on the shoulder of her lover.

Soothing, grateful and tender, Sebastian checked his enthusiasm to raise the drooping spirits of Aziek : while endearing vows, and chaste caresses, assured her of his attachment, she forgot every apprehension, and whispered only this sentiment of regret, “ Life is too short to love thee in.” But when he spoke again of his intention to join the forces of Persia and win her by deeds of arms ; her fears returned, and her tears flowed.

It was long ere Sebastian could convince her that his life would be more secure, and their prospect of union more certain, were he to incur the chances of open warfare, than if he should follow her disguised into Syria, and there loiter near her, subject to suspicion and to discovery.

War, tremendous war ! how did it shock the tender soul of Aziek ! but the dignity and integrity of Sebastian was too precious in her eyes, for her to urge any conduct by which they might be compromised. “ Go then,” she said, at length, “ Go ! beloved of my soul ! delight of my eyes ! treasure of my days ! obey the dictates of thy brave and upright spirit ! I will believe that the God thou dost worship, that God who did create and make thee what thou art, the most excellent, most dear,—ah ! foolish Aziek, say what thou wilt, to this thou recurrest at last !” again she leaned her glow-

ing face on his breast, and smiling through crouding tears, ceased to speak.

"Was man ever loved thus?"—exclaimed Sebastian, half-wild with an emotion too exquisite for mortality to sustain. "Angelic Aziek! this moment is cheaply bought by all my past sufferings. Take every thing, high Heaven! so you leave me but her."

The silence that followed, was interrupted only by soft and delightful sighs, which alternately seemed to waft to their different bosoms, the souls of each: every painful fear had faded from their minds, all was forgotten.

In the midst of this sweet oblivion, the Englishwoman appeared; her looks and gestures expressed haste and alarm; Sebastian started from the arms of Aziek, he hastened to the door: then turning to look on her once more, saw her pale, trembling, her arms yet extended, and her touching eyes fixed upon him: he hastened back, folded her to his breast, and without speaking or being spoken to, tore himself away.

While he hurried after his directress, she whispered in imperfect French, "Be under the eastern side of this house at prayer time to night." She then unlocked the door of the apartment, and leading him forward, called the negro, who soon appeared and conducted him out.

The crowds hurrying home from the mosques, proved to Sebastian that Aziek's friend had not been too careful; a moment's stay might have exposed him to the scrutiny of her whole household, and suspicion must have followed, from his female habit so ill-suited with his countenance. He returned to his lodging, where he shut himself up with Barémel till the hour of evening prayer.

How hope-inspiring were the reveries with which he delighted his naturally blissful spirit, during this interval!

"Too sure the passion that his soul misled,

"Was checked, not conquered; buried, but not dead!"

The activity of camps and armies, "the pomp and circumstance of war," the exercise of bodily power and mental energy, the chivalric glow of perilous enterprise, still had charms for this unquenchable spirit: in renouncing their attractions at the command of principle, his heart had yet yearned after them; he had bidden them adieu with such fond regret as the lover feels who tears himself away from a faithless mistress, exclaiming, "Ah why are so many charms united with so much frailty!"

Now his soul sprung back with impetuous force, for now he should at once fight for an oppressed people and a beloved object: he rose, he traversed his apartment with disordered steps; his burning cheek and kindling eye were full of noble purposes; again his limbs seemed to feel the gallant clasp of mailed armour; the knightly helm again seemed to press his brow; and once more his manly arm wielded the tremendous falchion.

Who that had seen Sebastian at this moment, would have failed to discover in him that enthusiastic, rash heroic King of Portugal, who had once risked and lost every thing for the sake of glory?—he was no longer the same Sebastian that had so lately been stricken to the dust by despair and misanthropy.

How often does the spirit of man die and revive! in the season of youth, grief may destroy, but hope will renew it. Like the hardy eagle which poets have fabled immortal, the soul decays, sheds her plumes, sinks into transient death, then suddenly glows again with life, rises new-winged from dust, and soars to Heaven!

Into the mind of Sebastian no visions entered, except such as were bright and blissful: an instant of time, an atom only of distance, seemed to divide him from the possession of all he panted for. In the vigour of youth, and the full zenith of ardour, he felt an inward strength, which assured him that his destiny was yet in his own hands.

"I shall acquire thee, Azick!" he said exultingly.

"I shall regain my crown, my people's hearts, my friends, and my own respect!"

Yet erring Sebastian!—didst thou weakly think that a throne and a name were necessary to make thee great? thou wast more worthy thy own respect when performing the meanest tasks for thy fellow-slaves in the cassavee of El Hader, than when issuing commands to crowds of obedient courtiers, from thy palace of Ribera.

Sebastian's proud nature was yet but imperfectly amended; he had to suffer and to learn still more.

At the hour appointed, he repaired to the place marked out by Aziek's friend: it was a spot calculated for concealment, being surrounded by decayed buildings and thick clusters of sycamores: he looked up at the sound of an opening blind, which was put aside by Kara Aziek herself, who regarding him tenderly, took a small packet from her bosom, and pressing it to her lips with a smile that seemed to say "I send this kiss to thee," threw down the packet, motioned him away, and withdrew immediately.

The King seized his prize and hurried home to examine it.

The contents were a letter from Aziek's friend to her countryman in Persia, and one from Aziek to Sebastian: she conjured him to hasten to Ispahan, where the Sophi held his court, there to seek Sir Anthony Shirley. Perhaps the zeal of that Englishman for a highly-allied countrywoman, would quicken his exertions for the man beloved by her protectress; and by his advice, or through his means, some safe plan for their flight from Syria might be devised.—At all events, she conjured him to couple prudence with enterprise, and to remember that if her freedom was to be purchased by his death, the blessing would change into a curse.

The instructions for his conduct contained in this letter, were so full and satisfactory, that Sebastian lost not a moment in fulfilling them: he calculated justly, that Kara Aziek would scarcely have reached the Ba-

shaw's camp, ere he should have entered Ispahan, procured permission to join the Sophi's army, and perhaps carried that formidable camp sword in hand.

He hastened to seek his Jewish host, and having engaged him to procure a trusty Arab as a guide, enjoining him to be ready early on the morrow, he returned to his chamber, where he threw himself on the ground to renovate his strength with sleep, ere he commenced his journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning sun shone cheeringly over the city, and the long line of varied coast which runs southward towards the straits of Babelmandel: from the groves of citron and the surrounding coffee-grounds, ascended a rich odour which the sea-breezes softened and refreshed. Sebastian paused a moment ere he mounted his horse; he looked back upon the city which contained Kara Aziek and the good Tefza. "Poor old man!" he exclaimed, "you will never see me more."

A tear started in his eye as he spoke, he thought of all Tefza's past kindness, and his heart melted: but soon recovering, he laid his hand on the horse's neck, vaulted into his seat, and galloped off after the Arabian guide.

The new and fertile country through which they travelled, perpetually awakened the most lively emotions in the breast of a man, amiably susceptible to every charm of nature: its hills, covered with that enchanting jessamine which grows there so profusely, and perfumes the air almost insufferably; its vallies, embalmed with the gentler perfume of the sea-daffodil; the noble verdure which shaded these, composed of cedars, sycamores, and palms; that exquisite union of fruits, flowers, and living green, which the dews bathe and the sun embellishes; the song of birds and the hum of bees, all conspired to touch Sebastian's heart, and to ravish his senses.

His mind, animated by hope, had acquired fresh vigour for the enjoyment of delightful objects: the sentiment of happy love diffused its own sweetness over every sense, and had he not *found* them beautiful, that sentiment would have made them so.

During his rapid journey, the idea of Gaspar perpetually followed that of Kara Aziek: till this period

that dear friend's image had been almost effaced by intense anxiety for the fate of Aziek, and by ineffectual attempts at regaining her: now, that he had beheld and conversed with his beloved, and was hastening to fields of contest for her sake, he felt proudly secure, and turned with tender solicitude to the remembrance of his distant friend.

The nights of Arabia are bright as noon; yet their tranquillity, their freshness, their crystal clearness, are so celestially unlike the relentless fire of their days, that the traveller stretches himself out on the terrace of the house that lodges him, not to sleep, but to gaze on the resplendent Heavens.

Those enchanting nights elevate man's nature; they refresh his body, they purify his soul: their serene influence appears to render sleep unnecessary, and a sublime calm, like that repose which imagination attributes to God's, pervades his whole being, and alone regenerates his powers.

Under such impressions, Sebastian lay thinking of Gaspar: the sacred sentiment of friendship was worthy of the scene.

Departing from the luxuriant neighbourhood of Mecca, Sebastian passed over the mountains of Gabel el Ared, toiled through the Arabian desert, crossed the date-shaded Euphrates, and entered Persia: shortly afterwards he knew himself to be approaching Ispahan, by the far-stretching fields of roses, amongst which that famed city was in those days embosomed.

Soon its high walls and lofty domes were seen along the horizon, forming but a comparatively diminutive line at the feet of the gigantic mountains of Taurus. How little, how atom-like are all the labours of art, when contrasted with the vast and eternal productions of nature!

He approached the town; troops of warriors were pouring from different gates: the trampling of their white steeds, was mixed with the sound of martial music; banners and spears rose above their thick lines, and their leaders clad in magnificent habits, superbly

mounted, and completely armed, rode onward with an air of troubled haste.

Every thing announced alarm and precipitation ; the fate of Persia was then hanging in the balance ; a day longer, and she might cease to exist among nations !

At the sound of the trumpet, the war-horse long dismissed to pasture, starts, flashes his fiery eyes, tosses his proud neck aloft, strains every sinew, and rushes upon the shock of battle : Sebastian's limbs shook like his, with a powerful emotion excited by the troops of the Sophi : his heart beat high ; it swelled with a sentiment of fraternity towards every soldier before him. His eyes long pursued their hurried march, till distance lessened them, and then turning into one of the gates, he sought impatiently some house where he might obtain information of Sir Anthony Shirley.

The expressive countenance of Sebastian, and his own quickness of perception, supplied the place of language between him and the Persians : after some difficulty, he procured a bath, refreshment, and then a conductor to the mansion of the ambassador.

Having thrown off his Moorish habit, and put on a suit of old armour, which he had collected from different shops at Mecca, he prepared to issue forth. Ill-assorted and imperfect as this armour was, it yet clouded not the manly graces of the wearer : his gallant looks ennobled a homely cuirass, and might have made the harness of trimmer knights appear but the trapping of military idleness. Brightened by a variety of animating feelings, his countenance formed a strong contrast to the sombre hue of his iron mail.

The man who acted as guide led him through streets intersected with gardens and canals to a wide square in which stood the palace of the Sophi, and the residence of the ambassador : there he left him.

Among the domestics of the Englishman, fortunately there was an Italian, to whom Sebastian addressed himself, " Tell your master," he said, " that a stranger, a Christian knight, asks to converse with him alone."

The Italian eyed him with surprise, but the air of the stranger awed curiosity into silence, and he respectfully withdrew.

Sir Anthony Shirley,* (to whom is that name unknown?) had lived in the memorable court of Queen Elizabeth, he had breathed the same air with Raleigh, Cecil, and Sidney; he had listened with admiration to the immortal Shakespeare; he was now come to represent his sovereign at the distant court of Persia, giving there a wondrous example of perfect goodness and profound wisdom unalloyed by one visible failing.

The title of stranger was an immediate passport to his courtesy, but when coupled with that of a Christian knight, courtesy changed into kindness.

On the entrance of Sebastian, he rose and embraced him: "in this country," he said, "Christians, should indeed think themselves brethren,—far from our homes and our altars the heart eagerly throws off the restraint of ceremony, and finds relationship in opinions and principles."

Sir Anthony spoke in his own language, of which Sebastian was ignorant; he shook his head with a thanking smile, that shewed he felt the meaning of those words merely from the tone in which they were uttered, and recollecting himself in an instant, replied in Portuguese, and then in Latin: Shirley looked at him with pleased surprise while opening the letter which he presented.

The serene dignity of Sir Anthony now gave way to a variety of emotions: perplexity and concern were painted on his face while he successively read a description of his countrywoman's widowed state, her sickness, her slavery, and lastly, her hope of reaching Persia only to die under a Christian roof. Tears gathered in his eyes, which he turned aside to conceal.

* To lessen the number of agents necessary for the plan of this romance, the author has ventured occasional violations of chronology: in the above instance, she has antedated the birth and mission of Sir Anthony Shirley, who did not really reside at the magnificent capital of Schah Abbas, till several years later.

After some moments' silence he addressed the King. "By what name am I to address the noble gentleman of whom this unfortunate lady writes so impressively?"

"By what name!" repeated the young monarch, regarding him with the estranged air of a man whom that question had swiftly hurried to other thoughts:—an interval of abstraction was followed by one of extreme agitation.

Sebastian evidently felt an impulse to confide in the Englishman; he saw in him the representative of a sovereign, and his imperious spirit revolted from the supposition of inferiority: stepping back with an air of dignity, he was about to pronounce the words "Sebastian of Portugal," when recollecting himself, and remembering the prudent resolution he had formerly taken, as well as the difficulties into which Sir Anthony's political views might plunge him, he smiled, shook his head, and replied only by a bright flush of emotion.

The courteous ambassador did not repeat his question; he remained thoughtfully silent: Sebastian spoke at length.

"Let my name be forgotten in that of Knight of the Cross; I have suffered much for that title, have forsaken much to deserve it: let me then be known only as a Christian soldier.—You behold in me, Sir Anthony, a Portuguese nobly born, not destined to the profession of arms, but embracing it from inclination. I was one in the fatally-memorable expedition of Don Sebastian!—After many hardships, and more sorrows, I am come hither to offer my services to the Sophi; a Christian knight *may* war by the side of infidels when their cause is just, for then, he sees in them only men and brethren.—Have you confidence enough in this countenance to believe me what I profess myself? dare you pledge your faith for my integrity while presenting me to the Persian?"

The young monarch advanced as he spoke, and putting aside the hair which darkened his forehead,

fixed his eyes on Sir Anthony with a look that courted scrutiny.

Shirley regarded him attentively; for Shirley was past that age in which mens' hearts wait not for the sanction of their judgments: he still looked steadily at him; at last stretching out his hand with an aspect changed from consideration to confidence, he exclaimed, "I *will* pledge myself for your worthiness."

It was not the aim of Sebastian to conceal more than was necessary; though evidently delighted in making mystery indispensable to him, it was abhorrent to a soul that loved to walk unveiled before men and angels.

He now candidly confessed to his courteous entertainer, that gratitude and love united, formed the strongest motives to the action he meditated: he sought to be entrusted with some command, chiefly that it might bring him into contact with the Bashaw, and afford him an opportunity of winning rather than stealing Kara Azick.

Shirley's character was too grave and philosophic for perfect sympathy with the feelings of an impassioned lover: he smiled at the importance which a sentiment he had never felt, could bestow upon women; but he forbore uttering his thoughts: he tasked himself to consider how it would be best to procure from the Sophi that trust the stranger sought.

A review of the Persian levies was to take place on the morrow; Sir Anthony settled that they should repair thither together, when the knight would be enabled to demonstrate his military knowledge in a scene calculated to call it forth, and the Sophi might investigate his observations through the medium of an interpreter:—meanwhile Sebastian was requested to consider the Englishman's house as that of an ancient friend; to reside in it, and to command there.

Shirley now made many anxious inquiries about the precise state of his countrywoman, which Sebastian could only answer by assuring him that she was in the hands of the tenderest and most generous of women.

—he then besought some particulars of the battle of Alcazar.

Eager to seize this opportunity of dissipating the error into which he perceived all the European courts had fallen (an error which attributed the failure of Portugal to unskilfulness, and not treachery,) Sebastian willingly called back the sufferings of that painful period: he gave a distinct account of the Portuguese operations from the moment in which the army touched African ground, till that period in which Muley Hamet caused its overthrow.

His animated descriptions—alternately prosperous and pathetic, rivetted the attention of Shirley; he followed the speaker's glowing language with answering enthusiasm, yet did he retain sufficient coolness to note as he went along, every expression which might develope the great commander or disclose the mere novice.

With surprise and gratification he witnessed the emotion with which Sebastian made the eulogium of his countryman: the gallant deeds of Stukeley lived again in the hurried eloquence of a brother in arms: his fall was but mentioned, not dwelt on, for at that part, the lips of the orator quivered, and his voice was choaked in its passage.

Pleased with this sensibility, and satisfied with the observations which had grown out of their interesting discourse, Shirley assumed a more confidential tone, and hazarded a conjecture about the fate of the King and his surviving adherents: Sebastian rose in disorder.

“We will speak on this subject no more;” he said abruptly, “it is painful to me,—the destiny of Don Sebastian is in the hands of God;—who may venture to determine it?—If he live, Providence assuredly will restore him a sceptre which he wished to wield worthily: his misfortunes will have been his instructors; and Europe may perhaps find with astonishment an example for Kings, in him who has tasted the bitterness of every situation, and thus learned—but enough of this—I divine not his fate.”

The broken voice, flushed and averted cheek, together with the severely-noble air of Sebastian, startled Sir Anthony ; a vague suspicion crossed his mind ; it was the suspicion of a moment : for to a man of quiet feelings, untinctured with romance, no sufficient motive for Sebastian's concealment and errantry presented itself to his fancy. He regarded him curiously once more, then said—

“ I mistake much, Sir Knight, if you were not a confidential companion of Don Sebastian's ; but I ask not whom : suffice it to me, that you are a Christian, a soldier, and a gentleman.”

Sebastian bowed without speaking, and retired abruptly.

Early on the morrow, the ambassador and his unknown guest appeared at the review of the Persian troops ; soon after the Sophi's son arrived, surrounded by nobles sumptuously attired, on milk-white horses, whose chanfraines sparkled with precious stones. When Shirley approached with one whose plain armour (ill-suited and unbrightened) formed a contrast to the gold and polish of theirs, all the young Persians regarded him with surprise ; they exchanged glances of contempt together : but how quickly was that contempt changed into a sentiment of awe, when the stranger, uncovering himself with an air of command and submission mingled, displayed a countenance on which were stamped majesty, intrepidity, self-respect, and the sweetest benignity.

Deeply read in courts, Sir Anthony Shirley noted the address of his companion : he beheld him meet the gaze of the Persian Prince and his suite, not only without embarrassment, but with looks of growing nobleness. Who was he then ? and what high station had he held near the throne of Portugal ? Shirley's thoughts could not determine these questions, but they answered one more important ; they assured him he might rely on the ability and the faith of the man he scrutinized.

Having previously explained to Prince Abbas, that *the stranger* sought permission to take the field in his

cause, he had now only occasion to present his gallant friend, and to interpret for him during the day.

The Prince reviewed his army, visited some works of defence that were constructing round Ispahan, examined his magazines, in short, devoted the whole day to an inspection of his military resources: while doing so, he developed the genius of his new officer.

The questions, remarks, and details of Sebastian, were faithfully translated to him by Shirley, and these convinced the young Persian that in this stranger he was acquiring an able knight, one to whom war was familiar.

The plans of their meditated operations were then displayed and discussed in the royal tent; it was here that the pre-eminence of European skill was peculiarly visible; it was here that Sebastian's fire blazed out again. He examined every map, and weighed every calculation with the profoundest attention; he balanced their advantages and disadvantages; he detected their defects; he explained the justness of some, and the error of others; he then frankly proposed such alterations as his sounder experience dictated, and in elucidating these, gave loose to all the impetuous energy of his character.

Sebastian was now on the theme which long habit had too much endeared; and as the track of glory opened and brightened before his mental eye, the prospect it held forth kindled new ardour and awoke new powers. His rusted cuirass and ill-fashioned greaves were forgotten by the young courtiers, as they circled round the foreign knight and listened to his interpreted discourse: Sebastian himself forgot that he was not dictating to his own war-council; on his brow sat the authority of a King, on his lips the convincing eloquence of a great commander.

"What manner of man is this?" exclaimed the Sophi's son, with astonishment—"Has he not headed armies in his own country?"

Shirley replied in a low voice, unwilling to be heard by others, "I have signified to your highness's sublime

father, that he wishes his name and rank to be forgotten ; he would be known only as Knight of the Cross. His illustrious master Don Sebastian King of Portugal perished in an unsuccessful expedition against the Moors, and since then I understand this faithful subject has devoted himself to serve religion and humanity, by combatting only in their separate or united causes. I pledge myself for this stranger ; and I predict that Persia will find no reason to repent of the confidence with which she reposes on my pledge."

Prince Abbas bowing graciously to Sir Anthony turned towards Sebastian ; " Christian ! " he said, " I accept your services ; this day enrolls you in my royal father's list of warriors : see that you do not dishonour our trust. Ask what you wish ; the armory, the treasury, the magazine of horses, all are open to you ; I feel assured that you will not make an indiscreet use of this generosity."

As the interpreter repeated this speech, the Christian King lifted up his eyes, and fixed them proudly for an instant on the haughtier face of the young Prince ; his nice honour was somewhat shocked by the oblique repetition of an exhortation to act worthily : recollecting however, that perfect amenity of heart is not to be expected where the religion of the Lamb is not practised, he smoothed his feelings, and replied gravely ; " Success is in the hand of Heaven, but truth and action are dependent on our own wills : I may fail and fall, but I cannot live and be unworthy. Prince ! you must pardon my refusing to accept any other mark of your goodness than that of being permitted to share in the warfare of your troops ; as however, the knowledge of your language is important in such a situation, I beg you will order one of your ablest teachers to instruct me in it."

This request was immediately granted, after which Prince Abbas invited the two Christians to return with him to Ispahan.

A sumptuous banquet awaited them in the palace of *the Sophi*, but the aged Xatama himself, did not ap-

pear: during the repast music and perfumes flowed around, and at its conclusion the guests were alternately delighted by the recitation of Persian poetry, and the graces of dancing girls.

The severe taste of Sebastian received no gratification from the studied and voluptuous attitudes of the latter, but he listened eagerly to the chaster compositions of their poets, whose tender lays were chiefly devoted to eulogise the nightingales, the roses, and the moonlight by which they were surrounded.

Having been seated next to the Sophi's son, he perceived that the noble Persian, though at that age when man's senses are most awake, did not vouchsafe a glance to the dancers, nor appear to heed the seducing music which custom led him to command: he sat coldly abstracted, evidently revolving matters of great importance.

Pleased with the character this dignified seriousness announced, Sebastian won him into conversation; they conversed much together, and although their interpreter did not preserve all the shades of their discourse, it was yet sufficiently charming to delight each other. Prince Abbas gallantly challenged his new friend to a trial of skill the ensuing day, when he meant to draw forth in a sprightly joust the military address of his associates.

On the morrow, three hours after sun-rise, an equerry entered the court of Sir Anthony Shirley's habitation, leading a beautiful horse caparisoned with gold and gems: it came from the Abbas, with these words wrought in pearls on a roll of Indian silk.

"Accomplished stranger! accept this present from the son of the Sophi:—it is not the Prince but the friend who offers it."

So courteous an act completely effaced from Sebastian's mind all memory of Abbas's first reception: he replied with grace, and adjusting his plain armour, proceeded to the field of combat.

The lists were crowded with Persian nobles, the stand filled with female beauty: in every manly exer-

cise, the superior skill and natural grace of Sebastian was pre-eminent; in the contest of the sword, in the management of their steeds, in vaulting, hurling the quoit, darting the spear, elancing the arrow, his happier star destined him to excel. One by one, the effeminate Persians yielded to his ascendancy, and even Prince Abbas himself willingly ceded to a Christian knight the magnificent prize of the day, a suit of gold armour.

This prize was awarded by the Sophi, who from a window of the palace had witnessed the amicable contest: he received his new officer with much graciousness, but feeble from age and sickness, shunned further discourse, and broke up a short levée by referring all things to Prince Abbas.

That discerning Prince, thoroughly satisfied with the display of Sebastian's personal accomplishments, now appointed him to a distinguished situation on the frontier, where a large force was immediately going in order to check the bold movements of Ibrahim. Should he continue advancing, this force was to take and occupy all the forts in his rear lying along the line of Armenia; this step would enable them to oppose a formidable barrier to his retreat, while Prince Abbas marched to meet him between Ispahan and the Tigris.

As the Bashaw Ibrahim had recently received a check from a Persian general, he had fallen back, and lay inactive for the present in a strong position, waiting for reinforcements.

This inaction afforded Sebastian time to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the language now so necessary to him; he devoted himself to it with ardour and application: his natural facility thus assisted by an intense desire, soon enabled him to vanquish its difficulties, and in less than three weeks he knew sufficient to require only occasionally the aid of Shirley's interpreter.

During this period, military details, the study of Persian tactics, (which it was requisite for him to understand, in order to guard against their errors) the study of the Persian soldiery, occupied all his days;

his evenings were devoted to the gallant court of Prince Abbas, where the young nobles were accustomed to entertain their ladies by martial shews and feats of dexterity. In these oriental tournaments Sebastian wore the costly gift of the Sophi, but, no sooner did the war-cry call him into serious action, than he threw aside his glittering attire, and resumed that of Knight of the Cross.

With what impatience had he waited for this moment ! the destiny of Aziek, so long unknown, would now be unfolded to him ; but a little while, and he hoped to march at the head of victorious troops to set her free : yet sometimes his blood chilled, when apprehension suddenly seized him, and he dwelt for an instant upon the possibility of Aziek's having been forced to yield to the despotic will of Ibrahim.

So much doubt, so much fear, was mixed up with his present success, that he tasted only a troubled joy when he saw himself thus miraculously placed in a post of honour and trust, by a Prince whom policy would have justified in very different conduct.

The implicit confidence of Sir Anthony Shirley excited in him emotions of another kind ; and hoping one day to give him gratifying proofs of gratitude from the throne of Portugal, he consoled himself for present inability by this remote prospect.

Prince Abbas, without betraying the slightest suspicion, acted like a man of sound judgment : he surrounded the stranger by such officers as he himself relied on the most ; he took every precaution against treachery, while at the same time he left open to him the path of honourable action.

This conduct did not escape the sensitive feelings of Sebastian : at first he was stung with indignation ; (for it was not always that Sebastian could recollect man is not omniscient, and that unless he can read the hearts of others, he is justified in ceding to the force of suspicious appearance ; and mystery is invariably suspicious) he gave way for a while to a perfect transport of anger : but by degrees the propriety of Abbas's pre-

cautions became visible to him, and remembering that the Prince, being entrusted by his father with the protection of their empire, owed the duty of prudence not only to the Sophi but to the people, his unjust resentment changed into respect.

It was only to Sir Anthony Shirley that Sebastian had disclosed the prime motive of his appearance at Ispahan; the name of her he loved was too sacred for lighter ears: and besides, the impression made even by a description of beauty on these sons of sensual pleasure, was sufficient to deter him from mentioning her charms to others; Abbas's apparent insensibility to beauty, and the prejudices of his religion, were motives too strong for Sebastian uselessly to break through.

In the luxury of solitude alone, or when caressing Barémel, he permitted his whole soul to diffuse itself over her dear idea: then, past hours of virtuous endearment, of tenderness and heart-felt happiness unalloyed by one jealous pang, rose to remembrance; then arms, and fame, and proud distinction lost their pre-eminence; then, the re-attainment of his throne and his country ceased to excite turbulent emotion: nothing was prized for its own sake, all things moved him only as they had reference to her without whom no situation could bestow felicity.

When he recollected their last interview, and the sudden conjecture to which it had given birth, a mixture of joy and alarm quickened the pulses of his heart: Kara Aziek had surely indicated a change in her religious sentiments; her female companion was then affecting that conversion which her lover had vainly attempted. But what was the creed of this Christian? if she were of the Reformed Church (the new religion of England,) she was instilling "a damnable heresy," instead of planting the true faith.

In the ear of Sebastian the names of Luther and Calvin, sounded like the voice of Satan: with the tremulous pertinacity of a son of Rome, he had constantly refused even to hear their doctrines discussed, and now that he apprehended Kara Aziek might be be-

witched by their sophistry, he gave himself up to temporary despair.

This transport of zeal aggravated his impatience for the hour which should restore her to him, and made him quicken the preparations of that part of the Persian army which he was destined to command in conjunction with a native officer.

On the night preceding the march of these new levies, Sebastian was surprised by an extraordinary visit. His courteous host had given up to him a Kiosk in the gardens, which he occupied solely, and slept in, without guard or attendants.

The tranquil beauty of a fine night detained him long from rest ; he leaned over an open trellis (through which the most luxuriant honeysuckles and jessamine had interlaced themselves,) alternately admiring the universal blush caused by the thickets of roses, and the splendour of the Kiosk, whose alabaster sides reflected the brighter moonlight.

Nightingales answering each other from different distances, some near, some remote, blending their liquid notes together in sweet confusion, now pausing, now proceeding, diffused enchantment over the scene. Those melodious sobbings which seem the overflowings of love too exquisite, too happy,—those melodious sobbings were echoed by the sighs of Sebastian : his country, his friend Gaspar, his beloved Aziek, seemed speaking in every note ; he felt them present to his heart, though absent from his sight, and the most passionate melancholy, an emotion at once painful and delicious, penetrated his whole being.

In this state of abstraction, the steps of two persons advancing to the Kiosk were long unheard ; at length the rustling of some shrubs through which they pressed, made the King look towards the spot, and he beheld with some surprise a female figure, and one in male attire, whose dress bespoke him a servant. The lady motioned for the slave to remain without, and entered the saloon.

Of what “fantastic stuff,” are the thoughts of a

lover formed! Sebastian lived only for Aziek, and without conceiving how she could have come thither, he believed that it was her whom he now saw: he rose, rushed towards her, and extending his arms to snatch her to him, found himself modestly repulsed.

"I am mistaken in you, Christian!" said an unknown voice, "or you mistake me for another: doubtless there are many in the court of Persia who forget your religion and your country in your accomplishments; but learn that I am not one of those."

Sebastian drew respectfully back: re-assured by this submission, the lady sat down on one of the divans, and still concealing herself in her veil, and addressed him again.

"I come not here, Sir Knight! with either the hope or the wish of charming you; my errand is of another kind. I come to ask a boon.—Attracted by your seeming nobleness and gentleness, (for I have seen you at the court festivities) convinced of your worthiness from your friendship with Prince Abbas," (here the lady faltered and sighed, then added faintly,) "I venture to believe you will not deny me what I would solicit."

"Say not solicit, Madam!" replied Sebastian courteously, "a virtuous woman commands every where. Speak your will and see me eager to obey it."

The Persian lady moved her veil a little that she might read his looks; in doing so she discovered a milk-white forehead, finely pencilled with jet-black eyebrows; the eyes beneath them were brilliant, noble, and pleasing, but they wanted the melting softness of Kara Aziek's: she fixed them an instant on Sebastian with a complacent smile, tears gathered in them, and then she closed her veil abruptly.

"I must first inform you," she said in a low trembling voice, "that in me you see Maimuna, the daughter of one of the Sophi's bravest generals: six moons since my father fell on the field of battle. I alone remain to keep his name in remembrance,—what do I say? his renown is his monument.—Amongst my household there is an orphan youth, (the child of a fa-

avourite relation) whose heart is smit with a passion for arms ; he wishes to serve against the Turks :—his years are so tender, my regard for him is so great,—yet his desire is so ardent, that,”—again Maimuna faltered, hesitated, and stopped.—

Sebastian eyed her doubtfully : it was evident that some strong emotion agitated her ; yet even now nothing that she had said appeared to justify it. He approached respectfully, and regarding her with one of those kindly smiles, which ever opened to him the hearts of others, he said,

“ Dismiss apprehension, fair lady ! behold in me one whose breast Love has already sanctified and set apart : I am therefore incapable of yielding to any impulse which might alarm your delicacy, or teach you to conclude yourself vainly interpreted.—My faith is another’s, but my friendship and my services are at the command of every virtuous or suffering woman. This youth you speak of, is it to my care you would entrust him ? or would you that I try to obtain for him some honourable station near the person of Prince Abbas ? ”

“ O no ! ” exclaimed Maimuna hastily, “ it is to you I would confide him for safety and instruction. To cure his fatal passion for war, I consent to let him witness one campaign ; only to witness it : for this I have sought you Christian. I entreat you to become his guardian ; trusting to your power of keeping him as far from personal danger as is possible in a scene of warfare.

Maimuna’s voice was so broken and varied while she uttered these sentences, that Sebastian could not forbear suspecting her of too warm an interest in the youth she recommended ; but delicacy imposed silence, and he replied solely by promising the protection she required.

His strange visitor then rose to depart : under the portico of the Kiosk she paused again. “ I need not ask you to be secret,” she said, “ your own thoughts, (perhaps somewhat injurious to me, and I

call Heaven to witness, unjustly !) will teach you what hard constructions may be put upon my conduct."

"I hazard no conjecture that is not honourable to your tenderness and generosity;" returned Sebastian, gallantly kissing the hem of her veil, "if this youth deserve so much rare solicitude, (and can I doubt that he does?) what heart may censure you;"

Maimuna looked back at him with the air of one struck by an unexpected remark; she repeated his last words in a livelier tone, then breaking off with a sigh, asked at what hour, Zaphna, her protégée, should join him on the morrow. Sebastian named the hour after sun-rise, and the lady departed.

The reflections occasioned by this singular adventure, were interrupted by the appearance of Prince Abbas: he came to inform the Portuguese knight of some unexpected movement of the enemy, which rendered a change in the Persian dispositions absolutely indispensable: after settling the new plan, and having dispatched his page with orders to the different officers, Prince Abbas said carelessly;

"I disturbed you in an evil hour: if I may judge from the charming figure of the lady who had just quitted you, your mind was not in the mood for severe considerations."

Abbas paused, but Sebastian remained silent; the former fixed his eyes somewhat austere upon him, and added coldly, "suffer me to tell you Christian! that in Persia we are careful not to give any scandal to morals: if we cede sometimes to the force of beauty and of temperament, we believe ourselves bound not to make a boast of our frailty, and we avoid, if possible, dishonouring a noble house. I would have you take care how you trifle with the protection afforded by the roof of an ambassador."

Sebastian regarded him with quick-raised indignation. "How Prince!" he exclaimed, "do you believe me capable of abusing this protection?—beware how you lightly wound the honour of a man to whom *fortune* has left no other possession."

As Sebastian spoke he smote the hilt of his sword, while starting from his seat Prince Abbas drew back with an air of self-recollection.

"Let us not break our bond of friendship for a woman!" he said, "for one who may not deserve such a triumph: rather let us deal frankly with each other. I will confess that the tone in which I first spoke of your gallantry, had the harshness of a censor, not the kindness of a friend: austerity is the fault of my nature; as such forgive me. Now tell me in return, whether the lady I met in the gardens, and who fled away at seeing me, has not passed the night here.—I would warn you for your own safety not to encourage an amour which may end disastrously: the lady's mien bespoke her of high birth, and in Persia the irregularities of women of quality are punished with death. Make me your confidant; if your love is honourable, my sympathy at least,—dare you trust me with her name?"—

Sebastian interrupted him, "You are not serious Prince in expecting me to make a confidence of this kind!—do you think it possible for a man of honour to betray the weakness even of a woman he contemned?—however, be satisfied; I have no confidence of the sort to repose in you: it is true the lady was here; I may not deny it; but on the faith of a Portuguese, a soldier, and"—Sebastian hastily stopt, and confused by the word which in his fervour he was about to use, he turned away, glowing and disordered.

Prince Abbas, who saw in this embarrassment only the sign of insincerity, exclaimed with an air of angry chagrin, "what a contemptible passion is this love! or rather, what a degrading passion when illicit, since it palsies the tongue of truth, and makes ingenuous souls tread the path of falsehood! Say no more Sir Knight! I esteem you still too much not to regret that in future I must not esteem you so highly."

By a violent effort which respect for Abbas's principles alone produced, the impetuous Sebastian reined in his vehement feelings, and said, in the breathless tone

of restrained wrath, "on the faith of a Portuguese, a soldier, and a Christian, that lady visited me to night, for the first, and I firmly believe, for the last time : she was with me only a short period ; her veil was but partly put aside for a single moment during her discourse ; and love had no share in it."

"Love had no share in it !" repeated Prince Abbas, stopping hastily, as he walked to and fro, "in the name of Heaven, then, what errand could bring a Persian woman at the dead of night to the solitary lodging of a stranger ?"

"That is precisely the question I may not answer ;" replied Sebastian, "my honour is pledged to secrecy ; and having assured you that your suspicions are unjust, I exact this proof of your reliance : Prince, you must not speak of my adventure.—The reputation of the lady is a sacred deposit in my hands, and that wantonly attacked, will draw down my vengeance.—Since appearances demanded them, I owed explanation and asseverations to your friendship, and I have done violence to my nature in order to give them ; but in the former case my vengeance will be as prompt as it will be justifiable."

The stern air of the young monarch, heightened the effect of his commanding voice : Abbas looked at him with some admiration. "Be it so !" he cried, offering his hand, "I pledge myself for discretion ; nay more, I must believe your strange assertion : but allow me, my friend, to suspect the lady of less singular ideas ; she will seek you again, depend on it.—Whatever motive she may have feigned for so hazardous a step, be certain that love alone could tempt a Persian woman to trust herself and her character with a young warrior in this Kiosk at this hour.—I have but one caution to give you : beware how you sully the purity of royal blood ! I have a virgin sister who has seen you at our tournaments ; should she, forsaken by modesty, forget what is due to her birth—should she be this veiled unknown—I need not talk to you of the implacable hatred of a dishonoured brother, and a betrayed friend."

"As the lady told me her name and rank, I may at least assure you," returned Sebastian, "that she is not your sister."

Prince Abbas turned hastily round, and eyed Sebastian again with an earnest and anxious look: some new idea evidently shot through his mind, for he changed colour repeatedly, and several times beginning to speak, hesitated, and broke off. "It is no matter!" he said at last, "others may resemble her also—Sir Knight I thank you for your moderation: forget not what I have told you, that in Persia the dishonour of one noble house, is the dishonour of all.—Farewel! when we meet again, two hours hence, at the head of our troops, we meet only to think, and to talk of war."

The friendly smile which for an instant dispersed the unusual gloom of Abbas's countenance, could not deceive Sebastian: when he had left him, he reflected on the events of the night with some uneasiness; it was possible that Maimuna might have misled him by a false account of herself and of her motive, and that in reality she might be the sister of Abbas. It was possible, that pleased with his person, and curious to know his character, she had either feigned this excuse to visit him, or in fact purposed to send him her page, that such a trust might form some bond between them.

The fear of either wounding the honour of Abbas, or of staining his own by an appearance of baseness, made Sebastian for the first time in his life easily accessible to the suspicion of a woman's attachment, but how was he to act?—it was impossible for him to recede from the promises already given, which bound him to secrecy, and to receive the orphan boy.

He waited the day-break with extreme solicitude.—At the appointed time his protégée arrived; he came attended by the old slave of Maimuna, who presenting him with a costly gift from his mistress, hastily disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

THE boy, who was very young and very timid, stood looking down with an air of gentleness which attracted kindness ; his extreme youth immediately destroyed the suspicion which Maimuna's conversation had first raised, since a passion for him was preposterous to suppose : at this conviction Sebastian felt his embarrassment and apprehension increase, but he approached the youth, and taking his hand, said to him,

"Is it still your wish Zaphna, to leave the security of a gentle lady's house, for the vicissitudes of a camp ? —Nature stamps us all with the impress of her intentions ; and *your* delicate frame has not been moulded from the clay she makes soldiers of,—let me then advise you to read your fate better, and to desist from this wild desire."

Zaphna withdrew his hand from that of the King, and without raising his eyes from the ground, or moving his head, which was bashfully averted, he replied in a low voice, "I thought, Sir Knight, that you had promised my lady to receive me ? Do not injure my indulgent mistress by imagining that even your persuasions can avail, where her's have failed. I am resolved to accompany the army."

The firm tone of his last words caused Sebastian to smile : "I see you are unused to opposition ;" he observed, "but my pretty friend, you must remember that to serve a rough soldier will be a very different task from that of living in the lap of a soft mistress, whom your boyish petulancies may entertain. You must expect infinite hardships and privations with me ; however, count upon my affection for you, and my zeal for your lady ; and when I return you to her, tell her that for one dear, absent woman's sake, I am thus obedient to the wishes of another."

The boy blushed for his lady, as if he felt what Sebastian meant to convey ; but he spoke not ; his hands pressed on his heart, and his head bent still lower, expressed obedience.

The King then described the few duties he would require of him ; and hearing the sound of the trumpets, hastened away to join Sir Anthony Shirley, and to go with him to the field.

They rode together towards the troops ; while Zaphna took charge of his master's war equipage and Barémel ; and seated beside them in a covered sort of carriage, made one in a long line of baggage.

Abbas and Sebastian met now with brows cleared from every cloud ; their whole souls were given to action :—they beheld with animated looks the numerous troops passing in review before them. As they filed off in divisions and began their march, the oriental magnificence of their white vestments, their pointed caps covered with gold, their decorated arms and embroidered banners, their horses (covered with purple housings,) tossing their manes like sea-foam lifted by winds, formed a spectacle at once new and splendid.

An European warrior saw in this army little more than a gorgeous preparation for some vast tournament, where the mockery of battle exhibited amidst pomp and gaiety : the light-robed Persians, with their painted quivers and gilded bows, scattered and diffused in various groups, could not excite such an emotion as the deadly sight of phalanxed men ribbed in grim iron, armed with maces and battle-axes, and steadily advancing as if by one movement and with one thought.

The King of Portugal at first saw the Persian troops with pleasure, as he would have considered a lively picture, but his reflections soon became graver, and estimating their feebleness, he followed their march with concern : some vain regrets also intruded ; past disasters rose to remembrance ; and on the boundless plain where the Persians had lately stood, his troubled fancy saw the ghost of his own gallant army.

The sudden paleness of his cheek at this mental

phantom, attracted the attention of Sir Anthony Shirley, he rode up to him, and fixing his eyes on his face, said, "You appear disturbed brave friend! perhaps your noble mind conceives, that in thus beholding you entrusted with the command my pledge has obtained, I am secretly agitated, and fear that I may have gone too far: not so, I know that my honour, my safety, nay my life, hang upon your fidelity to the Sophi, and it is from that reason I confidently expect fidelity at your hands."

"You might risk your salvation on me, after this!" exclaimed Sebastian, ardently grasping Shirley's hand in both his, and squeezing it within them, "Generous Englishman! did a man meditate treachery, such heroic reliance would damn him or make him true!—Yes!" he added, after a pause, "I will save Persia, or lose myself! your nobleness renders the recovery of her I love, but a secondary object."

In the bright suffusion that spread over Sebastian's elevated countenance, in the enthusiasm of his voice, Shirley read the worth he sought to ascertain: a slighter but less pleasing glow, (for it was the blush of shame,) tinted *his* face; his reliance had been transiently staggered, and the speech Sebastian had understood literally, was meant delicately to convey a renewed exhortation.

Shirley had lived, alas! too long in courts, not to be justified in this apprehensiveness. Struck with amiable remorse, he was going to draw a valuable gem from his finger and proffer it to the Christian Knight, as a type of friendship, when he was checked by perceiving no ring on his hand which he might give him in exchange: awed by that sensitive delicacy which had appeared in all the stranger's actions, Shirley relinquished the intention.

Tefza's parting gift had enabled the King to preserve himself independent of every pecuniary obligation; and though he accepted a lodging from the hospitality of Sir Anthony, that gentleman's domestics had tasted liberally of his bounty: no one indeed served

him without being recompensed beyond the value of their services.

Never could Sebastian forget that he was a King: happily fortune had not yet reminded him that even a monarch must shape his largesses to his means. In the quality of a commander it was necessary for him to use the Sophi's treasures, but it was only for the purposes of that situation, and for public service, that he destined to employ them; his own fund was, or he determined it should be, sufficient for his own personal wants.

By the new plan of the night, the two generals, instead of marching forward together, as if the whole army meant to attack the Bashaw, deemed it best to wave the use of a feint intended merely to mislead; for time pressed, and the able conduct of their enemy required a counterpoise in promptitude.

The troops divided on the field, and their commanders exchanged adieus: they were on the point of separating, when Prince Abbas said in a low voice, and with a troubled air which he tried to render gay, "There are some bright eyes in Ispahan at this moment dim with tears for you I conjecture."

Sebastian smiled, shook his head, then bowing to Sir Anthony Shirley, rode up to head his division.

It was not till after the troops had attained their place of destination by rapid marches, and that Sebastian had reconnoitred the ground and made the requisite dispositions, that he sent for Zaphna into his tent at night to converse with him, and give repose to his mind by recitations of Persian poetry.

The King was lying along a mattress when the boy entered. As only a single light burned in the tent, he could not distinctly observe his lineaments, but he was charmed with the beautiful simplicity of his figure, with which a Persian dress of delicate-coloured silk delightfully harmonized: a turban of the same taffeta heightened the graceful air of his head and throat, which still averted, and a little inclined, indicated a timid and gentle temper.

"Come hither, Zaphna," he said, in a tender accent, for the boy's age and figure reminded him of young Diego: "come hither! you must not look thus apprehensive. In me you see a master who will indulge you in every thing, except what would make your lady unhappy—cheer up—tell me how you have travelled? if you have had all your little wants attended to? is there any wish of yours that I can gratify?"

Zaphna thanked him, and expressing himself perfectly content, continued still to stand at a distance.

"Why do you not come nearer?" asked Sebastian as he kindly held out his hand, while saying this, the bashful youth was obliged to approach and give him his: Sebastian felt that it trembled. "Ah my little friend he gaily exclaimed, this hand was never formed to draw the warrior's bow."

For the first time, Zaphna hastily turned round and fixed a disturbed look upon his master; the glance of his eyes caused the King to start up. "I have met that glance before!" he was just going to exclaim, but checking himself, he let the hand of his page drop, and continued gazing on him.

A face finely composed, whiter than ivory, unmixed with any shade, except that formed by the arch of two jet-black brows, now remained motionless before him: Sebastian eagerly perused it, with a mixture of admiration, regret, and alarm. After a long silence he took his determination, and said with a serious air.

"Perhaps you are surprised, Zaphna, that I do not question you about your mistress, and try to discover some circumstance flattering to my vanity, but I must teach you your master. He would willingly walk for ever in the path of sincerity himself, and therefore he makes it a rule to believe the same of every other person: Your fair lady told me her name and rank, she assured me that in seeking my protection for you, she was doing it for your sake alone, I shall therefore religiously confide on this assurance. Let me, however, take one painful precaution, which is this, to tell you a conversation that passed between me and the Prince

of Persia, on the night of the lady Maimuna's visit; perhaps it may be of consequence for her to know."

The colours of the rose now diffused themselves even to the ivory forehead of Zaphna: the name of Abbas evidently caused this alteration. Faltering and confused, he repeated, "The prince of Persia!—what then, Sir Knight, have you *no* reserves from your friend? my lady thought not so, when she confided her reputation and perhaps her life in your honour. Ah me! unhappy wretch that I am,—my mad resolution!"—tears gushed from his eyes as he broke off, and he concealed his face in his drapery.

Again the opinion of Sebastian varied, and requiring the boy to calm himself, he succinctly related the interview between him and Prince Abbas: By this detail Zaphna learned that Abbas in reality knew nothing that could endanger the character or safety of his protectress, and this conviction quieted him: the honourable frankness of Sebastian heightened his esteem for the master he served, and wiping his tears, he said firmly, "I may not answer any question implied by this recital, but I venture to protest Sir Knight, that my lady is incapable of giving warrant to the Prince of Persia's suspicions. A chaste woman believes herself safe everywhere, and she ventured therefore to visit a young warrior alone, in the dead of night. Think better of her than Prince Abbas does."—Here Zaphna's firmness forsook him, and he broke off with a deep sigh.

There was something in the boy's manner which perplexed Sebastian: this alternate appearance of timidity and of courage, this extreme sensibility to the cause of his mistress, nay more, the visible trouble excited in him by the name of Abbas, forced him to recur again to that suspicion which his friend had infused: he almost believed that he beheld in Zaphna the young Princess of Persia herself.

At this idea, did "no thought infirm alter his cheek?"—did no throb of vanity or passion transiently disorder the movement of that heart, which ought

never to have beaten but for Kara Azick?—not one!—all the sensibilities of his age and nature glowed solely for her; in her was summed up to him every thing that is tender, trusting, faithful, and delightful: he needed not the aid of principle to assist him in remaining true to one who loved him so devotedly.—The constancy and intensity of her love, had sealed his for eternity.

“We will dismiss this subject;” said he, after a long and serious pause, “Suffice it that you tell your lady what we have discoursed on, lest any mischance should happen from the Prince’s rigorous attention to Persian customs: I would have nothing to reproach myself with. The Prince and I are now separated by our different duties; we command in different provinces; perhaps we may never meet again; one or both of us may fall in battle: should it be my fate, I charge you preserve his esteem to my memory.” This sad image excited such excessive emotion in Zaphna, that pale, trembling, and tearful, he spoke almost without consciousness, faltering out, “The Prince does not join you then—one of you may fall!—your injunction shall be obeyed—but O never may”—the incoherent sentence was lost in sighs.

Grieved to have thus pained him, Sebastian indulgently bade him retire, Zaphna prest his hands on his bosom and disappeared.

Satisfied with having acted sincerely, although still troubled with suspicions of Zaphna’s sex, Sebastian wrested his thoughts from this comparatively inconsiderable subject, and fixed them solely on the important plan of the campaign.—The morning sun awoke him to activity and to care.

As the war-council had discovered Ibrahim’s army to be advancing towards the capital, it was Prince Abbas’s task to meet and to give them battle, while the Christian knight was to cut off their retreat, by possessing himself of all the forts and passes on the line of Armenia. This distribution evidently awarded to Abbas the most brilliant, and at the same time the least difficult duty; but Sebastian, who considered their two

commands with a soldier's judgment, thought himself distinguished by the grant of the most hazardous.

During the short period of his abode at Ispahan, he had devoted himself not to the vain attempt of altering the manœuvres of the troops committed to him, but to a deep consideration of how he could best employ a machine so ill-constructed : he now reaped the benefit of such reflections ; and found that in the hands of an able commander, bravery and docility are nearly all-sufficient.

Behold him now, attacking, storming, carrying sword in hand every strong hold of the Turks ; sometimes marching under the insufferable noon-day sun, or in the darkness of a stormy night, to surprise and to overcome the enemy ! see him pass with the velocity of a sweeping wind, from one extremity of the frontier to another, restoring wandering outcasts to their houses, rescuing children and women from dishonour, and slavery, followed every where by rejoicing and benedictions !

But wherever he went, his heart sought only Aziék : these quick-gathered laurels filled his grasp with worthless leaves, while she was unattained. His interrogatories to the Turkish prisoners were productive of no satisfaction ; they were all ignorant whether she had or had not reached Syria.

This uncertainty, though it had not power to detach his mind during the day from his momentous duties, dominated over him at that season when others tasted the refreshing sweets of repose : on his pillow he thought but of her. Zaphna alone shared his confidence, for Zaphna had now banished some of his timidity, and by the kindest attentions won on his master's heart.

Sebastian had long ceased to fancy that the Princess of Persia shared his fatigues disguised : how could the mere sight of any man have excited such a mad passion as that which should lead a Persian Princess into the situation of Zaphna ? and would not her disappearance have spread dismay through the kingdom

long ere this? doubtless Maimuna was really what she appeared, she had spoken truth, and the boy's resemblance to her was the natural consequence of relationship.

While Sebastian discoursed of his love, and lightly touched on the sufferings which had given birth to, and nursed it, his youthful confidant shed tears, and seemed to feel but too faithful a sympathy with his feelings: was it possible for one so young to have felt the master passion? it might be so: perhaps his longing after war, was only the desire of banishing from his mind some cherished image: this fancy increased Sebastian's partiality, and half their nights were spent together in melancholy discourse.

At this period the news of Prince Abbas's defeat fell like a thunderbolt on the victorious camp of Sebastian; a courier brought the intelligence in the middle of the night; he was charged with this billet from the Prince himself.

"I have lost a battle—the enemy will be at the gates of Ispahan perhaps ere you receive this.—Come brave stranger and retrieve my errors."

Tears of admiration and regret started in the eyes of Sebastian while he ran over this noble submission of a great soul: doubly roused to save Persia, he threw the silk on which the letter was written to Zaphna, while he hastily mentioned its purport, and bade him prepare for immediate departure.

The dreadful danger which menaced the capital, in which probably was involved the safety of the person he loved, took so powerful an effect upon the delicate boy, that unable to speak, he motioned for his master not to follow him, and tottering to the door of their tent, hastened to get air.

After some minutes' absence, he returned with his eyes swollen, but his manner less agitated: "I have dear friends in Ispahan, you know Sir, he said timidly, I tremble for them—O let us hasten thither."

"You cannot support the fatigue of advancing as I *shall do*," replied his master, "I must be at Ispahan ere

sun-set to-morrow, compose yourself—you shall follow me as safely and as swiftly as possible. My poor boy! I would not have you the prize of Ibrahim.”

The King stopped not for a more particular farewell, he did not even wait for Zaphna’s answer, but hurried out to rouse his soldiers, to issue orders, to draw supplies from the different garrisons, and to march for Ispahan.

On the road he encountered several fugitives from the broken army of Abbas: from them he learned that Abbas had thrown himself into the capital with a handful of men, and that doubtless ere this he must have surrendered to the Bashaw.

At a short distance from the capital Sebastian ordered his troops to halt, in a situation which concealed them from the view of the town; he then dispatched scouts to gain information: their return confirmed his fears; Ispahan was taken; the city was filled with Turks and Syrians, and a division of their army lay encamped on the plain to the eastward.

A moment decided him, he divided his force into two unequal parts; with the smaller he hoped to deceive the enemy into giving him battle, while with the other, and at the same time, he attacked the town itself. Every thing would depend on the courage and steadiness of his comparatively small band.

Having detailed his plan to the officers, and when stamped by their concurrence, explained it to his men, he made them a short exhortation: with the strong motive of fighting for their houses, their liberties, rights, and dearest connexions; he mingled so warm an eulogium upon the Prince, and painted the anguish of his brave heart in such lively colours, that all the soldiers, as if animated by one soul, exclaimed, “they would efface his misfortune or die!”

“On then, my gallant friends!” exclaimed the transported Sebastian, waving his bright sword and pointing to Ispahan. “On then, for God and your Prince!”

May we doubt that such honourable enthusiasm prevailed? no: credulous of the stratagem employed,

Ibrahim sent orders to his encamped army to give the Persians battle. It was late in the evening when the two parties encountered; the Persian general had instructions to fight Parthian-like, retreating at every stroke, thus drawing his adversary by quick degrees from Ispahan. Meanwhile Sebastian waited impatiently under cover of the mountain behind the city, for the hour of darkness: every one in the town went to repose, except only a few Turkish sentinels: every thing was still; the clashing of the contending troops came no longer from the distant echoes. A shadowy moon favoured statagem: by its uncertain light some thickets of myrtles (then covered with white blossoms) among which his men were planted, appeared like so many more divisions of phalanxed soldiers.

Again he divided his force, and attacked at the same instant two quarters of the city: the walls were scaled, the gates forced, the streets crowded with exulting Persians; the noise of tumult, of hope, of fury, of victory! resounded through all the squares: Sebastian was every where; like some warring angel sent to succour a cause favoured by Heaven, he was seen in every quarter of Ispahan.

The Turks, half asleep, and scarcely roused from the stupefaction of opium, ran about in aimless confusion: from one of these, whom he had taken prisoner, Sebastian learned the destiny of the Prince; at that moment the Bashaw's person might have been secured, but it was possible that while securing him Abbas might be sacrificed. Sebastian hesitated scarce a moment, selfish wishes were subdued, he flew to his friend, and had the delight of restoring him to liberty: they hastily embraced.

"Go Prince," exclaimed Sebastian, interrupting his thanks, "shew yourself to the people—the sight of you will repay them for all their fatigues," so saying, they separated.

Abbas flew to head a party of Persians that were yet disputing the gate of the palace, Sebastian hastened out of the city to recall the pursuing part of the army, lest success might carry them too far.

Ibrahim with a remnant of followers had succeeded in gaining that division of his force which followed the retreating part of Sebastian's ; his troops now outnumbered those they pursued, but ignorant of the strength in Ispahan, he made no other use of this advantage than that of effecting his retreat to a pass where he encamped himself strongly.

To attempt forcing his camp would have been to risk the superiority already gained ; the Persians were exhausted by a rapid march and incessant fighting ; Sebastian therefore called them back, and re-entered the town, where they were rejoined before day-break by the other division, which having left Ibrahim entrenching himself amongst the mountains, had wheeled round through a defile, and trod back their steps.

The Knight of the Cross had now fulfilled his vow to Sir Anthony Shirley, he had saved Persia : nay more, while there remained a chance of victory inclining to the adversary, he had done violence to his heart's wish of seeking for Kara Aziek.

The contest over, he ran to the palace, the late quarter of the Bashaw : almost assured of finding her he sought, he hastily interrogated the guards to learn if the Turkish women had been respected ; he was answered that there were no foreign women in the city ; none had accompanied the Bashaw's army.

Struck and afflicted, Sebastian was some moments ere he could reply, or interrogate anew, different soldiers and Syrian prisoners : one of the latter assured him that there were women in the Bashaw's camp near Bagdad, and that he knew a Moorish lady had arrived there. At this intelligence the hopes of Sebastian revived ; " I will speak with that man again ; " he said to the Persian who had interpreted between them, " see that you bring him to me when I require him, " the appearance of Prince Abbas interrupted his speech.

In expressive silence the Prince took and squeezed his hand, and held it to his heart ; his silence was even more eloquent than his countenance : that semblance of coldness which was natural to him, or rather, was

the effect of a violent repression of violent sensibility, gave way before the magnitude of his obligations to Sebastian.

"You have indeed retrieved my error!" he said at last, "you have saved my father and the kingdom; you have preserved me from dying of grief and shame! what is the recompense we are to give you?—the only valuable recompense in our power you have already wrested from us by a noble force—you have won our eternal gratitude and admiration.—Is there any thing else in Persia we may offer?—command it."—

"One thing more;" replied Sebastian, sweetly smiling, "I would have the Persians respect Christians for my sake:—should such ever fall into their hands or settle amongst them, I pray you bid them remember that it was a Christian Knight who loved their Prince, and combatted in their defence."

"And is that all?" exclaimed Abbas, pleasure sparkling in his fine countenance—"have those bright eyes I warned you against, taught your heart no tenderer desire?—were you to claim the rarest beauty in Ispahan, nay even my sister Zelide, it is not the friend whose life, liberty, and honour you have saved, that dare deny the boon."

"Be under no apprehension Prince," replied Sebastian, "the image of one amiable as lovely, has long sealed both my heart and eyes against other impressions: no Persian lady can efface it."

The smile with which Sebastian concluded, was reflected by one from the young Persian, he then led the way to the state apartments, where the Sophi and Sir Anthony Shirley waited to greet their deliverer.

A glow of modest pleasure sat on the face of Sebastian as he bent to the repeated thanks and eulogiums of Shirley: enfeebled by age and emotion, the Sophi wept like a child, while he embraced his son; after which he unclasped from his throat a massy collar of diamonds, and essayed to fasten it round that of Sebastian: but his shaking hands refused to obey his will, and Abbas hastened to supply his place.

There was something so sacred in the feelings of an old man and a father, that the King of Portugal would not pain them by refusing this magnificent offering; he suffered Abbas to clasp the collar, then full of her who alone agitated his secret thoughts, proposed to the Sophi, that after the repose of a night, the troops should make a vigorous assault upon the camp of the Bashaw, and terminate the war at once, by crushing the whole Turkish force in Persia.

Timid from misfortune; the Sophi adopted this counsel only in part: he insisted on the necessity of his soldiers having a longer period to recruit their strength, lest the Bashaw, re-inforced by a body of reserve, which it was believed he had stationed behind him in the country of Armenia, should prove eventually too strong for their diminished numbers.

To the plausibility of this argument Sebastian opposed every reason which could be judiciously urged in support of the adverse opinion; the Sophi was absolute; and Prince Abbas, brave as a lion, but without a genius for war, inclined to his father's judgment, Sebastian bowed gravely, and resigned himself to the decision.

Abbas now eyed his friend with the unsteady and disturbed look of a man who fears the effect of what he is going to say; his cheeks by turns crimsoned and grew pale: at length coming close to Sebastian, he said in a low embarrassed voice, "imagine yourself in my place, what would be your desire at this moment?"

Sebastian turned round and looked at him earnestly, "I comprehend you Prince!" he said, turning pale also, "you would have me resign my command:—you would strike this last and most important blow yourself.—I cannot blame such laudable ambition—I honour it—but I fear—that is—the soldiers used to my method of"—he stopt in extreme confusion, and pained to bitterness; no selfish avarice of distinction or power, mixed with the dread of a second misfortune to Abbas; he saw the limits of his friend's military ca-

capacity, and he trembled at once for Kara Aziek and for Persia.

His resolution however was taken ; he determined to speak frankly to Abbas on his evident inexperience, and then represent to him the fatal consequences which must ensue, should the Persians be routed. " Retire with me into this anti-chamber," he said softly ; the Prince followed him in silent dissatisfaction.

There, an explanation ensued, and though Sebastian failed of dissuading Abbas from his rash resolution, he had the consolation of observing that this obstinacy grew out of nobleness ; no envy discovered itself ; nothing but the laudable, though ill-judged longing for an opportunity of regaining what he thought he had forfeited, a title to the throne and people which he had shewn himself unable to protect.

Fearful of appearing to prize command for its own sake, Sebastian had nothing left but to request permission to serve as a volunteer under his friend, this request was granted ; the compact was ratified by the Sophi, and again vainly combatted by Sir Anthony Shirley, after which the warrior friends issued from the palace, that they might inspect the arsenals, concert measures together, and provide as far as possible against future disaster.

These employments detained Sebastian till after day break, when he sought his Kiosk in the garden of the ambassador : he now met his page for the first time since their late parting ; the boy had but just arrived, and learnt the news of the royal family's safety, and the consequent security of Ispahan.

On seeing their deliver, he fell at his feet, and bathing his hand with tears, as he timidly kissed it, repeated in a broken voice, " This, this for my country."—Touched by his sensibility, Sebastian raised him, and anticipating his questions, briefly detailed the incidents of the night. " You have doubtless enquired after the lady Maimuna ?" he asked : Zaphna answered, that she had escaped outrage.

" Will you return to her ?" said the King, " or must

I allow you to see the end of this campaign? is it your wish to join me in my expedition with the Prince?"

A thousand changing colours painted the face of Zaphna at the last expression—he looked down, but answered firmly "It is."—

Again Sebastian endeavoured to dissuade him, and again the youth resisted. Wearied in body and spirit, the King required repose, and charging his page to bring him in the morning the Turkish prisoner, whom he sought to interrogate, he dismissed him, and laid down to sleep.

At the hour of rising, Zaphna re-appeared with the Turk; Sebastian then learnt that the Moorish lady had been seen only once by the Bashaw, that he had expressed himself anxious to preserve her from the enemy, and had inclosed her, with her women, in a strong fortress among the mountains of Taurus: if she remained there still, this fellow, having once kept guard at her door, undertook to lead Sebastian thither, and to obtain his entrance.

At this proposal, the imprudent lover lost every idea of personal danger: too certain that the evil genius of Abbas would give victory to his enemy, and that consequently the loss of Kara Aziek would follow the loss of Persia, he believed there was no longer time to hesitate; he must endeavour to save her, since no longer permitted to save the country. Again, therefore, he must use the aid of artifice: O hateful necessity! to which so many upright souls are forcibly made to bend!—

After a few moments of deep thought, he accepted the offer of Jusuf (the Turkish soldier,) it was settled that they should go privately out of the city together at night, where two trusty Italian servants whom Sir Anthony Shirley had transferred to his service, were to be in waiting, with horses and arms: these men were to accompany them to the fortress, and concealing themselves amongst the hills, wait at a certain point of rendezvous for the return of Sebastian with his prize.

To gain admittance into the tower, it would be only needful to state that Sebastian was a messenger from the foreign knight, who disgusted with some affront given him by Prince Abbas, was willing to revenge himself, by betraying the Sophi and the city he was left to guard : that to avoid the suspicion which would ensue, did he go to the Bashaw's camp, towards which Abbas was marching, he had chosen this plan of sending an emissary to the Bashaw's wife, requiring her promise in Ibrahim's name of acquiescence with the demands of the foreigner.

In state matters alone, the Turks sometimes relaxed their strict rules with respect to women : it was more than probable therefore, that in this instance, tempted by the signal advantage held out, of ending the war by a decisive blow, they would fall into the snare : once admitted, Jusuf undertook from his knowledge of the place, and by a path down the height on which the fortress was situated, to secure the flight of the lovers.

A door opened from the women's apartments upon this very path, which being a fissure overhung by extremely thick shrubs, and terminating in a wood, might be depended on for concealing their course ; could they once gain the horses, their retreat would be certain.

Sebastian did not hesitate to embrace this plausible plan : the countenance of Jusuf bore the stamp of integrity ; and compassion for the Moorish lady, (whose unceasing sighs he had often heard during the whole night of his watch at her door,) appeared to have infused into him an unfeigned zeal for her service. Trusting to his sincerity, Sebastian gave him some gold. and promising him a richer reward hereafter, left him in the Kiosk.

The enthusiasm inspired by Sebastian's late intrepid and able conduct, and still more by the sweet graciousness of his manner, did not allow the two Italians to debate a moment about risking themselves for his sake, and for that of the ladies he wished to succour : they promised to meet him in a grove of plane trees, behind the city, at the hour of twilight.

It was not Sebastian's intention to encumber himself with his page, and to avoid the boy's importunity he resolved not to speak to him of the enterprise until they were beyond the city walls ; there he should disclose his intention, and leave him in charge to reveal the motive of his apparent flight to Sir Anthony Shirley, should fate destine him to perish or be detained in the fortress.

Desperate indeed was the throw he was about to hazard : every thing rested on the faith of one man who might betray and ruin him ; but if, withheld by caution, he should let this perilous opportunity escape, Kara Aziek might be lost to him for ever ; once possessed by the Bashaw, death only would offer her refuge.—This thought determined him.

Having arranged his own dearest concern, he hastened to visit such parts of the city as required particular attention to their defence : he examined, instructed, superintended, directed a thousand details in the fortification ; he repeated the most important orders again and again, that Ispahan might not feel his absence should he not return ere the departure of Prince Abbas : he then returned to his Kiosk, warned by the sun, whose softening light was already sinking behind clouds.

CHAPTER IV.

SEBASTIAN had scarce entered, when Prince Abbas appeared ; he came to inform that, having received intelligence by a deserter from the enemy, of a new movement of the Bashaw, which it was important for him to frustrate, he should revert to his friend's advice, and march at night-fall.

At this intelligence, Sebastian's complexion suddenly altered : " Why does your colour change ? " asked Abbas, with surprise.

" The information troubles me," replied his friend " for I do not feel qualified to march so soon—I am not myself yet—indisposed—disturbed I know not how it is my mind."

" You do not forgive me, I fear," returned Abbas " for selfishly checking you in the career of glory ;—knight, you wrong me, if you do not honour my motive ; if you do not believe that I lament the necessity which forces me to attempt that, which your abler arm need only extend itself to seize.—Let me but redeem my fame, or lose a worthless, slighted life, a life that has now no charms,—since"—the Prince broke off abruptly, smothered a succession of sorrowful sighs, and turning aside his face, moved some steps away.

Sebastian guessed ill at his emotion, when concluding it to arise solely from a warrior's disappointment, he warmly replied, " What fantastic stain does my Prince attach to himself ? valour, judgment, numbers, what are they in war, but uncertain and deceiving things ? victory after all is in the hand of Heaven ; and when a commander has faithfully employed every faculty of his soul for the success of his army, he may stand acquitted not only to his conscience, but to his countrymen.—Go, however, brave Abbas, I envy not the laurels you are about to gather : your feelings are respected

by one who has felt the pang of deserved self-reproach. It was my sad destiny to lose a memorable battle, to cause the deaths of thousands by a mixture of credulity and obstinacy. Yes!" Sebastian added, fixing his eyes upon the symbol of the cross he wore on his shield, "for the blood that flowed in torrents on that fatal day, I have no hope of pardon but from the sacred blood that was shed here."

A ray of consolation shone on the face of Abbas at this avowal of the invincible stranger: "You must detail this disastrous story when we meet again," he said, "now I must hasten away—believing that you were to accompany me, I have confided the care of Ispahan to Peri Nadir.—I see by your looks that a night's repose is absolutely needful to you—join me when you are refreshed."

Sebastian smiled assent: he looked at his friend, irresolute whether he should not confide to him the project for the night; but an instant's reflection decided him to remain silent. Abbas might not see the necessity for such haste, and if so, Sebastian could not urge his weightiest reason, which was founded on an apprehension of the Prince's failure; believing it imprudent to risk opposition, he exchanged a cordial embrace with him, and they parted.

As Abbas passed the portico of the Kiosk, he encountered Sebastian's page: the boy slowly ascending the entrance steps, with his head bent down, saw not the Prince, who struck by his air and figure suddenly stopped: finding his way obstructed, Zaphna raised his eyes;—those eyes—that ivory throat—that complexion untinted by the faintest red, threw Abbas's senses into tumults,—did he, or did he not see before him the woman for whom his soul languished.

The eagerness and astonishment of his countenance as he hastily bent forward and attempted to catch the arm of Zaphna, alarmed the object of his scrutiny; Zaphna's heart died within him, he was on the point of sinking to the earth with grief and shame, when des-

perately rousing himself, he sprung past the Prince and gained the hall of the Kiosk.

Abbas's first impulse was to follow ; but recalling his scattered senses, and resolving not to accuse Sebastian till convinced beyond all sophistry to disprove, he tore himself from the scene, and ran with a madman's haste to the abode of Maimuna.

He questioned her slaves and her women—he insisted upon being admitted to her presence—of conversing with her, at least a moment, from her window ; he was told that Maimuna was sick and she could see no one. At this information Abbas's jealous suspicion increased to madness ; he commanded her favourite maid to be left alone with him, and giving the reins to his natural violence of character, enjoined her to say on her life whether her mistress were not with the foreign knight, disguised as a boy.

His high authority, his imperious tone, and above all, the fear of his vengeance, terrified the poor servant, she fell at his feet, confessing the truth of his supposition ; but of her mistress's motives for such imprudent conduct she was totally ignorant.

At this confirmation of his worst apprehension, fully as he had expected to receive it, Abbas lost all consciousness, and for a moment his limbs failed under him : it was but a moment of weakness ; the anguish of a virtuous passion blighted in its fondest hope, yielded to the frenzy of resentment : again the burning blood rushed to his cheek, again lightning darted from his eyes, and thunder spoke in his voice.

"Stir not hence on your peril!" he exclaimed, "I go to unmask that hypocrite who has betrayed Maimuna ; guilty as she is, I will save her if possible."

He broke away as he concluded, and taking the road to the Kiosk, was arrested by a woman meanly attired, who bending the knee to him, intreated him to listen to her for an instant—"I cannot stay, woman !—another time—carry your petition to the Sophi,—another time !"

The petitioner laid hold of his robe—"For the

love of Ispahan, hear me great Prince!—I have something strange to tell—treason and that foreign knight.”

At these words Abbas was spell-bound—“What of that pernicious wretch!” he exclaimed incautiously. The tone in which he spoke encouraged the woman, and beckoning to a grove of trees that surrounded a fountain, he followed her there impatiently.

The short detail he then listened to set the seal to Sebastian’s fate. This woman, the wife of one of Sir Anthony Shirley’s Italians, had been weakly entrusted by her husband with their projected enterprise: terrified for her husband’s safety, which so hazardous a plan endangered, she took the resolution of disclosing all to Prince Abbas.

Half-detailed by the Italian, therefore imperfectly re-delivered by her, the story presented only a confused account of Sebastian’s intention to fly that night to a fortress of the Bashaw’s and that love for some lady had occasioned him to take the step: occupied solely with the image of Maimuna, Abbas filled up the dark sketch as his distracted imagination prompted; he interrogated the women afresh, and she with a weakness common to informers who are not complete in their information, answered as she saw most consonant with the train of his suspicions.

The Prince believed himself now in possession of a clue to his late friend’s sudden wish of absenting himself from the army; love and mortified ambition had then sapped his virtues or displayed their hollowness; he considered him with horror and with hatred: disgrace, public shame, and an ignominious death, were the images which quickly rose to appease his furious passions.

Abbas had no doubt, but that acquainted with all his military plans, Sebastian meant to deliver him into the hands of the Bashaw; his whole conduct therefore must have been a tissue of falsehood from the commencement, and doubtless the throne or government of Persia, was to be the price of his successful treachery.—In order to make vengeance secure, he believed it right to let the traitor enter upon his base project.

Having stood ruminating awhile, he gave the woman his purse, and bidding her follow him, hastened to the palace.

The surprise of the Sophi exceeded that of his son ; his indignation could not pass beyond that of Abbas : an order was immediately issued for several persons to watch the movements of Sebastian, and when he was fairly entered on his plan, and out of the city with his companions, to seize them all and cast them into a dungeon until the return of Prince Abbas.

Forced by duty, Abbas was now obliged to join his troops and commence his march : but his heart in tumults, his brain almost maddened by rage, disappointed love, betrayed friendship, made him ill able to conduct the army of Persia.

Meanwhile Sebastian's soul respiring only the tenderest and most generous emotions, was anxiously waiting the signal for joining his associates : if his thoughts wandered from Azick, they left her sweet image only to seek the throne of Almighty Power and Almighty Goodness ; they did not leave her, since it was for her he prayed.

Night now had cast her sudden shadow over the city of Ispahan : armed with authority, and permitted to go whither he would, and at whatever hour, the Christian knight called his page, and accompanied by the Turkish soldier, (with whom he appeared conversing about the resources of Ibrahim) he traversed the streets, and passing one of the remotest gates, quickly joined his Italians, who with four stout horses waited at a short distance among some trees.

It was then that Sebastian, who had hitherto preserved a thoughtful silence, which the agitated Zaphna did not appear inclined to break, turned towards him, and giving him a written paper, which the boy took and put into his breast, began to inform him of his destination : at this juncture a band of armed men, headed by an officer of Prince Abbas's, rushed from behind a thicket, and sprung on the astonished party.

Seized before he could be aware of their approach,

and ignorant of his crime, Sebastian knew it would be fruitless to attempt resistance ; his calm undaunted air awed his captors ; he listened with amazement to their accusation of perfidy ; but perceiving the force of appearances, he simply requested to be taken either to the Sophi or to the English Ambassador.

Neither of these requests were granted ; he was hurried back to Ispahan, brought to the state-prison, and there thrust into its vilest cell. Zaphna, whose senses had forsaken him at these terrible words—"the Prince of Persia denounces you as a traitor," was also confined in a dungeon, and left there to weep the consequence of a fatal abandonment of woman's law.

All these events passed with so much circumspection, secrecy, and promptitude, that not even Sir Anthony Shirley heard the news till the next day at noon : transfixed with horror, scarcely crediting his senses, and incapable of lightly attributing such unexampled baseness to the noble Portuguese, feeling too that not only his own honour was implicated, but the interest of his sovereign endangered by her ambassador's indiscreet confidence, he lost no time in seeking an audience of the Sophi.

The aged monarch's faculties had received a stimulus from these extraordinary circumstances, and he spoke with as much discrimination as vehemence, while he refused to permit an interview between Shirley and the foreigner, until the return of Prince Abbas.

Overwhelmed with regret and trouble, Sir Anthony retired, still wandering in a maze of contradictory fears, conjectures, and hopes.

Meanwhile Sebastian remained in his dungeon the prey of agonizing thoughts : his guards had informed him that he was accused of intending to betray the Persians, that his guilt was proved by the evidence of the Italians, who confessed that they were employed to attend him to the Bashaw's fortress ; and that the pretence of going to release a favourite lady, was rendered absurd by the circumstance of his being detected in carrying off a Persian woman. That crime alone

deserved death, more especially since this woman was now known to be the object of Prince Abbas's concealed attachment.

At this detail Sebastian gave himself up for lost: innocent as he was, circumstances had fatally conspired to give an air of falsehood to his conduct, and from whatever motive Maimuna had sought his protection, it was evident his life must pay the forfeit of her indiscretion. Not for himself, he alternately supplicated Heaven's assistance, or wildly bewailed its hard decree; it was for Kara Aziek that he raved, for her who only lived in the fond hope of obtaining liberty and happiness from his hands.

One ray of consolatory expectation beamed on him; it proceeded from a knowledge of Abbas's naturally noble character: perhaps even outraged love might not be powerful enough to harden so upright a heart against the impression of truth. If Sebastian were frankly to relate the story of his attachment, Abbas might eventually discover, that the friend in whom he had confided, had neither betrayed his mistress nor his King.

This expectation was soon destroyed: the first day closed, the second night was already far advanced, when tumultuous sounds were heard in the streets of Ispahan; confusion, consternation, sorrow evidently reigned throughout the capital; murmurs and lamentations reached even to the dungeon of Sebastian: half-starting from the ground on which he was lying, he listened to catch some articulate sound, nothing was distinct; all was hurry and distress.

Divining part of the truth, his agitation became intolerable: Abbas, most likely, had been again defeated.—Mighty God! and Sebastian's avenging arm was chained down by iron bolts! at this thought, the groan that burst from his great heart, shook the walls of his cell: he pulled, he tugged his heavy chain; he essayed to tear up the ponderous staple by which it was rivetted to the stone pavement. Vain were all his efforts; again the noise increased—it approached—it *was in the prison!*

At the echo of several hasty steps passing his door,

he demanded loudly what had happened? For awhile no one attended to him; at length a person answered sternly, "the Prince is taken, the Sophi is dead—the people call aloud for your head!" the man moved away as he spoke, leaving Sebastian transfixed with an emotion to which no name could be given: it might be hope, it might be despair; Sebastian himself knew not which it was.

While yet motionless, he heard his name repeated vehemently without, and re-echoed through all the passages of the vaults; a moment after, the door of his cell flew open.

Prepared to meet instant death, the brave and unfortunate King roused himself to breast the torrent of popular fury; his whole soul was collected in his eyes, as he drew back like one who stations himself, and directed a steady look towards his murderers.

A croud rushed in; amongst these, he beheld Sir Anthony Shirley, and the still-disguised Maimuna: sinking at his feet, while some soldiers knocked off his fetters, she exclaimed, "you are free! hasten to rescue the Prince!"

The dream-like amazement of Sebastian suspended utterance, he looked round on the persons who filled the cell with an air which asked explanation: Sir Anthony Shirley with less agitation but equal haste briefly replied, that the paper found on Zaphna, added to her voluntary confession, and the testimony of him who had acted as interpreter between him and the Turkish prisoner, had cleared his reputation; that the people no longer doubted his fidelity, but trusted to him for succour in this their time of extremity.

Prince Abbas had been taken by a stratagem, with all his principal officers, and overcome with such news, the aged Sophi had expired of grief: the soldiers now called for their former general, and so far from thirsting for his blood, they swore not to unsheathe a sword unless at his command.

On the wings of the wind, with a heart triumphing in the hope of again rescuing his friend, Sebastian broke through the crowd, and joined the diminished

troops: a sword caught from the hand of a guard flamed in his grasp; his eyes communicated electric fire to every desponding individual: with one voice they hailed their war-genius, and marshalling around him, called on him to lead them to victory.

This spontaneous acquittal touched him sensibly: these people then, were better judges of his character than the man who believed himself his friend; but these people compared his actions without prejudice, and Abbas was blinded by jealousy.

Did Sebastian meditate what is called a *noble revenge*, when he traversed with the velocity of light, the tract of country which divided him from Abbas? No; his heart was only eager to prove its own integrity and to save his friend.

Animated by his example, the troops respired confidence and conquest: they ran rather than marched; and in a few hours came up with the Bashaw, who, evading the remnant of Abbas's army, had made a skilful turn, and leaving a small force to amuse and keep them in check, was advancing rapidly upon Is-pahan.

Inequality of numbers was now an atom; where every thing must be lost, where every thing is not risked, there remains no alternative. Sebastian drew up his little army in an advantageous position, which from the nature of the ground, rendered the enemy's cavalry useless, and blocked out part of his infantry; there he offered, and he gave battle.

Who may doubt the success of loyalty and enthusiasm? Sebastian poured the tide of battle at will: his troops repulsed those of the Bashaw; attacked in their turn, broke through the thick squadrons, dispersed, drove, pursued, routed them!

The Bashaw himself fell by the hand of a Persian soldier: at this event the Turks and Syrians laid down their arms and terminated the contest.

Sebastian flew to their camp; he enquired for the Prince of Persia, and was shewn a tent strictly guarded, where the soldiers delivered up their swords and led

him in. Seated on the ground in a posture of sullen despair, he beheld Abbas ; the Prince raised his eyes, the lightning that flashed from them announced his error : " what, traitor ? escaped ? " he started up as he spoke, and would have rushed upon his deliverer, but Sebastian wrested his arm, exclaiming in a voice that made itself obeyed, " hold Prince ! there are some things which not even a friend may pardon :—I *am* your friend still."

At this instant the tent was crowded with Persian officers and soldiers ; some fell at their beloved monarch's feet, some pressed forward to kiss his hand, while all expressed, in confused sentences, admiration of Sebastian. Abbas eagerly inquired the meaning of these eulogiums.

His royal father's chief equerry, who had been present during the strange avowal of Maimuna, hastened to inform him, that one of the officers who had assisted in seizing the Christian, recollected a paper which, had been found on the page, and which though directed to Sir Anthony Shirley, he carried to the Sophi : this paper contained Sebastian's narrative to the ambassador of his intended enterprize, and its motives. The Sophi astonished and bewildered sent for Shirley, and by his advice caused the man to be sought for, who had interpreted between the knight and the Turk ; this man's evidence was in strict conformity with the contents of the letter : nothing remained but to elucidate the mystery of Sebastian's female page.

Maimuna was sent for ; it was then, that wild with despair at having caused so much horror, the trembling girl sunk on her knees, and confessed that a hopeless passion for the Prince had prompted her to assume a disguise, and seek the protection of one with whom she thought herself assured of seeing Abbas : she protested that her wishes had not gone beyond that of ever being near him, and perhaps of succouring him if wounded. His apparent unobservance of her, (for how often does love thus painfully blind us to what we wish to see !) had persuaded her that she might be seen by him under

any form without being recognized ; since however he had discovered her, since it was Abbas who deemed her guilty of an unpardonable crime, she was willing to expiate her fault, and end her grief with her life.

This extraordinary recital was accompanied by an emotion too powerful for art to assume ; her tears and blushes while she spoke of Prince Abbas, bore conviction to the Sophi, who pitying so excessive a passion, and moved by the memory of her dead father's services, granted her forgiveness, and commanded all mention of her disguise to cease amongst his attendants.

The other companions of Sebastian having been separately re-examined, continued to bear the same testimony to the fidelity of their master—they were therefore honourably discharged, and the Sophi was just about to charge the impatient Shirley with an order for his gallant friend's release, when a messenger arrived with the news of Prince Abbas's capture.

At the first words spoken by this indiscreet person, the aged Sophi fell into the arms of an attendant, deprived of sense : he breathed again, but he spoke no more ; his eyes were for awhile raised with anguish to Heaven, then weighed down by the hand of death, closed for ever !

When the officer who narrated these events came to this part of his recital, the young Sophi uttered a cry, and throwing himself on the earth, covered his head with his mantle ; no one ventured to disturb his grief :—the tears of a virtuous son for a tender parent are precious in the sight of men and angels.

After a while he raised himself with a serious but desolated air, and looked wishfully round for his friend ; but he saw him not. Sebastian had disappeared the moment his own justification began ; he had gone in search of Kara Aziek.

Trembling at every question he put to the Turks and Syrians, lest their answers should inflict a deadly wound, he hurried from tent to tent : at length one of the Bashaw's officers confirmed the account given by

f, and assured Sebastian that the Moorish lady and her attendants were still in the fortress of Ebhu.—There was yet another question to ask, and the lover's heart died within him; the inquiry to his lips, and fell back.

After some efforts he was able to ask whether the law's marriage had yet been solemnized?—"No—The Moorish lady had at first pleaded the rights of religion; then followed the death of an European man who accompanied her; and that event, united to the warlike anxieties which forcibly engrossed the law, had delayed his happiness; since that period he had suddenly proclaimed herself a Christian, and he to die rather than unite her soul with that of an infidel."

What became of Sebastian at this information?—a flood of joy (for it was joy even to agony,) seized his generous and pious heart; he caught the arm of the man who spoke, and closing his eyes, exclaimed in a excited voice, "stop—stop—I can bear no more!"

A few moments recovered him; he moved his hand from the Mussulman's arm, and rushing away to a solitary spot, prostrated himself before that Saviour of the divine mission Azick had at length acknowledged.

He wept in the fullness of virtuous satisfaction: her conversion, her safety, his late perilous situation, the triumph of his arms, the rescue of Abbas, those tumultuous changes of his fate from disgrace to exultation, from despair to transport, changes which had hurried exhausted his soul—all flowed in these relieving sensations. It might be said that this was the most delicious moment of Sebastian's life.

Having indulged his emotion, he arose, and returned to find Prince Abbas: they met seeking each other: Abbas abashed at sight of a man to whom he owed much, and whom he had used so violently, stopped, turned back, and averting his head with a look of shame, boldly stretched out his arms: the generous Sebastian sprung forward and strained him to his breast; an embrace supplied the place of speech.

They remained silent for some time ; at length preventing the faltering voice of the young Sophi, Sebastian exclaimed, " We part here, my friend, for awhile—you doubtless hasten to re-animate Ispahan—I fly to secure her, without whom I am nothing.—When thou seest her Abbas !—thou wilt confess—but no—it is her soul thou shouldst see, to make a love like mine lose its seeming madness."

The Sophi answered by ordering his troops to follow at the command of Sebastian ; he would not pain his noble friend by obstinately recurring to those thanks he wished to wave, but he grasped his hand while speaking, with an agitation of eye and limb, which left no doubt of his gratitude. The army then arranged themselves in the order of march, with their prisoners and their spoil, and headed by their new sovereign, took the road to Ispahan.

Sebastian selected a small band in case of resistance, and crossed the country to the fortress of Ebhn Sait.

As he ascended the steep heights leading to this interesting place, his heart alternately rushed forward and receded : how much did he still fear ! for how much he loved !

The oriental architecture of the building, and the romantic scenery amongst which it stood, rendered its appearance rather beautiful than threatening : a few pieces of Turkish ordnance mounted the walls ; these however were deserted ; and as Sebastian approached, he beheld the gates open and the courts unguarded.—His hopes withered at once ; he halted an instant, then recovering himself, gave some brief orders in case of being allured by a statagem ; he then led part of his troops into the interior.

No one was visible ; they penetrated the passages and the chambers ; all were abandoned.—Struck with grief and dismay Sebastian pronounced in a sorrowful tone the name of Kara Aziek ; that well known voice was answered by a cry of joy : a door hitherto unseen, flew open, and the object of all his hopes and fears springing from a couch on which she had been sleeping, flew towards him, and threw herself into his arms.

His animated air, the dress of the soldiers by whom he was surrounded, the very manner with which he held and embraced her, assured her that he came as a conqueror and a deliverer: her spirit had been long racked with various alarms; the dreadful scenes of war, and the more terrifying contests with the Bashaw's rude passion, had completely subdued her, and she was no longer mistress of herself when she felt freedom and happiness on the breast of him she loved.

Her joy took the character of delirium: she wept, and smiled, and sobbed; repeated the same unconnected words again and again; held Sebastian with wild strength, and gazed at him with such a fixed yet troubled look, as a person might be supposed to give, who feared to behold another vanish into air.

This strange transport, perhaps mixed a salutary alloy with that of Sebastian; he trembled for her delicately constructed frame, and far from giving loose to his own feelings, was only assiduous to soften, and gently controul hers.

By degrees her joy lost its fearfulness and its tumult, and settled into delightful certainty: she ceased to speak; but she remained leaning on the shoulder of her hero; at intervals raising his hand to her lips with an expression of happiness and gratitude in her eyes, as she lifted them towards heaven.

With what fulness of delight, with what tenderness, did Sebastian sit contemplating her, as their hearts only spoke to each other! The information of the Bashaw's officer had taken away every sentiment of regret or self-blame at indulging an attachment which his bigoted tenets sometimes led him to condemn: it was now, that he felt privileged to pour his whole soul into hers, —to mix, to unite, to confound them indeed for ever.

While his arms encircled her, he thought no more of camps or of courts, of the world and its vain pageants; nay, he ceased to think of the beauteous body which enclosed the spirit he loved: he felt that spirit only, and believed that an eternity of such sweet and pure

emotions as the present, would be an eternity of tude.

The Persian soldiers now re-entered, impatient permission to sack the fortress and to return. Sebastian roused himself, and moving with a lingering look from Kara Aziek, hurried over the building to discover whether any Turks were concealed.—It was evident that these people had precipitately abandoned it on the news of their general's flight (without caring for the women, whom they left absolutely ignorant of their flight, as of the motive prompted it) and had fled homewards.

Having ascertained their absence, and booty, Sebastian prepared litters for his beloved and her women, which they joyfully entered, and borne by soldiers forward on their way to the capital.

CHAPTER V.

IT was night when the triumphant band entered Ispahan : they found the streets and the gardens illuminated ; every place was crowded with people rending the air with acclamations, in which the names of the new Sophi and his victorious friend were joined.

Sebastian's heart throbbed with virtuous exultation : it was to him this populous city was indebted for her deliverance and for her monarch !—His steps were now impeded by frequent parties of the citizens forcibly stopping him to crown his head with garlands, and to bless him for their freedom : it was with difficulty he could reach the house of Sir Anthony Shirley, where he assisted Kara Aziek to quit her litter, and led her into the apartments of the ambassador.

Shirley welcomed back his guest with open arms, Sebastian returned his embrace, and thanking him for the justice he had rendered to his principles, presented the fair proof of his truth.

When the lovely Moor threw back her veil to answer the courteous salutation of the Englishman, a modest glow animated her softly-speaking eyes, but those eyes floated in tears, for the sight of Sir Anthony Shirley brought back the memory of his countrywoman whom death had so lately torn away. She spoke, she moved, and the grave statesman delighted with the melody of her voice, and the grace and symmetry of her shape, forgot that the hue of the olive was spread over those exquisite limbs.

Sweet to the lover, is the tributary admiration paid to the object of his adoration ! Sebastian read Shirley's approval in his looks, and eager to display the still lovelier part of his Aziek, won her into discourse.

Their theme was the story of Aziek's friend ; of her

last illness, her resignation, her saint-like piety, her death!—regret and affection made Kara Aziek eloquent, and both her auditors hung on her accents with intent pleasure. As she described the important scenes that had passed between her and this superior woman, each listened attentively: Kara Aziek was describing the progress of her own conversion. Sebastian was only attentive to discover whether she really had deserted the standard of the false prophet; Shirley anxiously hoped to hear that she had become a convert to the new doctrine of Luther.

Both were satisfied;—Aziek was a Christian and a Lutheran: the death-bed of Emilia had sealed her arguments.

“What a noble soul! what a rare judgment!” exclaimed Sir Anthony, inwardly: “She has acknowledged Jesus!” said Sebastian to himself, “that is the first step—and I should be satisfied with it. The false creed of this Englishwoman will soon be displaced by our sublime mysteries: my Aziek’s mind is capable of being darkened by the prejudice of affection, but affection also may enlighten it again.”

With this soothing thought he yielded to his joy, and expressed it rapturously: the entrance of the Sophi, whom not even his august dignity could restrain from hastening to his preserver, interrupted the conversation.

A blush of graceful shame again painted Abbas’s features: restored to dominion and to happiness, he could no longer deny himself the gratification of confessing his faults, expressing his gratitude, and intreating forgiveness. “Jealous love,” he concluded, “is stronger than friendship: I saw Maimuna with you, I believed you a seducer and a dissembler; for I would not believe the woman I worshipped afar off like some sacred star, whom I trembled to address till I could lay such laurels at her feet as her father had been accustomed to gather—I could not believe this woman capable of following into a camp the man who either slighted or was ignorant of her passion. How could the

timid mind of the most timid of lovers divine, that it was to be near *him* she entered the service of another? swept away by a tempest of fury, I forgot those virtues, those benefits"—

Sebastian interrupted this speech by a warm embrace; he conjured his friend to bury all thought of the past, and presenting to him Kara Aziek, (who had modestly retired, but now re-appeared at her hero's voice) he requested an apartment for her in the palace of the Princess of Persia.

Overjoyed to have any thing in his power to grant, Abbas immediately ordered the royal litter, and had the Moorish lady conveyed to his sister's residence.

There Kara Aziek beheld herself once more in the society of women, whose minds and hearts somewhat resembled her own: the interesting Maimuna, and her young likeness Princess Zelide, by turns soothed and amused her. Maimuna discoursed of Sebastian; (for she loved, and she knew therefore the theme that would be most delightful) Zelide alternately painted the late horrors, and the smiling prospects of futurity, and with her April-like discourse, gave wings to the passing hours.

While these new associates reposed on their divans, the Christian knight and the Sophi unwillingly left them for consultation on state affairs. The new monarch sought the advice of a friend, whose opinions he received as oracles, and considered like inspiration, he knew not the complicated machine of government, which had once been moved by that powerful hand!

Having decided on means for concluding the war with the campaign, and forcing the enemy into restitution, they discussed several abuses in the Persian state, which only peace could enable the Sophi to reform: much salutary change was suggested by Sebastian, and eagerly embraced by Abbas, whose heart, nobly superior to his genius, required but the sight of a benevolent scheme, to welcome and to employ it.

Prompted by gratitude and affection he now offered his friend the choice of any rank or station throughout

Persia, with the exercise of his own religion, and the extraordinary permission of protecting Christians, and building for them a place of worship: he drew a seducing picture of their social happiness when united to the women they loved, forming one family of affection.

Sebastian grieved that he must destroy this agreeable illusion: nothing could exceed the distress of Abbas, when he heard that the friend by whose great qualities he intended henceforth to model his own character, was drawn by some strong though secret tie, to another quarter of the globe.

Sebastian had requested an escort for himself and Kara Aziek to the port of Cairo, from whence he meant to transport themselves to some maritime town of Italy, whence they might embark in one of those vessels which carried on a contraband trade with Brazil. Arguments were in vain to combat a resolution which duty commanded him to keep inviolate: Sebastian believed himself called on to seek the recovery of those rights, with which Providence had originally invested him; and drawn by a more powerful, because more grateful friendship for Gaspar, than that which Abbas excited, reined in with difficulty an expression of his impatience to be gone.

Finding persuasions and intreaties equally useless, and convinced by the strong emotion of his deliverer, that no common motive impelled his conduct, the Sophi yielded to necessity and promised him the escort, —while reluctantly pronouncing this promise, he tried to console himself by thinking that some little time must be allowed for the preparation of suitable marks of the Persian empire's esteem and regret: the nuptials too of its sovereign ought to be graced by his friend's appearance; and if that friend meant to make Kara Aziek his own by the forms of the Christian church, he must delay yet longer. The hope of thus detaining him awhile, revived the Sophi, and dismissing his saddened looks, he prepared to enjoy present happiness *while it lasted*.

From this period Good Fortune might be said to place her throne at Ispahan. The Turks were driven out of Syria and forced to sue for peace, which Abbas insured to his people, by granting it on liberal terms to the humbled enemy : success and cheerful obedience followed the acts of his new government ; his marriage was solemnized with every demonstration of joy by his subjects : and the nuptials of Sebastian, though performed almost secretly in the chapel of the ambassador, were so far from displeasing the Persians, that they celebrated them with acclamations of pleasure.

Alone and unconnected, far from her country, and voluntarily abandoning it for ever, Kara Aziek saw in the husband to whom she gave herself, her world, and her felicity ! It was sweet to her tender heart to find no object to share it with him ! Wanted she other affection ? O no !—was it not sufficient to concentrate upon one being, every sentiment which weakens by diffusion ?

When Sebastian received her into his arms as the ambassador's chaplain closed the book of prayer, when he held her against his heart that throbbed with the conviction of their eternal union, what a sacred joy stilled all those tumultuous feelings with which he had counted the moments, and hurried on the ceremony !

The same soft and delightful emotion gently agitated each ; they spoke but in sighs, and with their tears. Eloquent silence ! needed ye a tongue ?

Sebastian would not delay his departure ; he hastened its preparations, and at length reached the moment he wished.

Loaded with presents of treasure and costly attire, with which the magnificent court of Persia endeavoured to express its gratitude, and which Sebastian in vain attempted to refuse, the Christian knight and his bride prepared to quit a country they could not hope to see again. Kara Aziek had transferred all her women except one, to the Princess of Persia ; and Sebastian retained only the faithful Barémel as his attendant to the new world.

The escort appointed to attend the travellers was more than sufficient for security ; but the Sophi willed it should distinguish his preserver by its magnificence.

The palace resounded with lamentation when their last embraces were exchanged, the Sophi rent his garments, and threw himself on the ground in a passion of grief ; he remained there without raising his head, till the sound of his friend's departing steps no longer reached him ; he then arose, and shut himself into a solitary chamber, where not even his beloved Maimuna ventured to disturb his sorrows.

Equally moved, but long disciplined in self-controul, the King of Portugal concealed as sad a heart under a calmer aspect ; his gentle Aziek wept uninterruptedly. In the hall of the palace they met Sir Anthony Shirley, whom they were going to seek : his adieus were less agitating, but as impressive as those of Abbas.

"You go, brave Portuguese!" he said, and I dare not ask whither : what destiny may that be which authorises so much mystery ; are the friends your virtue acquires to remain forever in this ignorance ?—I ask not where you go, but I would ask if you believe we shall ever meet again?"

"I hope it—nay I believe it," replied Sebastian, brightening into animation, "you will hear of me in Europe some day ; and I charge you by our friendship, to recal at that period what I owe to you now.—To you I owe my present happiness ; to you, I owe what I may have regained then : was it not to your generous reliance on my integrity that I am indebted for having acquired the power to benefit Persia ?—Forget not the Knight of the Cross—forget not those lineaments by which you may remember him : the hour may come when these lineaments will present themselves to your eye under a very different garb, and when the wandering adventurer may give you a signal proof of his gratitude.—Farewel!"

As he spoke, he exchanged rings with Shirley, who cheered by this assurance, yet bewildered by the con-

jectures to which it lead, embraced him in silence, and kissed the hand of Kara Aziek.

The travellers then mounted the commodious carriage which had been constructed for them by order of the Sophi, and attended by a troop of horsemen, and loaded camels, departed from Ispahan.

CHAPTER VI.

LET me pass lightly over the period in which the King of Portugal and his Aziek journeyed from Ispahan to Cairo. They embarked there in a vessel bound for Venice; sojourned at Venice only till they procured a passage in a ship going to India; the captain of which engaged to stop at Massignan, where Brazil-traders usually watered, and where he might then transfer his passengers according to their wishes.

As the Venetian bark sailed between the shores of Spain and of Africa, and leaving the smiling waves of the Mediterranean, entered upon the stern Atlantic, emotions of awe, of apprehension, of gratitude, springing from the memory of former days, grew upon the hearts of Sebastian and Kara Aziek.

After so many vicissitudes, so many anxieties, they were united inseparably:

“The world was all before them where to chuse

“Their place of rest; and Providence their guide!”

Buried in profound thought, they sat together with their eyes fixed on the two coasts that recalled such various remembrances. Kara Aziek gazed on Africa, thinking of her father and Abensallah: Sebastian regarded the Spanish shore, gradually turning his reflections from remote events to such as had been lately detailed to him at Venice.—He had learned there several important facts, upon which he now ruminated in serious silence.

Since his departure from Portugal, and after sojourning in Persia, much change had taken place. Cardinal Henry was dead, the succession to his throne had been hotly contested by a croud of pretenders: Don Antonio was proclaimed by one party, Philip II. by

another ; the streets of Lisbon had been filled with assassination and tumults ; her prisons alternately thronged with the adherents of the Braganzas and the d'Aveiros. Finally Spain prevailed : Antonio had escaped with difficulty beyond sea, thrown himself on the protection of England, embarked in a vain expedition, lost all hope again, and was now wandering through France, mocking poverty with the title of King, which his rank and vicious conduct rendered but a seal of infamy.

Seated on his throne of Spain, Philip made the neck of Portugal his footstool : she felt her new sovereign only by the weight of his tyranny : her nobles were torn from her, her court filled with the greedy followers of a Castilian Regent ; her treasures were wafted into Spanish ports, and her halls of justice transported to the capital of her oppressor.—Crushed with accumulating burthens, her people lost their strength to resist ; and terrified by the bloody vengeance which Philip took on them for yielding to the delusion of two impostors who had successively started up proclaiming themselves Don Sebastian, they thought no more of their rights ; they crouched under his iron sceptre, appearing to believe themselves fortunate if but permitted to breathe.

With her towns garrisoned by foreign troops, her arms wrested from her grasp, her treasury rifled, her fleet dismantled, what could wretched Portugal do but sit sullenly in her chains, desperate of relief ? Could the hand of one man, even though the hand of her lawful King, hope to break those bonds ? The thought was madness.

Sebastian saw that to follow his heart's impulse, and fly immediately to the succour of his subjects, would be only to offer himself up an useless victim ; he would be only exciting fresh blood to flow, fresh horrors to arise : unless acknowledged and assisted by other powers, and that at some critical moment of Spanish weakness, he could not expect to regain or to restore his people to liberty. There was no path for him but

that he was now in : he must seek the advice of Don Emanuel De Castro, and try through him the temper of his Trans-atlantic subjects.

The bitterness of his regret for having originally caused all this suffering to Portugal, was like the anguish of a father who beholds his only son plunged into crime and misery through his own faulty indulgence.

Sebastian's heart might be said to weep blood, while he enumerated the enormities of Philip, and the wrongs of the Portuguese : the gloom of his looks saddened Kara Aziek, and when tenderly inquiring his thoughts, she learnt their painful nature, it cost her some effort to conquer her sympathy, and exert herself to argue away his excess of self-reproach.

By gentle degrees she changed the current of his reflections, though they turned into one not so smooth as the hand of wedded love would willingly have made it.

Sebastian had frequently conversed with his wife on the subject of her new religion ; but in the hurry of land-travelling, those conversations had been short and unsatisfactory : sufficient however to shew the afflicted husband that the wife of his bosom nourished what he believed a fatal system of error, denounced by the church, and abhorred of God.

It was in the leisure of a long voyage that he hoped to eradicate these pernicious doctrines.

Having fortunately encountered a Brazil-trader at Massignan and procured a passage in her to St. Salvador, he began now to make the attempt : Kara Aziek met his scrutiny with frankness and confidence. All other opinions she would have hoped and wished to find yield to his sounder reasoning ; but over this important point, the weakness of fond woman dared not usurp any influence.

In converting her friend from Mahometanism to Christianity, Emilia had gone back to the source whence alone man can expect to draw pure doctrine : she had taught her from the sacred book itself, such as it appears to an attentive, inquiring, and docile mind : — *She has stripped herself of every prejudice, even in*

favour of the great Reformer to whom so many souls stand indebted for an example of mental courage ; and perhaps in dictating the creed which she thus formed out of the commands of our Lord, and the exhortations of his apostles, she taught a purer religion than Luther himself.

Emilia had then compared this scriptural Christianity with the monstrous system of Popery : how simple, how beautiful, how divine, was the one, how complicated, how contradictory, how merely human, the other !

Kara Azick found her hesitation and doubts vanish with the fantastic mysteries which had given them birth : her spirit prostrated itself with tears of joy, of love, of adoration, at the feet of the meek and spotless Jesus ! she acknowledged her Redeemer and her divine Master, in him who spoke to the understanding as well as to the heart ; and building her faith upon examination and conviction, she built it upon a rock.

The readiness with which she met inquiry, and the attention she gave to argument, at first inspired Sebastian, but he soon found that to some of her interrogatories he was unable to reply, and that several of her observations startled his own faith.

Shocked, alarmed, afflicted, his soul recoiled from the sight of that precipice, to which he believed himself on the point of being hurried : he precipitately abandoned his enterprise, and for some days their conversation flowed solely upon other subjects.

Vain was the attempt to banish from his mind the remembrance of those remarks which troubled him ; as vain the hope of being content to see Azick's soul divided from his own. Tormenting apprehensions for her, or doubts for himself, by turns distracted him, poisoning the sweet hours of love and of confidence.

Irresolute, fearful, virtuously fearful of sinning by presumption, he trembled to proceed in an investigation, which threatened the destruction of his long nursed superstitions ; but at length a naturally courageous mind shook off its fetters, and decided him to go on.

The first advantage was gained by Aziek ; Sebastian allowed the fairness of taking scripture for a guide : when he granted this to her reasoning, he knew not to what important concessions it would lead. From the instant he abandoned the popish strong hold of traditional doctrine, Kara Aziek triumphed.

With the sacred volume in her hand, and every faculty roused to comprehend and to explain its dubious passages, she continued to subdue one by one all the errors of Sebastian: the mists of prejudice, the denser fog of superstition, gradually cleared away before her bright and steady reason: conviction waited on judgment, and the amazed zealot found himself at last walking in broad day, regarding with astonishment those monstrous chimeras, which rolling afar off, disappeared like dark clouds at the uprise of the sun.

Behold him then a convert to truth!—elevated to the noble consciousness of worshipping the living God with a willing heart and a free mind ; exercising the powers of that mind in the delightful and purifying act of meditation on the divine nature ; no longer agitated by a dread of meditating too much or too closely !

Far from damping the ardour of his piety, this change in some of his opinions served but to encrease it. Satisfaction exists but with conviction, and to be satisfied with any principle is to love it. Sebastian felt affection animate him in his new religion, and formerly only a vehement sense of duty had impelled his actions ; he could not love what he dared not examine and trembled to understand ; but he would have devoted himself and half the world to death in obedience to its commands, because he believed blind submission necessary to salvation : now Judgment and Will went together.

If it were precious to feel this honourable freedom of soul, this sentiment of self-respect, which so far from rendering Christians presumptuous, exalts their notions of that august Being who will not accept brute worship from man, but invites him to study and to love his creator, how sweet was it to live in complete sym-

pathy with the heart of Kara Aziek ! how sweet to look upon her as the source of this inestimable blessing.

Their days, unbroken by a single dissonant sentiment, now flowed on in one soft stream of tender and tranquil enjoyment : occupied with each other, elevated from earth by their recent studies, they forgot the past and thought not of the future ; for awhile the present only, filled and satisfied their souls.

But soon the land of Brazil rising from the vast Atlantic, called back emotions of friendship and solicitude ; Sebastian's heart rushed towards Gaspar. Kara Aziek with feminine eagerness anticipated the beautiful novelties of this unknown country ; and an agreeable distraction followed the former concentration of their thoughts.

As their ship approached the new world, its majestic appearance roused Sebastian into admiration : the magnificence of its coasts, the towering and brilliant verdure which crowned them ; the gigantic scale of its rivers and forests, the purity of its atmosphere, and the stately elevation of St. Salvador, towards which they steered, stirred his spirit and kindled some kingly exultation.

This wide and glorious land was his—this glowing Paradise, which appeared created for the residence of Gods ! While he contemplated it, a proud glow mantled his cheek : Kara Aziek noted the flush, and divined its meaning : she laid her hand gently upon his arm as he stood looking from the deck upon the city. " With love, friendship, and competency, in that enchanting region, shall we not be happy my Sebastian ? Shall we not *rest* ? "

Sebastian turned his softened eyes on her with a look of tender regret : " Would I had been born for thee only Aziek ;—rest, alas ! is not for a man whom sacred duties bind to action ; I belong to my suffering people. But we *shall* rest, sweetest ! (he added soothingly, seeing tears gather on her cheek) we *shall* rest at least awhile. "

Only an eloquent smile replied to him ; for now the

vessel entered the harbour of St. Salvador, and cast anchor amongst a wood of masts.

All was bustle and happy animation : the different voyagers hastened to taste the pleasure of touching land and breathing the air of trees and flowers. Sebastian conducted his Aziek and her attendant from the boat to the quay ; there he heard Portuguese tongues and saw Portuguese faces : his heart yearned towards them. True to early impressions, his first emotion at the sight of Monks and Convents, was an emotion of religious gladness, he had to recollect that with their pageantry he had done for ever. As he passed along, the grandeur of the city (then the capital of Brazil) filled him with admiration, and while he contemplated its massy edifices, he believed that he beheld the seat of his new empire.

Having inquired the name of the viceroy, and learned that De Castro still held that powerful station, he led Aziek into a house provided for travellers, where persuading her to repose herself on a couch, he wrote to the viceroy : his letter contained these words.

“ TO DON EMANUEL DE CASTRO,

“ It is your King and your friend, Don Emanuel who confides himself to your honour ; he comes to seek his country in Brazil : he reposes his safety on your loyalty,—confident that neither the remembrance of past injustice, nor the temptation to present revenge can sway a generous soul from its duty. Come hither privily, come and counsel your fugitive prince.”

The interval which passed between the despatch of this billet, and the arrival of Don Emanuel's reply was one of great anxiety : Sebastian thought less of his own reception than of Gaspar, of whom he hoped to hear from De Castro. To see, to embrace that lowly but precious friend, to demonstrate the constancy of his attachment, became the most lively wish of his heart.

In a short time a letter was brought from the gover-

nor: an habitual expectation of customary observances, made the proud monarch start when he saw this paper.—What!—did De Castro also cease to consider him a King!—should he not have hastened to evince his unabated respect, by personally answering to his sovereign's confidence?—Sebastian felt, that between a complete abandonment of him, and that deeper devotedness which generous pity inspires, there could be no medium:—he execrated his own hasty reliance, and believing that it had betrayed him, he opened the suspected billet.

How quickly did its contents dissipate this rash pre-judgment! they were as follows:—

LETTER.

SIRE!

“The first impulse of my heart is to fly to my sovereign's feet, there to entreat him to dispose of myself and of all that is mine, but an important consideration checks me: it is this.—The creatures of Philip surround us even here; if it were known that I, the representative of that monarch, visited an unknown stranger, suspicion would follow, and the august person of my King might be endangered.

I restrain, therefore, my impatience—I do violence to my duty and my affection—I venture to risk his Majesty's displeasure, by supplicating him to accompany the bearer of this to my residence: his loyalty, attested by months of zealous attention in Africa.”—

Sebastian dropt the letter at this sentence, and springing to the door with a flush of joy, called out—“where, where is my friend?”

Gaspar was not far distant: he ran forward, and would have thrown himself at the feet of his King, but Sebastian prevented him by falling on his neck. What a sacred moment was that which re-united two friends so variously endeared, and so long separated!—their hearts were big with past events; they could not speak, but remained strained in each other's arms, without attempting to express any part of their feelings.

This silence was first broken by Sebastian : " Come, come Gaspar !" he said, catching his hand and leading him towards an interior room—" here is another joy for thee."

At sight of Kara Aziek whom the tumultuous sounds of their meeting had roused, Gaspar stood a moment, as if collecting his scattered and delightfully amazed senses, then rushing forward, he cast himself at her feet ;

" What do I see ?" he exclaimed, " dearest lady ! am I to believe that the virgin has heard my prayers, and united two hearts equally noble—equally gifted, to bless—to attach—O joy, too, too much ?"

Love and happiness replied in the thrilling look which Kara Aziek directed towards Sebastian, and then turned upon Gaspar ; her eloquent eyes ever seemed to render speech useless : Gaspar understood their language ; his transport redoubled, and as he alternately kissed the hands of two persons dearer to him than life, he forgot that the world was not at his disposal, and that the master he adored, might yet have to wander from clime to clime a fugitive and a beggar.

Some moments were now given to mutual inquiries and mutual details : various emotions of sorrow, indignation, commiseration, and gratitude, were called forth by these recitals.

After much suffering, Gaspar had reached Brazil, and was now in the service of Don Emanuel.

When he heard of Philip's usurpation over Portugal, De Castro would have immediately refused obeying his commands, had not the arrival of Gaspar, and the hope he held out of Don Sebastian's appearance at Brazil, determined him to retain the vice-royalty, since it might enable him hereafter to restore his legitimate sovereign. Time, however, wore away, and Sebastian appeared not ; the expectations of Don Emanuel and of Gaspar gradually died :—each of them in secret believed him dead, or still captive among the Moors ; and just at the period of his arrival, they had

entirely abandoned all hope of beholding their King at St. Salvador.

During this time of anxiety, De Castro had never ceased interrogating his Portuguese correspondents upon the events of their country, and it was from one of these he learnt what afforded him some ray of hope.

It was reported throughout Lisbon that the lady Gonsalva had beheld and conversed with Don Sebastian in the palace of Xabregas: she refused to repeat the nature of their interview, but asserted the fact with the most startling obstinacy.—Strict search had been made upon this information, by Antonio of Crato, but as it proved unsuccessful, the people believed she had seen his spirit; and by degrees the same horrible idea took possession of her own mind.

Terror and perpetual alarm now pursued her wherever she went; alone or in society, in the arms of her guilty lover, or by the cradles of her children, maddened imagination would suddenly conjure up his phantom—armed, not with mortal weapon, but with looks that seemed empowered to damn her.

At these instants, her hasty shriek struck others with the same panic that convulsed herself: by degrees her friends and her attendants deserted her;—Antonio unwillingly remained, ashamed of abandoning the wretch he had made. But at length even he fled her abode; then terminated the fate of Gonsalva: that frenzy which had hitherto shewn itself only at intervals, now seized on her wholly, and living in one fearful paroxysm, she was left to rave out her life in the cell of a convent, where a charitable sisterhood devoted themselves to assuage this last, worst calamity of human nature.

Too enlightened for belief in the monstrous notion of Don Sebastian's *spiritual* re-appearance in a *tangible body* (for Gonsalva acknowledged having grasped his garments and his hand,) De Castro felt confident that his royal master had really appeared in Lisbon; but of the fate that had befallen him, he dared not think: it

was too probable that he had fallen a victim to his uncle or to his cousin.

By suspecting the former, Don Emanuel was guilty of injustice: the aged King had been at that period scarcely more than a cypher; he was governed by a ministry (the creatures of Philip,) who kept from his knowledge every rumour of his nephew's existence, prevented any subject of whatever rank from addressing him save through their medium, and finally dismissed Don Emanuel to Brazil, and allured Gaspar to prison, without disclosing to the half-childish monarch their motives for either action.

All that Gaspar knew of these events he briefly detailed, ere he indulged his own private feelings by inquiring the situation of his orphan sisters: Sebastian's donation to them gave peace to his fraternal anxiety.

Not unmoved did the King of Portugal hear the awful catastrophe of Donna Gonsalva: his agitation however, did not appear outwardly in all its force, for horror and amazement locked up the usual expressions of pity, and it was only by the fitful variation of his complexion, and the nervous startings of his body, that Kara Aziek's heart felt the pangs which wrung his:—she saw that he struggled to hide his suffering from her observation.

Tenderly solicitous to divest him of the apprehension which made him thus dissemble, she approached behind his chair, and bending over him, rested her lips upon his forehead, then pressing his hand, whispered softly,

“ I should not love thee, if thou didst not pity her.”

Sebastian wrapt his arms round Aziek without speaking; and his heart, thus permitted by her to lament one whom he had formerly idolized, opened itself to a moment of weakness.—Till now, an ocean of time seemed to have flowed between those days, and these present; one instant swept this away, and blended the two periods together: Sebastian saw Gonsalva again in all her beauty and apparent innocence; again he felt the suc-

cessive thrills of resentment and transport, of misery and delight, which her capricious character used to excite in him ; he remembered how he had doated,—he felt how much he now contemned !

Penetrated with a sense of the lamentable uncertainty of all human goods, and of the yet sadder change which circumstances force our hearts to make in their affections and in their wishes, he burst into tears, convulsively pressed Aziek to his breast, then hastily relinquishing her, would have hurried away, had she not gently detained him.

Her soft eyes filled with tears and raised tenderly to his, were expressive of so much sympathy with his grief, and so much confidence in his affection, that yielding to their mute intreaty, he let his head sink again upon her bosom, where he wept unreservedly for some time : Aziek was silent also ; but she wept with him, and every sigh that heaved his manly heart, was marked by a yet fonder pressure of her encircling arms.

CHAPTER VII.

RELIEVED by this indulgence of a natural sensibility, Sebastian raised himself from the neck of his wife with a serener countenance, and bade Gaspar conduct him to the viceroy's : they went out together.

As they passed through the streets, silently taking that complacent repose of the soul which follows tumultuous joy, Gaspar's eyes remained still fixed on his sovereign's face, with an expression of affectionate pleasure that seemed incapable of being sated :—his heart indeed overflowed with happiness.

Sebastian was conducted to a private apartment in the house of De Castro, at the entrance of which Gaspar left him to return and guard Kara Azick : Don Emanuel was standing alone ; he came hastily forward, fastened the door, and fell at his master's feet. The King's emotion confused his sight, but he raised De Castro and embraced him warmly ; a long silence prevailed between them : the same recollections, the same troubled anticipations of the future, were in the minds of each : their meeting was less joyous than that with Gaspar, because their more reflective characters acted on each other and roused serious thoughts, but it was equally affectionate.

"When I first saw thee, De Castro !" said his sovereign, "could I have foreseen this day, how would my frantic spirit have been appalled and checked in its unjust"—Don Emanuel's looks interrupted him ; too respectful for other interruption he only averted his head, and put the King's hand to his lips with the air of one that beseeches : Sebastian gratefully eyed him.

"Generous De Castro !" he exclaimed, "vainly would you have me banish from my mind those events

which your figure so forcibly recalls.—I cannot forget—I cannot forget!” he repeated, deeply sighing and sinking into a reverie. Every scene in which De Castro had been an actor, was now brought back with such frightful closeness to him, that regret and compunction grew into absolute agony; the remembrances of Antonio and of Gonsalva were so contradictory, so made up of the amiable and the hateful, that they increased the anguish of Sebastian by increasing his incertitude: he sought to end it, by suddenly inquiring of De Castro whether he had known the guilt of Donna Gonsalva ere their departure for Africa.

“By a singular chance it was discovered to me;” replied Don Emanuel,—“On my return from the Indies I went to visit my affianced wife, and found her all that she had been described to me in beauty, wit, and accomplishments. I confess that these graces, together with the animated reception she then gave me, dazzled away my intended scrutiny of her disposition, and I reluctantly tore myself from the temptation of making her wholly mine, in order to devote myself to the last hours of my respected grandfather. When we met again, her manner was changed; an air of haughty coldness, almost amounting to contempt, gave to her beauty a new character, but that character was one which disgusted me. I could only suppose that I was indebted for this to pique at my preferring a sacred duty to the indulgence of passion.

“The death of my grandfather interrupted the uneasy thoughts which her evident caprice or selfish vanity had created: my mourning was yet fresh, when in journeying from Santaren to her father’s villa near Crato, it was providentially ordained that I should pass through a cluster of farm-houses, one of which was on fire. It was midnight at this time; my servants assisted me to succour the inhabitants; most of them were saved, but one woman, whom I rescued at the imminent hazard of my life, was so grievously burned that no hope could be entertained of her recovery. On learning my name, she testified the most

extraordinary agitation, and desiring to be left alone with me, entered upon a confession of guilt which filled me with consternation.

“Judge my astonishment, Sire! when I found that she was the confidential maid of Donna Gonsalva, and having met with this fatal accident during a short visit to her family, deemed it a visitation of divine justice. —She told me”—here De Castro paused apprehensively.

“Proceed without fear!” said Sebastian, with a steady voice, though his cheek was blanched—“the name once so dear to me is now only a watch-word of horror or of pity. I am eager to know her, and her seducer, completely.”

Don Emanuel resumed. “I learnt from the woman’s recital these facts.—Left to the care of so indolent, unsuspecting and weak a guardian as her aunt, Donna Gonsalva had ill brooked the retirement to which she was condemned by the absence of her father and of her husband; her restless vanity was eager for gratification, when chance shewed her to Don Antonio of Crato. I pass over his passion and its seductions; he found the fair Gonsalva too ready to sacrifice herself to vanity and ambition: he was the King’s cousin, and he persuaded her that your majesty had sworn never to marry, but resolved on declaring him heir to the crown by substantiating his mother’s marriage with the Duke de Beja, after which Antonio would endeavour to procure the Pope’s dispensation for making her his wife.

These temptations, added to the insinuating manners of her lover, conquered the virtue of Gonsalva—she yielded herself to the prior.”

A crimson flush was reflected from the faces of each, as Don Emanuel paused, and Sebastian covered his eyes with his hand: each felt at that moment a sentiment of having been dishonoured.—De Castro resumed.

“Urracca, (the servant I spoke of,) was the confidant of their meetings, for they took place in her apart-

ments, and by her contrivance ; she assured me that their guilty attachment had endured for more than a year, when I returned to Portugal. Gonsalva was then awakening from her vain dream of a throne ; for your majesty had graciously announced to your subjects that it was your intention to marry at some future period, and negociations with France and Spain were even then on foot : she began to think that to share my fortune and honours, was preferable to this pursuit of a phantom ; I was therefore received with flattering ardour.

“ It was after this period that she saw her royal victim—O, Sire ! must I go on?—dare I repeat those acts of treasonable deception,—of amazing ingratitude, which—”

“ All, all, De Castro !” replied Sebastian, “ Judge not my heart exactly by these coward cheeks of mine ; ’tis the trick of my nature to grow pale and red, at what stirs not the complexion of other men—go on—my passions are not so inflammable as they used to be—go on !—”

Don Emanuel bowed his head and resumed.—“ Your Majesty’s first interview with Gonsalva charmed her vanity, it offered her amusement : she saw you again ; and when detailing the adventure of Urracca, she expressed a certainty of being familiar with your features, and suddenly exclaimed—“ It is the portrait of Don Sebastian, that he resembles !—In one moment her vanity and imagination had too truly united this likeness with the circumstance of the court being then at Crato, and when she saw you again, Sire, by seemingly random railleries, she nearly confirmed herself in her suspicion.

“ Don Antonio had a picture of your Majesty on a snuff-box, Gonsalva examined it attentively at their next meeting, and determining to be satisfied completely, obtained her aunt’s permission to attend her to the cathedral of Crato, where the court were to be present at the celebration of high mass.—

There, concealed under a veil, she beheld and recognized her mysterious admirer.—

“I need not add, it was immediately subsequent to this, that my second visit was received so haughtily.— About this period your majesty remained several days absent from the villa, a circumstance which alarmed the yet-unfixed hopes of Gonsalva: nightly Urracca watched from the upper window of a turret where her mistress had granted you permission to appear. One night she descried your royal person from afar, and hastening down to inform Gonsalva, heard her propose to charm you, by a seemingly unstudied display of her melodious voice. Assured of your rank, Sire! instructed in your character by him who knew you best, she learnt how to inflame your passion by a thousand charming caprices, till she had brought you to the point desired.—Meanwhile Antonio”——

“Ah what of Antonio?” interrupted the King, his limbs quivering with restrained emotion, “did he conspire?—damned, damned dissembler!” he added, losing his self-command, “when I was weaving him into my soul—when I trusted him—poured out my love-sick heart to him alone——boy, idiot, bubble that I was!—O De Castro, these are recollections to madden!—I regret not such perfidious wretches, but my blood grows fire when I think of the jest they must have made of feelings like mine!”

Sebastian trod the apartment with fierce and irregular steps; De Castro looked on him with an air of tender compassion—this sensibility to injuries recalled their first interview at Lisbon, and he lamented its continuance.

“Donna Gonsalva, he resumed, determined not to disclose her secret to Antonio till confident of your majesty’s settled passion: your own august lips first revealed it to the prior: surprise and resentment nearly banished his discretion, but never having dared to let your majesty know the libertine license in which he indulged himself, he was restrained from avowing any knowledge of Count Vimiosa’s daughter.—Of

course their subsequent meeting was one of reproach : Gonsalva conquered.

" She pleaded to Antonio the necessity of covering the consequences of their intrigue by some marriage, and since he could not legitimize the child she carried, it was fortunate for them both, that instead of resigning herself to the *observing, frigid De Castro* (this was the epithet she gave me, Sir!) she might aggrandize their offspring by a union with majesty itself.

" Antonio had yielded to her arguments, and they were impatiently waiting the arrival of Vimiosa from France to break through the engagement with me, when this abhorrent secret was confided to me by Urracca.—The woman spoke with a dying breath, could I doubt her veracity?—recovering that presence of mind which the shock had deprived me of, I besought her to repeat the story in confession to a holy friar who might hereafter support my testimony : she expired ere he arrived.

" It was now impossible for me to follow the impulse of my heart by hastening to undeceive my Sovereign ; would he believe a tale so horribly improbable?—would he not deem it a malicious fabrication prompted by jealousy, or disappointment?—I was obliged to smother it in my own breast, and be content to watch the conduct of Gonsalva. Her third reception of me sealed the truth of Urracca.

" Your majesty must now guess at the motive of my former inexplicable conduct : I sought only to gain time, I wished but to struggle with my Sovereign's desires, till the condition of Donna Gonsalva should become apparent to every eye, and the birth of her child render her shame notorious. If I erred in not hazarding my life by avowing at once"—

" I should not have believed you, noble, injured De Castro ! interrupted the King, stopping and fervently squeezing his hand, " How mad I was then, you well remember. I loved that pernicious woman to such delirious excess—no, no, it was not love,—let me not disgrace the sacred sentiment which sympha-

thizes with Aziek's, by affixing the same name to each!"

Sebastian had now afforded Don Emanuel an opportunity of giving a turn to their discourse.—Familiar with the name of Kara Aziek, on which Gaspar had frequently dwelt in his narrative of their captivity, and yielding to pleasurable surprise, De Castro inquired the meaning of his Sovereign's apostrophe.—

The succeeding explanation gave rise to a variety of sweet emotions in the bosom of Sebastian, which spreading over his countenance the glow of love and happiness, communicated to Don Emanuel a portion his own delight.—That faithful noble contemplated his royal master's character and person after a separation of nearly four years, with wonder and satisfaction: how much more of character was visible on those admirable lineaments!

The smiling beauty there, which was wont first to catch the sense, and charm the fancy, was now lost in the majesty of nobler expression: it was an expression that spoke sufferings magnanimously endured, passions bravely subdued, virtues rapidly matured. De Castro felt it penetrate his heart, and exalt the poignant feeling with which he revolved the wrongs and the privations of so interesting a creature.

With what attention did he listen to the recital of Sebastian's visit to Portugal, his second captivity, his honourable reception at the court of Persia, and the rare attachment of Kara Aziek! in return he distinctly stated his own limited powers in Brazil.

Philip's policy had gradually abridged them; yet aware of De Castro's upright conduct in the arduous station to which he had been elevated, he suffered him to remain amongst the people whom his virtues rendered obedient. Every post of influence in Brazil was now filled by Spaniards, or Portuguese devoted to Spanish views: the colony was yet weak, and therefore unable to act alone in the cause of its lawful sovereign: should he even declare himself: its land could furnish only a resting-place for him and his, where

they might securely wait under De Castro's protection for some political change in Europe, which might prove favourable to discovery.

The death of Philip, or the defection of his most powerful allies, or possibly the insurrection of Portugal itself, might hereafter offer an inviting conjuncture for a step of some risk: the recovery of his crown could not be rashly attempted, if he would spare to his people the misery of a fruitless contest. Don Emanuel suggested nothing but patience, watchfulness, and hope.

Too well convinced by the arguments of De Castro, Sebastian saw that he had no other line of conduct to choose; he must reconcile himself to an obscure life in Brazil. He consented therefore to settle as a wealthy but untitled individual, whom a mercantile speculation had brought to the new world.

"I submit to my destiny;" he said, after they had discussed these topics, "I submit to my destiny! an inglorious, unoccupied life is a fresh trial for a spirit like mine.—Deem me not a boaster De Castro, when I say, that to live without an aim, without great and soul-quickenings duties, will be in my eyes a living death: I shall scarcely feel privileged to enjoy the happiness of loving, and being beloved by the little circle that now encloses all my affections.—To what have I reduced myself?—to a nothing!—a worthless husk deprived of what was valuable within!"

Sebastian sighed heavily, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

"Not so, my honoured liege!" observed Don Emanuel, "a benevolent spirit can every where make for itself duties and enjoyments, for to what spot shall man fly, where the voice of suffering does not reach him?—Ignorance is a calamity; it is the soil of crimes; and here we are surrounded by ignorant natives, whom the memory of former cruelties almost justifies in hating us. Those great and amiable qualities, which even in a state of slavery made to themselves power and use-

fulness, will surely enable my King to find the same noble pleasures in a more liberal station."

"You are right De Castro," replied Sebastian, with a look of satisfaction. "I may here study the people I once governed without knowing; I may here endeavour to atone for the outrages of my ancestors, to that simple race whose land they moistened with blood. The magnificent gifts of Schah Abbas have made me rich,—adversity has made me patient; wealth and patience added to a sincere desire of doing good, ought to produce beneficial effects: if I can diffuse even a small portion of comfort around me, my days will not pass in vain."

Sebastian now minutely inquired the character and situation of the neighbouring tribes, who tributary to the Portuguese government lived under their protection, and occasionally trafficked with them in skins and feathers: to attempt their civilization, appeared an object worth consideration. Don Emanuel briefly replied to him.

Among the tribes he described, were the Guaymures, a ferocious race that had formerly occupied the whole sweep of country, from Cape Frio to the river St. Francis: after perpetual wars with other tribes and European settlements, they were now driven beyond the southern bank of this great river, and lived roaming round the borders of the inconsiderable Cachoeira.

The Guaymures were cannibals; they devoured their prisoners taken in battle, and to their idol Marakha, occasionally sacrificed even their own infants. Armed with ponderous clubs and poisoned arrows, their naked bodies besmeared with the juices of noisome plants, and rendered hideous by strange punctures, their long black hair flying loose over their bodies, these tremendous savages would issue from their woods, yelling like beasts of prey, and falling on the plantations of the Europeans, would fire their sugar-mills, slaughter the inhabitants, and make horrid banquets upon their quivering limbs.

Carrying horror and misery to others, they were themselves wretched: each gentler tribe was interested in their destruction; and by open fight or secret ambush wasted their population, and robbed them of their food. The Guaymures had neither industry nor foresight, they were therefore exposed to perpetual want and suffering, even in that bounteous climate, where nature's liberality almost out-runs the wishes of man: the rainy season produced amongst them the most grievous diseases, (for they had no better lodgings than trees) and the sick abandoned by their relations, perished in crowds every winter from starvation and bodily anguish.

Even while drawing this horrid picture, De Castro added some faint touches descriptive of humanity: here and there he could record an instance of magnanimity or of mercy, which inspired Sebastian with the hope of reclaiming these unhappy creatures from their habits of blood.

The tribe was now reduced to a number comparatively trifling; their situation was deplorable, "for every man's hand was against them, and their hand was against every man;" they were hunted like wild animals: thus pressed by famine and by persecution, they might not perhaps be so difficult to tame. Sebastian paused and considered.

"Force and terror have been used in vain," said he, "let us then try gentleness: I still think so well of human nature, as to believe that no heart is beyond the touch of gratitude. The dismal condition of this exasperated race goes to my soul; surely I shall be able to convince them that I pity them, that I wish to succour them, that I want nothing from them, and if so, to win their affection will not be a chimerical attempt."

As it would be prudent for Sebastian to shun scrutiny and promiscuous society in the capital, and as the viceroy now offered him a lodge near a country house of his own, within a league of the Guaymures, Sebastian instantly resolved to take up his abode there.

In this retirement his active mind would still find

employment and objects of interest. The new task of humanizing a savage race, of teaching them the arts of European nations, elevating their thoughts beyond the mere animal part of our nature, and leading them to the knowledge and the worship of the one true God, would be a task of permanent gratification.

Blessed with love and friendship, and having regained the power of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he would no longer feel existence a blank : he would no longer consider this portion of his life wasted without memorial or recompense. It was sweet also to reflect that such a plan embraced not merely his own views, but the peaceful wishes of Kara Aziek ; sharing in each others' satisfaction, both would be satisfied.

Having agreed on the propriety of extreme circumspection in their future intercourse, yet determining to avoid any appearance of mystery, the King and Don Emanuel settled the mode of their mutual visits. As a Portuguese merchant desirous of using his wealth for public good, the viceroy's consideration of him might pass uncensured : his money and jewels were to be deposited for the present in the treasury of St. Salvador, and hereafter, part of it might be employed advantageously in commerce ; with the remainder he could follow at will the dictates of benevolence.

Eager to impart this amiable project to Kara Aziek and to Gaspar, Sebastian took leave of De Castro, who scarcely knew how to yield to the formalities imposed by his situation, since they retained him from hastening to pay the homage of duty and inclination to the wife of his Sovereign.

A servant conducted the supposed merchant from the presence of the viceroy, to his temporary lodging in the city, where welcomed by her he loved, and by him he esteemed, Sebastian gave himself to joy, and strove to forget those horrid features of perfidy and depravity which the hand of De Castro had unveiled.

After this period, a scene completely new, opened before the King of Portugal : he removed to the house destined for him near the district of Guaymures, where

he devoted himself to win the confidence of a suspicious and cruel, because fearful and once ill-used people.

By his orders the desolate solitude was filled with cottages, to which he invited his wandering neighbours : his first care was to supply their wants without exacting or seeming to wish for any influence over their feelings. He frequently allured their children to his dwelling, and returned them to their native forests, loaded with presents of ornament and use : the children communicated a portion of their own curiosity to their parents, and these were thus brought to come and be spectators of his conduct.

Imitating the example of Orpheus (the first tamer of men,) Sebastian touched their hearts through the purest of our senses : his flute, joined to the yet softer voice of Kara Aziek, called from their remotest haunt the amazed and delighted savages. Thus beguiled near him, they witnessed the comforts and the elegancies of polished life, in his own beautiful residence ; from wandering, they came to understand and to admire ; and the transition was easy from admiration to the wish of possession, and the desire of imitation.

One by one they deserted their woods and came to dwell in his cottages ; at length they sent their children to the schools he established, in which the most simple and useful manufactures were taught. They learned to trust and to love him : by degrees they lost all doubt, they passed from the extreme of suspicion, to the extreme of confidence ; and soon, as if drawn by magnetic force, the whole of the Guaymures deserted their mountain dens, abandoned their precarious existence, crowded around his colony, asking to be instructed in the arts of agriculture and building.

Industry like knowledge, has the property of humanizing ; for the Guaymures ceased to delight in destruction : in proportion as they acquired the power of creating comfort around them, they became disgusted with scenes of wretchedness ; and Sebastian had soon the gratification of beholding a people tamed by kindness, and rapidly proceeding in the path of improvement.

The village of Cachoeira became a town; it grew into the wonder and the boast of Brazil.

It was situated in a deep valley, embosomed among mountains covered with forests; the gentle Cachoeira washed their feet: plantations of young sugar-canes, maize and cotton, clothed the earth with their tender green; domestic cattle were seen feeding in meadows of the most luxuriant verdure; and round the lightly constructed cottages arose gardens, in which beauty blended with utility.

The various and brilliant flowers of that benevolent climate grew there spontaneous: bowers of Tatai-iba and Guaiba appeared together, the purple fruitage of the one, and the glittering leaves and variegated blossoms of the other, mingled in the same shade.

Sometimes in summer evenings when the sun was about to set, and a freshening spirit breathed upon the reviving sense, Sebastian and Kara Aziek would sit under the flowery porch of their dwelling, and delight themselves with the joyous scene.

The village with its white buildings, (each surrounded by cultivated ground) afforded a smiling prospect: its simple inhabitants released from labour, were collected under the shade of their trees, observing the sports of their children, as they pursued the gaudy insects of the country from flower to flower. Above their heads, shining like coloured foils in the sun and varying the spotless blue of the heavens, myriads of birds, (whose plumage has no rival in our colder skies,) were seen flashing to and fro. Every thing was magnificent, or beautiful, or cheerful: the very reptiles gliding through the grass, partook of beauty and glowed with living gold.

Sometimes a sudden and heavy rain would transiently interrupt their festivity, and fall with a mighty noise, alarming to those who have never heard it before: but these fearful showers are of short continuance, they cease as suddenly as they commence; again the veil would disappear from the azure sky, again the scattered birds would sparkle in the setting light; and

rainbows of inconceivable magnitude and splendour, would stretch from height to height, clasping in their gigantic arch the dark and massy forests below.

Far remote from the depths of these pathless woods, would come the sound of mountain-torrents and river falls which the rain had hastily swelled. Sebastian saw not the forests of Brazil without sublime emotions: their depth, their darkness, the immeasurable height of their trees, (whose thick branches had been woven together since creation;) the strange and solemn sounds proceeding from them, (to which the mind could not affix any distinct image, but which were indeed the mixed noise of insects, of birds, and of serpents, that dwelt among their innumerable leaves) all conspired to arrest and fix attention.

These vast solitudes seemed to him like the impenetrable depths of time past, and time to come: he contemplated them with similar feelings, and often did their mysterious gloom soberize his thoughts, when the delighted spirit of Kara Aziek had beguiled him into joyance. Then, lost in profound reveries, he would amaze himself with comparing the different parts of his chequered life: the years of his youth and prosperity, those of his manhood and misfortune would pass in review before him, and while he alternately remembered the days he had spent amongst the nobles in Portugal, and those he had lingered out in bitter servitude in Africa, he started to find himself thus isolated from all that was familiar, an individual almost solitary, standing on the shore of the broad Atlantic, teaching savages how to live, and peaceably gliding through existence without a name, a station, almost without a wish!

But was there not a voice within his own breast, the sound of which was more precious to him than the loudest blast of fame? Were there not eyes that looked on him with such fulness of love and joy that he needed no livelier emotion?

The countenance of Kara Aziek beamed with her happy and approving heart: she beheld her Sebastian

with enthusiasm, for she saw in him at Cachoeira, more than a King.

What palace could present so majestic a spectacle as the populous and busy valley which his beneficence had spread with dwellings and crowded with inhabitants? What train of courtiers, what pomp of ceremonies might compare with the touching and sublime sight of parents and children, husbands and wives, hanging round his steps, with thanks and assiduities, abhorring their former brutish and desperate lives, and owing to him all the blessings of civilization?

The savages reclaimed from their barbarous habits, and won to imitate the social virtues by feeling their sweet effects, were led to seek some acquaintance with their benefactor's worship.

It was to this point Sebastian had looked for the only binding principle capable of cementing and giving duration to the virtues they had learned from selfish motives, but which it was necessary for them to practice with nobler feelings, in order to deserve the name of virtuous. He taught them the religion he believed and loved himself; but he spoke only to their hearts, they were not yet sufficiently enlightened to comprehend a direct appeal to their reason. He bewildered not their just awakening intellect by such mysterious contradictions as the professors of popery were used to force upon their converts: it was enough for him to place them on the right track, confident that as their minds expanded by exercise on minor subjects, their moral and religious views would expand also.

At first the monks adjacent, were clamorous against this heresy of the Indians, but Don Emanuel de Castro's authority suppressed their murmurs, and the Brazilian Portuguese relieved from the terror which the Guaymures formerly inspired, and benefited by the gold of their countrymen, suffered themselves to believe that to no other form of Christian worship would these savages have submitted.

Thus protected by the power of Don Emanuel, and assured of his friendship, Sebastian was content to re-

main in exile from his country and his throne, while Providence allowed him thus amply to fill even an obscure sphere of usefulness. His soul and his senses had pleasures in Brazil far superior to all they had ever enjoyed in the old world : the sight of so many human beings rescued from the misery of ignorance, indolence, and crime, was a never-ceasing source of satisfaction ; and to this was added the society of a tried friend, (for Gaspar had come to Cachoeira) and the perpetual possession of her who summed up in herself all that was necessary to complete the happiness of Sebastian : she delighted his taste, she filled his heart.

The magnificent scenery of Brazil, its wondrous productions, and balsamic climate, added to his enjoyments by producing a variety of pleasurable sensations ; he tasted for the first time a sweet and tranquil happiness ; tranquil because it was profound and constant in its flow : he forgot not his kingdom, but he thought of it with less anxiety, and knowing that his days were passed in action, he ceased to regret his separation from other duties.

Kara Aziek's soul dwelt in the light of his : like the beautiful planet of night she reflected his happiness with a softened brightness. He knew himself the source of all the blessings he witnessed around him, therefore his feelings were animated and striking ; she lived to love his goodness, to watch the daily colour of his mind, to adapt herself to the passing humour of the hour, to receive her bliss from the knowledge of his, and that bliss therefore wore a tenderer and more touching aspect.

Her natural humility taught her to overlook the value of her own character and actions ; but Sebastian marked them all with fond approbation ; and often pausing to regard her as she administered to the wants and infirmities of the aged Guaymures, he confessed to himself that to elevate her to a throne would be to remove her from a scene in which the most endearing virtues of her soul were exercised.

Gaspar alone preserved an undiminished thirst for

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his King's restoration : he beheld him with a devotion nearly allied to idolatry, and in proportion as that exalted friend became absorbed in his new duties and delighted with the pleasures growing out of them, Gaspar's admiration and love increased, and with them his wish to see him re-seated on the throne of his ancestors.

He languished to have those royal virtues shine upon his own country ; he languished to have that chastened character known in its full excellence, where it was now remembered only with a mixture of esteem and blame. His eyes would often fill with tears, while those of Sebastian and Kara Aziek were sparkling with amiable sympathy in the simple pastimes of their Indians ; but his heart shared in that sympathy, and could he have dismissed this one source of repining, he too, would have been completely happy at Cachoeira.

CHAPTER. VIII.

TIME trod on down, for his step was unheard, and the months as they stole by, glided away like so many hours: a new source of happiness was given to Kara Aziek and to Sebastian; they became parents.

To those who know not the sacredness of such tender connexions, or who feel not the delightful endearings of children, the birth of an infant seems an event of little interest; but O! who that loves to contemplate the purest innocence under the purest and loveliest form, the unconscious trust and dependance of infancy, the charm of its smiles, its caresses and its slumbers who that loves or possesses a child can deem the mother's and the father's joy a trifling emotion.

As Kara Aziek wrapt her arms around her babe, she seemed to enfold it with her whole heart; she felt as if she now possessed her Sebastian more perfectly than before: she loved him still in his offspring, and the idea of her own being never once mingled with this fond sentiment.

His emotion was as heart-penetrating: in one moment every regret, every anxiety, every other thought fled from his mind: with his infant in his arms, and his eyes alternately resting upon it and Aziek, he wanted nothing more, here seemed the boundary of his views, here seemed the completion of all his wishes!

When Gaspar first embraced the little Blanche, his heart overflowed at his eyes: forgetting the prudential caution which his royal master had long demanded of him, that of waving even in private, all forms of peculiar respect, he dropt on his knees, and holding up the child, exclaimed vehement.

"Is this noble babe to grow up in obscurity?
—O Sire, are we ever to live thus, banished from our country?"

Sebastian understood the appeal which Gaspar's agitation would not permit him to finish ; a sudden flush crimsoned his cheek, some of its former fire kindled in his eye—he took Blanche from his friend, and looking at her fixedly, remained for awhile in thought, then restoring her to her mother, turned towards him :

“ No Gaspar !” he said, “ we shall not live ever thus ; I hope to draw my last breath in our native land, and leave there on its throne, and in the hearts of its people, this smiling girl :—but once undone by rashness, I will not a second time be the cause of my own ruin. The favourable hour is not yet come ; let us await it with confidence, let us sow the seed that is to reward us in the time of harvest : my child's first years should pass in tranquillity and instruction.”

Gaspar grew pale ; “ Years !” he repeated, “ What Sire, are years to pass ?”

The King interrupted him : “ I speak of what may, not absolutely what will be ; Providence perhaps destines otherwise, and by some fortunate change in the politics of Europe, may open for me a path to Portugal. But through blood, through horror, and desolation, over the breaking hearts of thousands, never will I trample to my throne.—O Gaspar ! there is a wound in this heart of mine, not to be healed ; a wound which makes me a coward at encountering others !

“ The memory of what I have brought on wretched Portugal, palsies my arm, even as it rises to strike her oppressor ; what a struggle ! what proscription ! what misery would follow if prompted by impatience,—no—speak of it no more ; rely on my inextinguishable love for the people I once protected ; and be assured that *I feel the rights of my child.*”

Gaspar recognised in the tone of Sebastian, his master and his King ; he bowed respectfully and stood silent.

Kara Aziek divining his fear of having offended, turned on him a look of healing softness, and said kindly, “ It is honourable for you both to feel thus *diffidently* on the same subject : my Sebastian would have spoken like Gaspar had he not been Sebastian.”

Gaspar's crimsoned face was immediately bathed in tears, he rushed forward, and joining the extended hands of Azick and her lord within his own, he kissed them vehemently and repeatedly.

From that moment the little Blanche became the object of universal interest: De Castro contemplated her as the future sovereign of Portugal, and every time his eye fell on her, he mused over times to come, and lost himself in a labyrinth of anticipation and conjecture.

Gaspar spoke no more of her royal birth, but he nourished expectations to which reason gave no sanction: his ardent fancy appointed certain periods for the completion of certain events, and still as those periods passed by without altering the destiny of his King, he only removed his hopes a little further, and beguiled himself with a new delusion.

Sebastian alternately delivered up his soul to the full enjoyment of wedded and parental love, (forgetting the world in their Elysium) or pondered with deep solicitude on the future destiny of his child.

An adherence to our rights, is next to self-preservation the strongest principle of our nature: this principle yet survived in the breast of Sebastian, struggling against that excess of remorse for a past error, which led him to acquiesce in his obscurity: to this was added the notion of owing to his daughter the inheritance he received from his ancestors.

At each arrival of ships from Europe, the news they brought would render him thoughtful and joyless, for no ray of light broke through the gloom that enveloped Portugal. He heard fresh details of her suffering and her abasement; he heard livelier descriptions of her tyrant's giant power: he learnt that France was consuming with intestine divisions in her church and state, England waging a perpetual though vigorous contest with jealousy abroad, and malecontents at home, and Rome espousing the cause of Philip in his war with the Low Countries, where the assassination of the brave Prince of Orange, (a deed to which Philip's gold had

bribed the murderer) left the states under the guardianship of a youth, from whose tender years it was folly to expect wisdom.

Where then was the country that would receive, where was the potentate that could succour a fugitive King?

These considerations frequently discussed with Don Emanuel, and discoursed on in sweet confidence with Gaspar, were sufficient to reconcile Sebastian to the privation of that rank and power which now he coveted solely for his child: nay, sometimes he almost congratulated himself on the leisure his retirement afforded for the culture of her beautiful little body, and her inquiring mind.

With the sweetness and loveliness of her mother, Blanche inherited the fine constitution of her father; and taught to share the sports of the Indian children, became like them, light, agile, and healthful.

Crowned with the clustered roses of the Vruca, as she led the fairy train of her companions, in self-invented dances under the shade of cedars and ibiripitangas, or as sportively dragging the docile and loving Baré-mel in flowery chains, she flew like a breeze over the meadows, Sebastian joyed to trace the resemblance of his best beloved, in that silken hair and those large dark eyes, which as yet knew but two expressions, delight and compassion.

Kara Aziek would stand leaning on the shoulder of her husband, tenderly noting the graceful varieties of Blanche's infant figure, the glowing transparency of her skin, (set off by contrast with her dusky associates) the symmetry of her features, and those evanescent dimples which now appeared, now vanished, about her smiling mouth. All these were the characteristics of Sebastian; and as virtuous love was still the first sentiment in the constant heart of Kara Aziek, her child became dearer for resembling her husband.

It was her delight to observe in her childish mind and heart, the same resemblance in properties and qualities: it was her aim to nourish, to increase, to fix *them*.

Blanche was accustomed to hear from her infancy the eulogium of virtue, she was accustomed to see the effects produced by goodness and kindness, and she grew up therefore in such habits of active benevolence, that to have seen any one live wholly for themselves, however innocently, would have been in her eyes a sort of moral phenomenon.

The tenderness of her mother and the ardour of her father, were blended in her character; but if either quality predominated, it was the feminine one of tenderness.

Gaspar and Barémel were her dearest companions; at the voice of the first she would at any time fly from her gayest pastime, to go with him over the plantations he superintended, or to steal into some mountain cleft, where he discoursed to her of the old world and its inhabitants.

Gaspar thought only of preparing her mind for the august station he believed her born to occupy, and he became therefore a student for her sake.

The history of his own country, and of all the other European kingdoms, was now familiar to him; he collected the books which treated of their political events, their laws and customs; he tasked his memory to recollect whatever his grandfather and uncles had told him of the days of Charles V. those days in which Europe was a scene of splendid but fearful rivalry between two powerful Princes.

In the misfortunes of Francis I. he found a parallel with those of his own Sovereign, and cheering himself by hoping that like Francis, Sebastian would one day return to his dominions, he detailed the sufferings and the triumph of that monarch with peculiar enthusiasm.

Blanche listened, wondered, and remembered, but the more she heard, the less she envied the lot of Gaspar's heroes: her soul alive to pleasure rather than to ambition, loved to diffuse itself over the beauties of creation: she frequently forgot her lecturer in the sternest part of his histories, while she watched the majestic motion of some tall magnolia as the land-breeze slowly

lifted its far-spreading branches, and showered its white blossoms on every side like vegetable snows.

Her ear was entranced with music, her eye with colours ; the song of birds, and the varieties of verdure, were at all times more magical to her than barren descriptions of gaudy courts, or frightful portraits of warring armies. She loved Gaspar, but it was rather for the manner in which he told his narratives, than for the narratives themselves : affection beaming in all his looks, went at once to her infant heart, and often did she break upon his details and banish from his mind every thing but herself, by suddenly clasping him round the neck, uttering some endearing epithet, and printing on his cheek the pure, the angel kiss of childish love.

Carried in his arms to the summit of such mountains as human industry had succeeded in making accessible to human feet, she would gaze with him on the distant sea, and hear with delight that she was one day to cross it and to behold the happy country he described : then she would eagerly draw a plan of their removal from Cachoeira, in which every inhabitant was included.

The children must go because they were her play-fellows, their parents could not be left behind, else her young associates would be sad, and the very aged people ought to accompany them also, since otherwise they must perish for want of care and food : Barémel, dear Barémel, taught her to feel that every other young heart would have some dumb favourite to carry away, till at last she would multiply her companions in this removal, so that Gaspar was obliged to confess she must have an ark larger than Noah's to transport the whole colony.

Blanche would then abandon the idea totally, (for curiosity was a feeble sentiment in her breast when compared with tenderness) she loved the good Indians, and no novelty in Europe compensated to her for the pain of quitting them for ever.

Content with her situation, occupied and amused by turns, passionately fond of her parents, she found no

blank in the days that flowed on at Cachoeira : innocence, gaiety, and affection, made them all charming.

Blanche had attained her seventh year, when some change was produced in the prospects of her family.

An autumnal evening had closed a day of pastoral pleasure : it was the birthday of Blanche, and it had been celebrated by her young playmates, with such honours as their limited means would allow. The flowers and the fruits which grew in their own gardens were all the offerings or ornaments they had to spread before the child of their benefactor ; but with these they formed new bowers, and loaded mossy tables ; with these they decorated themselves, and beneath the glorious vault of Heaven presented a scene more picturesquely beautiful than any which could be found under the domes of man.

Tired with so many hours festivity, Kara Aziek threw herself on a couch to enjoy the fresh air, which blowing through pendent branches of passion-flower and clematis, that curtained an open porch, came sweet as cooling : the risen moon shone full upon her lovely figure, illuminating those eloquent eyes which were fixed on their dearest object. Blanche had fallen asleep : her delicate little form partly rested on the ground, partly leaned on the body of Barémel, who having made no inconsiderable appearance in the fairy revels, was like his mistress profusely adorned with flowers, and full as weary.

Every thing within, was still ; every thing without, was tranquil. Nothing was heard, save the monotonous and plaintive hum of swarms of Brazilian bats, which instead of disturbing, induced repose.

Sebastian sat by the couch of Kara Aziek, wrapt in a tender trance of fond contemplation ; his child and his wife were equally the objects of that sweet delight which gently warmed his heart ; and the faithful Barémel shared the admiration.—A book was in his hand ; he had taken it up to read to Kara Aziek : she reminded him of it, and opening the volume, he read with a low, gentle voice, the following poem.

THE INDIAN ISLAND.

THE sunbeams gild the waters green
That float round Borneo's palmy shore;
And angel-forms are dimly seen
Gliding the glassy ocean o'er.

Moveless one little bark remains,
That lately skimm'd the liquid way;
Silence thro' all her chambers reigns,
And no one chides her short delay :

Above, below, entrancing sounds
Now breathe, now ring, now sudden cease;
Then balmy mist the ship surrounds,
While all is stillness, sweetness, peace !

Again the airy voices swell !
Again the light blast sweeps the sea !
Again the balmy vapours dwell
On every wave, and every tree !

Swift shoots the bark, (unfetter'd now,)
Tho' smooth the tide and calm the air;
Its purple sail and gilded prow,
Some power unseen, must onward bear.

Ah who is she, that lonely lies
Beneath the broad o'er-arching sail,
With panting breast and closing eyes,
With with'ring wreath; and floating veil ?

Loose o'er her neck the golden hair
Like lucid moonshine softly streams ;
Her glowing cheek, (ethereal fair !)
Thro' tears of tender transport beams :

For joy's excess, o'er all her face
Hath cast a clouded sweetness dim ;
Smiling she leans with languid grace,
While round her dreams ecstatic, swim :

Fixed in a trance of twilight sleep,
She hears at times the magic choir,
And scents the mists that o'er the deep
Now forward flow, and now retire.

Onward the winged vessel flies,
Till sudden in a verdant bay
It stops : while viewless being's sighs
Waft the meridian fires away.

Umbrageous on the kissing hills
Tam'rinds and cedars mix their boughs ;
And sounds are there of trickling rills,
And smell of cassia, myrrh, and rose :

Satiate with musky breath of flowers,
With luscious clove, and sandal sweet,
The hot air pants in leafy bowers
Where birds and beasts for shade retreat.

And now the virgin's slumbers fade,
As clashing cymbals shake the trees :
Ah, 'tis not Delos, wretched maid,
That rises mid these foreign seas !

'Tis not thy dear, thy native isle,
Where green andrachnès shade the vales,
Where almonds blush, and olives smile,
And spring leads on the freshing gales !

'Tis not the distant coast of Greece
That stretches there along the main :
Lo ! as the spicy heats increase,
Thou seek'st thy natal airs in vain.

Ah ! never, (haply,) shalt thou more
Thy parents or thy love behold ;
Thou touchest now, wild Borneo's shore ;
Thou see'st the land of crime and gold !

A shadowy shape, (more heav'nly bright
Than that which opes the gates of day,)
Of melting from her wondering sight,
Now points the fearful stranger's way.

Thro' citron woods, and palmy dells,
(Thick set with flowers,) where every sweet
That scattered thro' the wide world, dwells,
Seems there in verdant home to meet;

O'er heights with orange blossoms strewn,
By springs that gild the dipping grass,
By rocks of crystal yet unhewn,
And mines of glitt'ring gems, they pass.

High in the centre of the isle,
Where broad bannanas thickly grow,
Ascends a fair, majestic pile,
Whiter than Lapland's drifted snow :

Around its alabaster base,
Unnumber'd flowers their garlands wreath
There jasmine leads her fragrant race,
Carnations bloom, and roses breathe ;

Above its proud, imperial crest,
Like plumed helm of giant mold,
The streaming clouds fantastic rest,
And shade its battlements of gold.

Now to the spot appointed, come,
Here stays the lovely stranger's guide ;
She flits before the stately dome,
And lo! its portals open wide.

With rainbow splendour, binding bright,
The di'mond hall at once appears,
But sightless with that blaze of light,
The thrilling L  is only hears.

Echoes the vaulted roof above,
With voices like the turning spheres ;
Such as in grotto, dell, or grove,
Came never yet to mortal ears ;

While harps harmonious, ring around,
One silver flute alternate sighs ;
And floating on a tide of sound,
The soul in trance celestial lies.

High piled with food ambrosial, towers
 A board, whose garniture of pride
 Displays each precious gem that pours
 Thro' earth's deep gloom a tintured tide :

There glows the sunny topaz, there
 The vernal em'rald freshly smiles,
 And ruby cups such nectars bear,
 As Bacchus brought from Indian isles.

With flowers immortal, gaily crowned,
 (Unknown to man's obscure abodes ;)
 A dazzling band the feast surround ;
 It seems a banquet of the Gods !—

All, brighter than the starry host,
 Which Hesper (monarch of the train,)
 Leads o'er Siberia's glittering coast,
 When night and frost together reign !

All, fairer than a grove of palm,
 When now its spring-tide leaves are on ;
 Or pillar'd dome in evening's calm ;
 Or ocean bright'ning in the sun !

But rais'd supreme on sapphire throne,
 One glorious form, unequall'd, shines ;
 The Genius of the burning zone,
 The God of India's woods and mines.

Dark as the olive's deepening dye,
 Yet radiant are his faultless limbs :
 Effulgent, large, his lifted eye,
 The hall and host immortal, dims !

It burns upon the Grecian maid,
 Who like a sun-struck lily bends ;
 For to her startled gaze displayed
 The genius from his throne descends.

Trembling she sinks, and deems that now
 Before her stands the Delian God ;
 Such was his height and beamy brow,
 When first on Cynthus' top he trod ;

Such was his voice, (inspiring sweet !)
 When green Inopus' banks among,
 He first from out her deep retreat
 Called Echo, with the lyric song !

Gazing, the youthful Genius hangs
 Enamoured, o'er the kneeling Greek ;
 Then thrill'd by love's delightful pangs,
 Thus gives his kindling heart to speak.

" See here, the nymph by magic brought !

" See here, the boast of human charms !

" Can wildest wishes ask for aught

" Of fairer mould to fill my arms ?

" No genii, no !—these deathless flowers

" Of rosy light, embodied air,

" That grew in Eden's summer bowers,

" Are not so sweet, or trancing fair :

" The countless, sparkling forms that gleam,

" Or shine, or fade, or vanish quite,

" Sporting in sunny Fancy's beam,

" Are not so perfect, not so bright.

" Then hail your Queen ! for sure those eyes

" Will glow with tender bliss for me ;

" Those lips repay my ardent sighs ;

" That heart, my heart's dear treasure be !"—

Raised from his head, the circlet gay

He places fondly on her brow ;

Her senses fade,—she swoons away,

And fills his arms, a wreath of snow !

When back returns her trembling sight,

A soothing stillness round her spreads !

The pearly walls reflect a light

Like that which doubtful morning sheds :

No sound is near, save rustlings soft

Of myrtles waving to and fro,

And nightingales, that warbling oft

At distance, pour the plaint of woe :

Thro' violet beds whose sweets distil,
A far-off, gliding fount she hears;
And lo! the youthful genius still,
(But prostrate at her feet) appears!

Eclipsed by tears, no more his eyes
Burn, or insufferably shine;
Faltering with fear and broken sighs,
His voice no longer rings divine.

"And have I seen thee but to love!
"And hast thou seen me but to hate!—

"Ah, that with thee in Delian grove,
" 'Twere mine beloved to share thy fate!

"Ah that with thee, 'twere mine to tend
"A peaceful flock on Cynthus' plain,
"Or bless'd with thy rare smiles, to spend
"A transient life of joy and pain!

"For this, my days immortal, given,
"My boundless power o'er Indies deep,
"My throne on earth, my rank in heaven,
"Were even then, a purchase cheap!"—

"O cease thou unknown God! or say
"By what strange magic am I here?
"Why torn from all I love away,
"And doom'd thy fruitless vows to hear?

"Art thou a God, and dost not know
"That I this withering garland wore,
"To welcome from a vanquished foe,
"The warlike youth whom I adore?

"That as his conquering galleys rode
"Majestic o'er the foamy sea,
"I hasted from the shouting croud,
"To shed the tears of ecstasy;

"And while my raised, transported soul,
"On joy's tumultuous surge was tost,
"Strange slumbers o'er my senses stole,
"That fled but on thy fearful coast!—

"What means that cry of wild despair?
"That look of more than mortal pain?

- " Why dost thou rend thy radiant hair ?
" O, waft me to my home again !"
- " Cease then to talk of love, or be
" Thy voice for me thus thrilling sweet ;
" Thy love-expressive eyes, from me
" Thro' softer mists, abashed retreat !
- " O let me, let me fondly press
" These trembling, longing lips to thine,
" And lost in rapture's transc'd excess,
" Blend all thy lovely soul with mine !
- " Then shalt thou share my ample throne ;
" Then to my prayer, incessant, given,
" Thine shall it be, yes thine alone,
" In mortal shape to range thro' heaven !"
- " Forbear ! forbear !" she breathless cries,
(As now with wild, impassion'd start,
With burning cheeks and burning eyes,
The Genius strains her to his heart.) "
- " O, by those precious tears, that late
" Thy splendour quench'd, and seem'd to prove
" A breast incapable of hate,
" But warm with pity, as with love ;
- " O, by those drops of sacred dew,
" I charge thee now, this storm controul !
" Death could not thus affright my view,
" Thy guilty transports stain my soul !
- " Wrapt in these arms, with chastest bliss
" Oft has my blooming Phaon sigh'd ;
" This cheek hath blush'd beneath his kiss,
" These eyes to his fond gaze replied ;
- " Then by the Queen of Night I swear !
" The spotless Goddess of the chase,
" Never shall god or mortal, share
" With him I love, my pure embrace !
- " Betrothed to his, my wedded heart
" No time, no distance can divorce :
" At first was shot thy deadliest dart ;
" Thou hast no more of equal force ;"

Like a clear cloud, in which appears
 The wat'ry moon or showery bow ;
 Shining thro' sad yet tender tears,
 She stands awhile in silent woe ;

In mem'ry's glass she sees the grove,
 Where Phaon met her oft by night ;
 She beauteous as the queen of love,
 He like the young Adonis bright.

Prone at her feet, the Genius sinks
 With frantic looks of new desire ;
 His eye her melting beauty drinks,
 His lips impassion'd sighs respire.

" Vain are thy vows ! for never more

" Canst thou to Delos' coast return :

" Thee only would I thus implore ;

" For thee I languish, thee I burn !

" Eternal fires my breast destroy,

" My thoughts in strange deliriums float :

" O never can that earthly boy

" So wildly love, so madly dote !—

" Abhorrent still !—then take thy fate !

" Hence to a life of ceaseless fear !

" Ne'er shall thy heart's alarm abate,

" Till that proud heart hath wished me near !"

He speaks, and instant darkness falls

Stilly and thick, o'er all things round ;

Silence that virtue's self appals,

Succeeds to Love and Music's sounds ;

Sudden loud thunders peal on high,

Huge forests crash, and ocean raves ;

While beasts of prey tremendous cry,

And Echo-calls from all her caves ;—

t this part of the ballad, the sudden entrance of
 Emanuel de Castro interrupted Sebastian, and
 wing aside the book, he arose to welcome him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE countenance of the viceroy announced important intelligence : " What have I to learn ?" exclaimed Sebastian, eagerly advancing.

" That I am recalled : " answered De Castro. " I am now a simple individual in Brazil. A new governor is just landed ; and the same ship which conveyed him from Spain, has brought me letters from my sister of my Medina Sidonia : their contents make me welcome my recall as a harbinger "—

Here Kara Aziek springing up with a blanched cheek, caught his arm, exclaiming in a voice of alarm,

" O say not that our peaceful days are over ! rouse not those thoughts, those wishes—danger, anxiety, destruction perhaps, await—ah ! my Sebastian, thy looks tell me what I have to fear. "—

Sebastian received her trembling frame in his arms, as weeping and faint she turned from Don Emanuel to him ; she felt that his body shook with strong emotion : he spoke not to her, but he pressed her against his heart while his eyes impatiently searched those of De Castro. The unusual animation he saw there, deceived him ; his rapid imagination shot away, and seized the utmost of his wishes : in breathless haste he could scarcely articulate ;

" You are recalled—a new viceroy is arrived !—Philip then is dead ! "—

" Not dead, nor dying "—replied De Castro, pained to observe the delusion his manner had excited.

Sebastian's cheek lost its flush, and he sunk down on the couch Aziek had quitted, with such a deep sigh of disappointment, that De Castro stopped.

The King recovered himself after a short struggle, and while a blush re-coloured his face, said faintly, " *This is foolish in me—quite foolish De Castro!*—

you see how imperfectly I have quelled my character : after so many years of discipline, imagination and passion are as omnipotent as ever !—Well, tell me what you have to relate of our ill-fated Portugal.”

Kara Aziek folded her arms closely round him, in silence ; as if fearful that De Castro’s next words were to tear him from her : pale and speechless she hung upon his looks.

“ The situation of Europe, Sire !” resumed Don Emanuel, “ affords for the first time a rational prospect of hope. The Low Countries still wage successful war against Philip ; their young Prince Maurice proves himself worthy of his father ; England has openly declared against Spain ; the grand Armada of Philip has been destroyed on her coast, and she threatens to attack his shores in return : Henry of France has been assassinated !—the Protestant King of Navarre is his successor. The Catholic league thus shaken, France, England, Holland, Sweden, and the petty states of Germany all professing the same faith with my sovereign, all hostile to the religious opinions and political views of the relentless bigot, may we not conclude, that to seat a Protestant Prince on the throne of Portugal will be considered by them as an act of sound policy ?”

Don Emanuel paused, and his temperate eyes met the fixed ones of Sebastian ; how much was in them !—Animated by their kindling expression, he went on.

“ These are the hopes which make me hail my recall : I shall be enabled to ascertain the situation, and to feel the pulse of the Portuguese. After satisfying myself on these points, it is my intention to pass into England or into France, as circumstances may direct ; and there, should my sovereign approve the bold design, I may unfold the plan of a quadruple alliance, between the four Protestant powers, which could not fail of crushing the general tyrant, and giving peace to Europe.—O Sire ! might I but live to be instrumental in bringing you back to your people : might I but live to see a Portuguese Prince wear the crown so long

usurped by the very fiend of intolerance, I should think my life nobly filled up, and its duties done."

As De Castro spoke he bent his knee to the earth, and kissed the hand of the King: Sebastian raised him.

"Excellent De Castro!" he said, "I have not words to thank you;—here is one that should thank you too, but love makes a coward of her.—What fear you, my Aziek! (he said, fondly turning to her, and resting his lips on her pale cheek,) I am with you—now and forever with you:—alike inseparable in danger or obscurity, in weal or woe, in life or death!"—

The look, the voice, the words of her Sebastian went at once to the heart of Kara Aziek; she burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming, "Ah! let me ever have thee here—here in these arms!—I ask but to share thy fate, not to oppose thy duties or thy wishes."

"I will have none in which you do not willingly share, my Aziek!" replied Sebastian, tenderly smiling on her, "be assured that the first object still in this heart, is thyself, the next our child; but my first duty is to my country.—Allow me then to risk something for her sake, at least not to turn aside from the favourable avenue thus suddenly opened to me by the hand of Heaven itself?"

"And what wouldst thou do, my Sebastian?" asked Kara Aziek, yet clinging to his arm; "wouldst thou quit Brazil, embark in a perilous enterprise, and put thy wife, thy child, thy very existence to the hazard?"

This question caused Sebastian to pause and consider what course was best to pursue. De Castro ventured to suggest some arguments against a precipitate confidence in any European power, and those arguments being enforced by the conclusions of Sebastian's own mind, wrought him to confess that prudence commanded him to remain in South America.

Till secure of being acknowledged, received, and supported, either by France, England, or the Netherlands, it would be madness in him to abandon the peaceful retirement in which he lived; and distant as was Brazil, still it was better to remain there unsus-

pected, than to wander in disguise and apprehension from realm to realm.

Political bodies do not move with the rapidity of natural ones; consequently a voyage to and from Brazil might be made if required, without delaying the execution of any grand blow: De Castro's secret mission might be diffusing itself through the different courts, till a moment arrived in which policy would demand the decisive act of Sebastian's personal appearance.

In discussion and consultation half the night was consumed, and on the morrow Gaspar was sent for to take leave of the late viceroy.

No sooner did that faithful friend hear the momentous events which seemed conducting his King to the point for which he languished, then he gave way to the wildest joy, and offered Don Emanuel to accompany him if needful, to the remotest corner of Europe.

Still more endeared by these testimonies of attachment, Sebastian would not endure the thought of being bereaved of two friends at once; and Don Emanuel deemed it imprudent to return home accompanied by one who might be recollected in Portugal as the man who had asserted his Sovereign's existence in Africa.

He now bade farewell to Cachoeira with some regret, but more presages of future good: as he kissed the hand of Kara Aziek, she whispered in a tremulous voice: "Adieu, Don Emanuel! justify the trust my heart reposes in you, by thinking more of your King's happiness, than of that ungrateful Portugal which spurned him from her. In the name of God I conjure you be well assured of her penitence and resolution—be confident of the fidelity of other powers, ere you call my Sebastian from the bosom of benevolent and peaceful enjoyment, to a scene of contest. I have no ambition for this unconscious child."

De Castro replied to the touching sigh with which she concluded, by a glance full of enthusiasm; "But I have, madam!" he said, bending to press the forehead of little Blanche, "this expansive brow must one

day wear a crown ; even now, it promises to be the seat of royal virtues. You must not tempt me into treason against my country : and treason it would be to withhold such a treasure from her arms."

A faint smile shone through the tears of Kara Aziek ; she bent towards her child with a mixture of pain and pleasure, for the mother was gratified by this tender compliment.

Sebastian embraced his noble friend : his looks were unusually serious, and by turns the colour on his cheek deepened and faded.

" You go, De Castro !" he said, " you go with our destiny in your hands. You know my soul—you know the tender ties which render life and liberty precious to me : once, I would have gone as gladly to death for the mere chance of recovering my rights, freeing my people, and regaining power to punish her oppressor, as I would have hastened to my bridal hour : but now, these dear objects, these more precious parts of myself, in whom I breathe, live and enjoy, tug at my heart-strings, and make a coward of me !"

Sebastian stopt to recover voice, for a tide of tenderness subdued him. After a moment he resumed, " Think of them in all your actions ; be just to them ; as to Portugal : let your zeal for each be equally balanced, and then whatever be the requisitions you may demand of my domestic security, I will implicitly comply with them. I am ready to *risk much* for my people if they be worthy the risk ; but I will not *sacrifice all* to a capricious or ungrateful nobility."

Kara Aziek snatched her husband's hand to her lips, with an exclamation of joy : Sebastian turned on her a look expressive of his soul.

De Castro gave the promise desired of him, settled the cypher with which they were to correspond on political subjects, and taking a gracious leave of Gaspar, was about to depart, when Sebastian called him back.

" Stay awhile, Don Emanuel," he said, " I had forgotten to give you a passport to Sir Anthony Shirley. *This ring*, for which I exchanged one bestowed on me

by my Aziek, will recall me to him as the Knight of the Cross; and through his testimony perhaps, your romance may obtain an accredited hearing from the Queen of England. Tell the generous Englishman how truly, how warmly I remember him; tell him that the memory of his noble confidence at a time when every thing conspired to make suspicion almost a virtue, will never leave my heart!

"Shirley, who knew my past abhorrence of those pure doctrines I would now die to defend, may doubt my present sincerity; but you, De Castro, must clear me from the imputation of deserting the worship of my fathers, through political motives.

"Fixed for an indefinite period in this land where every Portuguese considers me as a strange and unhallowed, though perhaps, benevolent person, policy would have bidden me shew an excessive zeal for the faith of Rome: instead of that, I have risked my personal safety, and have been grievously persecuted and traduced by those severe ecclesiastics whom your authority was not sufficient to silence.

"As it is, I expect that this alteration in my religious opinions, so far from assisting me to my throne, will prove a bar to my progress: my people may apprehend persecution from me.—Did they but read my heart!"

The King having paused, De Castro ventured to speak. "My voice, Sire! shall not slumber, believe me; happily the Portuguese have been used to respect my voice; and since they hear the same temperate profession of our national religion, from the man who has lived above seven years in precious friendship with his Sovereign, they will learn to understand that what he *believes* himself, he wishes not to *force* on others—adieu, my honoured liege! when we meet again!"

Don Emanuel could not proceed further: he threw himself once more at the feet of his King, who bending to raise and embrace him, repeated in a low voice, "when we meet again! De Castro, what a volume for thought, is there in those few words!"

Sebastian still held Don Emanuel, but he ceased to see him : his mind fell back on itself, and plunged in a deep reverie, he remained many minutes standing in the same fixed attitude, when the soft touch of Kara Aziek recalled him to recollection.

Starting at the gentle pressure of that dear hand, he recovered himself with a pensive smile, and returned the parting benediction of De Castro.

Don Emanuel's composed features now for the first time assumed an appearance of great emotion ; his face was whiter than death, and his words inarticulate : he looked as if suddenly overcome with a painful presentiment.

In truth, Sebastian's expression had excited in him some apprehension for the fate of his purposed embassy, and the possibility of failure pierced him to the heart : he looked at his King, and the idea that they were never to meet again, crossed him like a horrid phantom. Again he kissed his hands, and hurrying out of the apartments, departed for ever from Cachoeira.

CHAPTER X.

THE departure of Don Emanuel de Castro might have produced an alarming change in the situation of Sebastian, had the Spanish viceroy been a man of rigid principles ; fortunately he was otherwise.

Indifferent to matters of conscience, and wholly devoted to pleasure, he listened at first without emotion to the representations of the Monks, (who now hastened to influence him against their heretical countryman ;) but when they added their belief that the Portuguese settler must have used witchcraft to humanise the Guaymures, his inattention ceased, and he questioned them further.

De Cunha was not a character easily impressed by superstition ; and laughing at the grave assertion of the Monks, he resolved to protect the man they persecuted. If a private individual chose to waste his fortune and his time upon the cultivation of a savage race, why should De Cunha interfere, since his government would be rendered less troublesome by their continuance in peace ? why should he demolish the village of Cachoeira and drive the Guaymures back to their dens and their barbarism, solely to oblige a set of persons whom he denominated *moral Locusts* ? While De Cunha continued to live in this world as if there were no other, while he worshipped only distinctions and delights, what cared he if others chose to venerate Gods, saints, or devils ?

This criminal apathy to the noblest sentiment of man, was here rendered an instrument of good, to a being of a far different stamp : Sebastian was permitted to pursue his own plans, and having had the discretion to send a sumptuous present to the viceroy, his gift was accepted in lieu of personal appearance, and from that

hour his existence was scarcely remembered at St. Salvador.

Domestic happiness still spread its mild sunshine over his retired abode : alternate occupation and rest afforded him just time to feel that he was useful, and that he was blest. If anxious thoughts intruded, he strove to moderate, though not wholly to stifle them.

The expanding mind of Blanche now called for increased attention : intent on nourishing and developing her precious qualities, both parents would have ceased to recollect that she was born to inherit a crown, had not the conversation of Gaspar, and the letters of Don Emanuel, kept that recollection alive.

So remote from Europe, the communications they received from thence, were necessarily at very distant intervals ; but these were always interesting, and calculated to animate hope.

De Castro had been recalled solely through an intrigue of De Cunha's family, who impoverished by their relations' prodigality, had exerted themselves to procure for him the lucrative situation of viceroy over the new world : being supported by Philip's mistress they had ultimately succeeded.

The purity and discretion of De Castro's government placed him beyond the reach of censure : his retired manners excited no envy ; he had not a single enemy at the court of Castille, and therefore he found no difficulty in gaining permission from Philip to seek the re-establishment of his health by travel into other countries.

This leave obtained, he hastened to turn it to use : he visited his sister the duchess of Medina Sidonia, and without unveiling to them the motive of his inquiries, cautiously learnt from her and her husband the real state of Philip's affairs. These were not so flourishing as rival potentates imagined.

Discontent at his long and wasteful, and unjust war with the Netherlands, began to pervade his own dominions : the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, were truly considered to have their origin in his commands ; and

now from fearing their sovereign, his people began to hate him.

The Portuguese were unanimous in abhorring a tyrant whom some of them had assisted in seating on their throne : but repentance availed not ; they were shorn of their strength, and like the self-ruined Sampson, were destined to behold their own degradation, with the poignant conviction of owing it to their own imbecility.

De Castro staid not longer in Portugal than was necessary to revive amongst some of the most spirited, a hope that Don Sebastian yet existed. In secret, and with the utmost caution, he confided to a chosen few, his belief of their master's safety ; but further than this, he deemed it impolitic to proceed : the first step was to rouse them from despair, the next should be to point out an animating ground for expectation.

Having made the tour of Portugal, and singled out such persons as he thought fitted for his purpose, and faithful to their country, he passed into Italy, where he wearied out suspicion, by travelling from place to place, as if solely led by curiosity, or in search of health.

Nothing was more common than noblemen travelling incognito, consequently, no one expressed surprise when they heard that Don Emanuel de Castro made his tour under a feigned name, and with a small suite.

Near a fishing town on the coast between Italy and France, he fixed himself during several months ; unknown and unobserved he dispatched from this place a couple of trusty friends, to whom alone he had confided the absolute existence of Don Sebastian.

Texere an enlightened and liberal priest of the Romish church, went for England ; while Don Juan de Castro (a cousin of Emanuel's) procured admission into France, and penetrated even to the presence of Henry himself.

Don Juan's mission was to gain over the French King, and to convince him of the policy of entering into a confederacy with England and Holland, for the restoration of a monarch whom now the same faith

would bind closely to their future interests: father Texere was to insinuate himself into the favour of those who governed the English Queen, and by magnificent promises to them, insure her efficient assistance: another emissary was sent into Holland, where Prince Maurice swayed at will the hearts of his countrymen.

The progress of these agents was slow and wavering. In England the Earl of Leicester (who then guided the councils,) acted with cold and narrow policy: this policy looked not beyond its own immediate interests, treating as visionary all solicitude for the rights of a sovereign no longer able to throw a weight in the scale of Europe.

He considered, and calculated, and scrutinized so much, that he suffered the time for action to escape; and secretly discrediting the report of Texere concerning the new opinions, and altered character of Don Sebastian, he habituated himself only to think of Don Sebastian's restoration as an act which would re-seat a madman.

Sir Anthony Shirley was yet in Persia: no other courtier had equal influence with Leicester, and forced to bear with all his caprices, Texere wore away month after month in continual negotiation, which still produced nothing decisive, and which not even the urgent letters of De Castro could bring to a point.

Don Juan was better received, though with less prospect of benefit, by the amiable King of Navarre. Henry heard with extreme sensibility the story of his royal kinsman; he even shed tears: but what availed his sympathy or his zeal? he was himself struggling against one half of his subjects, whose religious animosities threatened him with destruction; and alternately conquering or conquered, without treasures, almost without authority, it rather became him to seek the protection of others than to stand forth the champion of Don Sebastian.

All that Juan could obtain or reasonably ask, was *the promise of assistance, whenever France should have acknowledged her lawful King.*

In the Netherlands Prince Maurice also was hotly contending against the arms of the Duke of Alva :— unless encouraged by France and England, and aided by the insurrection of Portugal, he feared to animate the fury of his invaders by a rash declaration in favour of the Protestant Prince, and therefore frankly confessed, that the only service in his power was that of continuing to employ the stoutest troops of Spain.

These negotiations proceeded not with the rapidity of ordinary affairs : sometimes they ebbed, sometimes they flowed ; the events of one day would accelerate their motion, the changes of another, suspend them altogether.

Time passed, and so long was the period, that the inhabitants of Cachoeira nearly abandoned expectation : they heard from De Castro of his attempts, his risks, his mortifications, his suddenly raised, and as suddenly blasted hopes, his busy goings hither and thither, his narrow escapes of discovery, and all the long et ceteras of an important and concealed mission.

They heard this at first with lively emotions that corresponded only too faithfully with his own : but by degrees anxiety became exhausted, frequent disappointment broke the spring of hope, and each in secret resigned themselves to a life of retirement in Brazil.

Bitter were the tears shed by Gaspar whenever he pondered over such a prospect : but he dared not interrupt by his complaints that serious calm which Sebastian had succeeded in diffusing over his feelings : he wept alone, or in company with the young Blanche, who compassionated his sadness, though she knew not the cause.

Ships from Europe came to St. Salvador twice a year : their arrival uniformly produced great agitation in Sebastian and Kara Aziek : the former anticipated the news they might bring, with ungoverned eagerness, the other dreaded to learn them, lest they should call her husband into danger. But on each, the same cause produced the same effect : it gave them a habit of trouble and anticipation ; it de-

stroyed that delightful serenity, that tranquillity of the soul, which reflects in all their beauty the various images of surrounding happiness : they no longer moved through the paradise they had created, with looks that said, "here is our world ;" care and disquiet sat on their brows, and plunged in frequent reveries, they gave evident proof of having deeper interest far away.

It was from observing this change in Kara Aziek, that Sebastian first learnt to note the alteration in himself : that instant he decided on his course.

He ceased to talk of Portugal and De Castro, he called on his family to follow his example, and courageously striving to restore his mind to that self commanding state from which he had suffered it to be driven, he resumed his former occupations with his former energy.

Again smiles and pleasures appeared at Cachoeira ; again the beautiful Blanche led the gay dance under her favourite trees ; again she decorated with flowers on each returning day of her birth, the loving Barémel, now grown old and indolent. Meanwhile, the hopes of her parents, though chastised, were not annihilated ; the letters of De Castro still informed them that his zeal was untired, and that, although adverse political events might delay their wishes, he yet believed that all would prosper at last.

Even Gaspar began to reconcile himself to these languid expectations, when he was one day summoned to the presence of his friend and King.

Sebastian was standing alone with an opened letter in his hand ; the contents of which had evidently taken the colour from his cheek : never before had Gaspar seen him so pale.

He raised his eyes on the entrance of the latter, and said in a low voice, " Gaspar, you must support me—my heart will not have strength of itself—such a sacrifice is demanded ! all-gracious God ! must I acquiesce ?" "

Sebastian stood with his clasped hands raised to his head, though that was bent down with the air of one

whom the prospect of some impending misfortune has completely subdued.

"What means my liege?" exclaimed Gaspar, "what sacrifice is demanded?"

"My child!—my child Gaspar!" interrupted Sebastian, fixing a wild look on him, then instantly turning away: Gaspar spoke not; bewildered by the many conjectures to which these few words gave rise, he stood silent. Meanwhile Sebastian recovered.

"They would have my daughter in their hands;" he resumed.

"Of whom do you speak sire?"

"Of the English:" replied the King, "ere they will attempt aught for Portugal, they must have a hostage in their possession, a guarantee of my good faith: De Castro in his zeal, had named my daughter, and it is her they demand. O Gaspar, how shall I tear her from her doting mother?"

Relieved by this imperfect explanation, Gaspar found voice to inquire more particularly. Sebastian shewed him the letter from Don Emanuel; its contents were unusually important.

Disgusted with the timidity of Henry IV. and alarmed by his secession from the Protestant interest, England began to cast an anxious eye on every Prince of her own complexion in religion and politics: it was now therefore that the agents of Sebastian obtained from her a favourable hearing.

Leicester was dead, and his place in the heart of Elizabeth, was filled by the young Earl of Essex, then the idol of the court, the camp, and the city: his generous soul was touched by the affecting narrative of father Texere.

Yet new in cabinets, and too benevolent for a system of mere policy, he embraced the cause of a suffering King, with all the ardour of youth: he led Texere to the Queen; and refusing any other discussion of so delicate and sacred a subject, called on her to determine at once, for justice and Don Sebastian.

Elizabeth was not so much the lover as to yield im-

plicity to this importunity ; she was the wily and the wary Elizabeth still : and it was not till she had canvassed and balanced all the political advantages and disadvantages of such a step, that she expressed her willingness to join in the attempt of reinstating her royal supplicant on his throne.

Caution directed her discourse : she represented the necessity of acquiring the support of other Protestant Princes, whom she undertook to sound through her agents at their courts ; and she insisted on seeing Don Emanuel de Castro himself, from whose lips alone she would accept those promises she determined to exact on the part of his King.

Don Emanuel made no hesitation of immediately crossing to England : he left his residence in Italy, began to travel, and suddenly affecting to be sent for by a sick relation, who commanded one of the Portuguese forts in Africa, he dismissed his household, and attended only by one trusty domestic, passed in disguise from a neutral port to that of London.

His reception at the British court was as flattering as his wishes : satisfied with her policy, and warmed by Essex into some interest for the fate of a monarch whose impetuous yet amiable character so nearly resembled his own, Elizabeth met De Castro with an air of perfect sincerity. The downfall of Philip rather more than the restoration of Sebastian, was in her thoughts, but equity and religion alone was on her tongue.

Having questioned De Castro upon the situation of his royal master, she discovered that he was a husband and a father ; though in what quarter of the globe he lay concealed, not even her subtle art could penetrate. This one reserve Don Emanuel deemed it a duty for him to insist on preserving.

Pleased with the information thus obtained, as it afforded her the means of security against ingratitude, she peremptorily told De Castro, that unless the Princess of Portugal were put into her hands, she would not draw a sword in her father's cause.

At first, Don Emanuel was shocked ; and conscious of the anguish such a requisition would inflict upon Kara Aziek, ventured to propose himself and his cousin as hostages for the fulfilment of any treaty she might conclude with Don Sebastian.

Elizabeth was inflexible : and Essex, whose quick imagination had already transported him from the projection of their enterprise to its happy completion, and who saw therefore, but a span of time between the two periods, joined his persuasions ; representing the candour and dignity of such a proceeding ; assuring Don Emanuel that the moment in which he welcomed Blanche to an English shore, should see him bind himself to be her knight, her friend, and her protector.

Don Emanuel required some days to consider of his proposition : the consideration cost him much disquiet. To separate Blanche from parents to whom she was every thing, seemed an act of absolute barbarity ; yet to lose the only rational and substantial prospect of regaining her rights, by a want of firmness to endure unavoidable privations, appeared equally criminal. It is true, Elizabeth had proposed the pleasing expedient of leaving the pretty hostage still in her parents' hands ; but then those parents must come with her to England, and accept an asylum there.

De Castro's blood ran cold, when the dismal fate of Mary Stuart crossed his memory : she too, had come for succour and for comfort ; she too, had been invited, caressed, and outwardly commiserated ; but she had languished out her youth in a prison, and terminated her sorrows on a scaffold.

It was evident to him, from the looks and language of Essex, that his thoughts had been similar, at this part of their discourse ; and De Castro therefore decided, that if policy enjoined Elizabeth to secure a hostage for the fidelity of Sebastian, the same prudence required him to preserve the father of Blanche, in order that his existence might act as a check upon Elizabeth's selfish views.

These reflections determined him ; and he was on

the point of hastening to inform her majesty that he would signify her desire to his royal master, when he heard that Sir Anthony Shirley was returned from Persia.

Taking this event as a favourable omen, the zealous De Castro lost not a moment in procuring admission to him.

The ring confided to him at Cachoeira, was his passport: Shirley saw it again, with an emotion of joy, honourable to his character.

"Then I hear of him at last!" he exclaimed, "where is he? what fortunes have befallen him since we parted at the court of Schah Abbas?—how many times have thoughts of him kept these eyes from sleep!"

"If I am to answer any, or all of these questions," replied Don Emanuel, with his usual stately yet sweet seriousness, "you must first assure me Sir Anthony that the fortunes of my noble friend are sufficiently interesting to you, to make you cheerfully assist in repairing them?—at this moment he claims, and I demand for him, the support of every loyal heart."

"He may command mine to the gates of death," exclaimed Shirley: Don Emanuel resumed.

"In those sleepless nights you speak of, did your thoughts never conjecture who the Knight of the Cross might be?—did your thoughts never start at your own imagination, deeming that suspicion romantic which this period will shew to have been correct?—Surely Sir Anthony, your eyes, accustomed to see the brightness of Majesty—"

Shirley interrupted him: "Almighty God! then it is the King of Portugal of whom we talk."

By an instantaneous impulse Don Emanuel opened his arms without speaking, for he was deeply affected, and Sir Anthony, impelled by the same feeling, exchanged an embrace with him, which plighted their faith to each other in the same cause. After this, De Castro opened himself without reserve to the confidence inspired by Shirley.

Astonishment, pity, and admiration, kept the latter

suspended during the course of this recital: never in his life had he been so moved; and when he heard that one faith, as one love, united the two hearts he prized so much, some tears trickled down his cheek.

Shirley's evidence respecting the perilous situation of Persia, tended to heighten Queen Elizabeth's respect for the character of Sebastian, and by his advice De Castro no longer delayed acquainting her with his intention of dispatching a pressing letter to Brazil, which he doubted not would produce the effect they wished.

In this letter De Castro had suggested every thing necessary for the safe conduct of Blanche to Europe: he advised placing her under the protection of Gaspar, whose love for her was almost paternal; with him she might proceed to Sicily, where the Duchess of Medina Sidonia had just gone to take possession of an estate left her by an Italian relation.

This favourite sister of De Castro's, already warm in their cause, would joy to receive the legitimate heiress of her native country, and Don Emanuel engaged to be at Messina, as her escort into England.

Cautious himself, De Castro did not choose that his young charge should make direct for any British port; since it was impossible to foresee what changes might have taken place in the period that must elapse between the writing of the present letter, and the arrival of Blanche.

Such were the momentous details contained in the packet from Don Emanuel, which he had warily transmitted through a neutral vessel to Messina, and thence to Brazil: the perusal of them caused a conflict in the heart of Gaspar. He would have exulted had he not seen the friend and master whom he idolized, a prey to extreme grief.

Sebastian was indeed suffering in idea, all the pangs of parting from an only and beloved child; and while he fancied the tears and cries of her yet dearer mother, his hardly-earned philosophy deserted him at once.

It was necessary that Gaspar should now forget that he was his King, and think of him merely as a man

struck and enfeebled by sorrow, he ventured to enter fully on the important inducements to the separation they dreaded ; and explaining every motive more distinctly than De Castro could take time to do, he succeeded in recalling Sebastian to a sense of his daughter's interest, and his people's claims.

After a long discussion, the sad father exhorted G. par to a temporary silence on the subject of their discourse, and requesting to be left alone, shut himself in his apartment to ruminate on the arguments to which he had been listening.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER serious reflection Sebastian came to the determination of sacrificing his domestic comforts to the ultimate good of his people and his child: the conflict was over with himself, but how was he to conquer the heart of Kara Aziek? of that tender mother, who "chid the winds of Heaven," if they blew too roughly on the face of her darling?—that tender mother and faithful wife, who saw so much of virtue and happiness around her dwelling at Cachoeira, that she knew not where the world could shew a station more productive of either.

Dreading the excess of her grief, yet arming himself to encounter it, Sebastian quitted his solitude, and went forth to seek her.

He found her with Blanche, just returning from their village church, where they had been witnessing the marriage of an Indian girl with one of the most enlightened and amiable of her tribe. The happy scene from which they were come, had lighted up the countenances of each: Blanche was yet too young for complete sympathy with the blushing Izamba, but her heart sympathized with happiness of any sort; and the tear of benevolent pleasure which stood on the cheek of her mother, called a shower over hers.

Gently walking under a long line of cedars shading the Cachoeira, Sebastian descried them afar off.—The full and perfectly-formed figure of Kara Aziek, her slow soft step, the gentle dignity which distinguished her, were contrasted by the slight and budding graces of Blanche's more airy form. Her step was quick, bounding, and uncertain as the young Gazelle's; her looks were timid, not majestic; and like spring preceding summer, she sportively advanced, admiring

every object she had seen and admired a thousand times before.

Sebastian scarcely descried her ere she was at his side : by an irresistible impulse he took her in his arms, and holding her to his heart, suffered the tears he could no longer restrain, to fall over her face.

It was the first time that Blanche had ever felt her father's tears ; she looked up, and the bright roses of health and delight faded from her cheek.

"Be not alarmed, my child !" he whispered in a faltering voice, as he let her go again. "I will rejoin your mother soon—speak not to her of this weakness—I must explain it myself."

Having spoken, he turned away, and hurrying towards a sugar-mill, which he entered, as if intent on business, left Blanche to wait for her mother, who seeing nothing extraordinary in this conduct of her husband, entered her own habitation.

It was long ere Sebastian sufficiently recovered himself to join Kara Aziek ; the smile with which he dressed his pale countenance could not conceal from her the unusual agitation of his heart : she fearfully inquired its cause, and was answered by a cautious explanation of De Castro's situation and engagements.

Kara Aziek listened to him in profound silence, which she did not break till some moments after he had concluded ; she then turned on him her expressive eyes ; no tears were there, but they were full of that maternal anguish she felt called upon to controul.

She looked tenderly at him, as if she believed him unable to avert the calamity with which she was threatened, and as if she considered him equally with herself, an object of compassion. "I submit:" she said at length, turning her eyes from her husband and fixing them on Heaven ; "There are periods in which I dare not yield to my feelings. That God who has blessed us with our Blanche, calls her now to become an instrument for her father's restoration : I may not detain her."—

At the last words, Kara Aziek closed her eyes as if she would have shut from her husband's sight the anguish of her soul: a general trembling seized her, and unable to relieve herself by tears, she made an effort to smile, and pressing his hand, leaned her face upon his shoulder.

Sebastian gently supported her. "This unresisting acquiescence, this uncomplaining grief, affected him far more than the most violent despair; in proportion as his Aziek appeared more worthy of happiness, her different destiny seemed more cruel.

"Dearest and best of women;" he exclaimed, "is it to day that I am to receive the strongest proof of that love which has been the angel of my life?—You know my heart, and you spare me the misery of contending with tenderness for you, and duty to Portugal: you weep not, you complain not!—O my Aziek, am I then indeed, dearer to thee than the child to whom thou gavest birth?—I expected lamentation, remonstrance, shall I confess it?—sorrowful reproaches—I find gentleness and heroism; I find that I am still the first in that precious heart."

Transported out of himself by such a conviction, Sebastian folded his arms around his wife, whose countenance suddenly glowing with vivid emotion, was now bathed in tears. Instantaneously melted by this burst of affection, she wept profusely, but her tears had no bitterness in them; she forgot at that moment the impending evil she had been contemplating.

By degrees this rapture subsided, and the separation from her daughter returned in all its force. "I will try to merit these kind praises:" she said faintly, "but my heart may not always have such strength: pardon me therefore Sebastian, if some moments of weakness should make me the selfish creature you feared to find me. Remember that in this discourse I have spoken my real sentiments, and do not attend to the temporary ravings of a mother, who cannot always hear the voices of Reason and Religion; who cannot always obey their commands. In my soul I am convinced we ought to make this sacrifice; as such, it shall be completed."

Again the tears of Kara Aziek ceased to flow, and her features resumed their former paleness. Sebastian still looked at her with a mixture of anguish and delight. His affection was eloquent, and repeated tributes to the fortitude he admired, contributed to support and to console Kara Aziek.

One important matter yet remained to be discussed; should they or should they not suffer Blanche to depart without knowing the story of her birth?

Many arguments in favour of each line of conduct presented themselves during this interesting discussion; but those had the most weight, which dictated explanation.

Blanche was of an age and a character to feel the value of such a confidence: the knowledge of her parents' misfortunes would surely endear them to her heart; and then widely separated, that anxiety which must result from her acquaintance with their critical situation, would form still a link of union. Their thoughts, their wishes, their solitudes, would yet remain the same, though their persons might be divided; it would be impossible for Blanche not to remember and to love her parents, when her dearest interests were inseparably interwoven with their images.

In addition to this consideration, Sebastian urged one equally important: Blanche would sooner attain the qualities requisite for her future guidance through life, by this early call upon them. Discretion, courage, attentive observation of persons and events, careful calculation of actions, and their consequences, would be the natural fruit of thus giving her a necessity for all these properties.

With the prospect of one day filling a station of responsibility, seeing in the example of her father the awful vicissitudes to which even monarchy is exposed, and feeling, in her own person, the dependance of man on man, she would avoid the risk of becoming intoxicated with a distinction which presented itself under a shape so forbidding.

Her imagination, chastised by experience, and her

heart disciplined by early care, would mature, fix, and ennoble her character: if Providence should call her to a throne, that education would enable her to fill it with honour; if destined to pass her life in obscurity, the memory of her parents lot, would teach her the emptiness of the world, and the rarer treasures of that benevolence which makes joy to itself in every station.

If blind to the advantages of candour, Sebastian should permit Blanche to depart in ignorance of her real condition, he reflected, that she must go with either a sentiment of curiosity about the concealed motives of her parents, or with a sentiment of disappointment at their seemingly luke-warm affection: continual deception must be practised on her: and bearing away with her no quickening principle of anxiety, her filial love would soon languish.

The remembrance of her happy home, would, from its very happiness, only serve to excuse her to herself for ceasing to feel an animated interest in its inhabitants; and delivering up her young mind to the charms and novelties of a gay life, she would perhaps loose much of her goodness and all her simplicity.

These reflections decided Sebastian, for Kara Aziek had decided at first, from the mere impulse of feeling.

Having left his Aziek seeking additional strength at that sacred source whence human virtue is derived, he sought Gaspar, and imparted to him the resolution to which he had brought himself: Gaspar's emotion was purely joyful; he neither dreaded dangers nor difficulties, oceans, nor dungeons, when the prospect of being useful to his King lay before him.

His sanguine nature made him certain that he should not be long separated from Sebastian: the destruction of Spanish tyranny, and the restoration of Portugal, were events that he concluded must follow the interference of England; he was but leading his sweet young-mistress to a triumph, not to a struggle; he was but going to make the path broad and open which led back to the throne of her ancestors.

"We part, Sire! it is true;" he said, "yet what is

our parting?—we shall meet again, and meet in happiness. I feel that Providence has now set a period to your trials : this is the epoch destined for the recovery of your former possessions.—We shall reach England—England will raise her powerful arm, and as if by magic, the whole mass of foreign tyranny will crumble to dust. My honoured young mistress will then be given to the Portuguese as a pledge that their beloved Sovereign yet lives, and will condescend to reign over them : you will arrive, Sire, to find in your own kingdom, power, adoration, and happiness !”

“ Not adoration Gaspar,” said Sebastian, smiling kindly, “ not adoration, that is an impious tribute to kings, which, thank God, I never required, nay, which I abhorred, even in my proudest day.—If I may regain the *love* of my people, by convincing them that a parental tenderness for them glows in this time-tried heart, I shall indeed rejoice that the meridian hours of my life are not to pass away at Cachoeira. Marvellous destiny ! (he added after a thoughtful pause) shall I ever again find myself the ruler of a mighty nation—the arbiter of their fates—the earthly God to punish and to reward ?—When I look back to the period in which I *was* this powerful creature, it seems to me a long-past dream ; suffering and seclusion, the only realities !”

“ Not so, Sire !” gravely observed Gaspar, “ you are a Sovereign and a God at Cachoeira ; you are the happiest of husbands and of fathers,—and do you say that there are no realities but suffering and seclusion ?”

Sebastian fixed his eyes on him, with a look of generous approval, “ Ever, my friend !” he exclaimed ; “ ever watchful over my character as much as my interest ! I spoke, Gaspar, in a way too familiar with me : I spoke from the impression of one recollection only ; I remembered therefore my losses, and forgot my possessions. Be satisfied, my soul is fully sensible of the rare blessings I enjoy. Had I not lost my liberty and crown, I should never have been the happy father and husband, never have opened my eyes on the light of

pure Christianity: this thought makes me consider my misfortunes as benefits.

Gaspar expressed his satisfaction at so ingenuous a confession of error, and proceeded to name the time and preparations that would be required, ere he could commence his voyage.

He knew that merchant ships were then in the bay of St. Salvador, bound for St. Lucar: in one of these, it was agreed he should procure a passage for himself and his young charge, with whom he might easily proceed from St. Lucar to Messina.

Nothing was more common than for the children of Brazillian settlers to be sent to Europe for their education or health, and one of these motives would certainly be attributed to Blanche's separation from her parents, should any persons think such an event of sufficient consequence to employ their thoughts.

Charged with securing the cabin of the merchant ship, and with providing all things requisite for a tedious voyage, Gaspar hastened to St. Salvador, leaving sadness in that house, which until now, never knew more than the shadow of passing clouds.

The interview with his daughter was a trying hour to Sebastian: Kara Aziek declined being present: her heart dreaded itself; and the nearer drew the moment in which she was to make the sacrifice demanded, the more her fears and her agitation increased.

"If I should fail at last!" she constantly repeated to herself, while striving to strengthen her resolution by the recollection of Sebastian's commendations; "if I should disappoint his trust in my promise of submission! ah God! pity me, succour me, support my feeble spirit, and give me that added confidence in thy mercy, that added tenderness for his feelings, which may successfully wrestle against the despair of a mother."

Impressed with a sense of her own weakness, Kara Aziek fled from every scene which could enervate her still further, courageous from that very tenderness of character, with which her courage had to struggle, she

refused to herself the luxury of indulging her grief, and of participating in that affecting interview which must increase it.

While she surrounded herself by various occupations, forcibly wresting her mind towards the interest of others, Sebastian was unfolding to their daughter the wonderful story of his youth.

Her amazement and sympathy may be imagined; they were in proportion to the sensibility of her character: but Sebastian looked beyond these, and as he slowly related the events of his life, and pointed out the lessons to be learned from them, he watched their effect on her who might hereafter need such beacons to guide her in the same course.

A serious joy warmed his heart, when he beheld the impression made by the knowledge of her birth: looks of trouble and apprehension were instantly diffused over her features: she was not ambitious therefore: to inspire her with zeal for her own rights, it would be requisite to teach her the benevolent purposes to which they might be directed.

No parts of her father's narrative so absorbed the attention of Blanche, as those which related to her mother. While Sebastian detailed the variety of Kara Aziek's destiny, and the transitions from pain to pleasure which they had mutually endured, the eyes of Blanche alternately shone with the brightness of joy, or fell to the ground blinded with tears. It was evident, that from the moment Kara Aziek appeared upon the scene, her affectionate child saw in her love the best blessing of life, and ceasing to think of her father's loftier anxieties, was solely interested in reaching the moment which gave her parents to each other.

Once, and only once, did her agitated heart burst through the restraint which delicate timidity, and filial respect had imposed: it was at the description of Sebastian's return to Portugal, at the reception of Donna Gonsalva, and the conversation of the two noblemen at the house of Lopez Vernara.

Powerfully moved by these incidents, she suddenly

threw herself on the bosom of her father, exclaiming, in a voice broken by sobs, " Ah send me not to such a dreadful world ! let me not live with people who have thus outraged my dearest father !"

Much affected by a sensibility as just as it was exquisite, Sebastian strained her to his breast, and lifting up the scattered ringlets from her cheek, he kissed it fondly. That roseate cheek, those eyes now closed with grief, but lovely still from the long lashes which fringed them, the soft arms that twined around his neck, and the beautiful tresses which fell dishevelled over them, all these were so like his Azick's, that he repeated his caresses, and abandoned to a moment of weakness, whispered, " Should I not risk all things to go with my child ?"

At this unexpected dawn of hope, Blanche raised her face, the sunshine of happy youth was on it. " O my father ;" she cried, " let us go together !—my mother, my dear mother too—we cannot live without her."

Sebastian had now recovered himself, and sorrowing to destroy the illusion his own words had raised, he proceeded in a calmer tone, to explain to her the weighty reasons which rendered it necessary for him to trust the judgment of De Castro, and to act by his suggestion : he alone could decide on the prudence of measures, which must be influenced by the conduct of those potentates amongst whom he was acting.

Blanche had been early taught to yield to the voice of reason : the moment she was convinced that what she wished was hostile to her better interests, or blameable in itself, she ceased to form a wish on the subject. She submitted to the commands of duty, as to the irreversible decrees of Heaven.

This valuable habit of moral obedience, now enabled her to acquiesce in the dreary prospect of separating from her parents, and committing herself to a world, of which the history had made her afraid. She wept bitterly ; but she frequently repeated, that she saw her father could not in justice to himself and his country,

and in gratitude to those friends who were now risking their lives for his sake by secret correspondence with the enemies of Philip, do otherwise than grant them some rallying point like herself.

Sebastian contemplated her as she sat struggling against her grief, kissing his hands and looking at him with humid smiles ; Sebastian contemplated her with many an admiring thought. He contrasted her character and conduct with what his own had been at a much more forward period of youth : at that period the whole globe was scarce large enough for his tempestuous passions to rage in. Shame and compunction were on his brow. "Blanche," he exclaimed, "if the certainty that you possess the fullest love, the most perfect approbation of your father, can give comfort to your heart, be assured that you do possess them—never my child, never were you half so dear or so estimable to me, as at this moment."

Blanche started from her seat, and threw herself before him ; Sebastian bent towards her, and holding her against his breast in the lovely attitude in which she had placed herself, he resumed his discourse. "Cultivate this self-government which ennobs you thus in a parent's eyes !—O my daughter, self-government is dignity, is happiness, is dominion !—'tis the secret of disarming adversity of its sting—'tis the virtue which comprehends all others—'tis that which will entitle you to a crown in Heaven !—Had I been like thee, my child, at this instant I should have nothing to reproach myself with ; I should have been dwelling in the house of my fathers, and I should not have had to send my innocent Blanche into a faithless world in search of that possession which my folly threw away."

He stopt, and several deep sighs followed his words. Blanche kissed his hand with repressed ardour ; her timid voice trembled as she spoke. "You have profited by your chastisements, dearest father, or how should I have become the character you praise ?—ah me ! shall I always remain so ? your virtues have *sprung up* out of your trials ; and mine perhaps may *die under them*."

ruck with the justice of this observation, and med with the salutary humility which it proved, gratified father pursued the theme she had begun, discoursing on principles and passions, on trials temptations, forgot the lapse of time.

Kara Aziek's voice near the windows of the apartment in which they sat, roused him to recollection, and taking Blanche by the hand, he went forth to join her sister.

By the same impulse, Kara Aziek and her daughter pressed each other in their arms without speaking; Sebastian approached, and drew them towards him! He was silent: after some moments of extreme emotion, they recovered themselves, and rose from their sad embrace. The faces of Kara Aziek and Blanche were bathed in tears, that of Sebastian was but more composed.

As if by tacit agreement, no one ventured to speak of the only subject that engrossed their thoughts; their conversation was serious, and interrupted by long pauses, but it was evidently connected with their most interesting reflections.

Not till she was alone with her daughter, a few days previous to her departure, had Kara Aziek courage to meet the trial they were about to encounter: at this moment fortitude forsook her, and the weeping Blanche yielded for the first time, her gentle and hitherto patient mother, given up to an agony of despair.

Periods like these, are not those in which human fortifications avail: the soul must seek and find its strength in itself. It must be habituated to believe that all the decrees of Heaven are wise and good; that will sorrow gradually subside, and a consolation will succeed to distraction.


Experience had taught this most precious lesson to Kara Aziek; for often had she had occasion to feel in her own person, and through that of her husband, that

“ We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good : so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.”



The silent caresses and touching tears of her daughter, contributed to console, rather than to afflict her: so sweet, so amiable, so excellent a creature, was she not destined to ornament and to bless mankind?—The heart of a fond mother answered in the affirmative; and like the sick person who courageously bears the crisis of a disorder when the paroxysm is expected to work his cure, she roused herself to support a parting which she hoped would lead to permanent re-union.

Though flattering herself that many months would not elapse ere the path should be open for Sebastian's return to Portugal, she exhorted Blanche, as if their separation were to endure for years: her admonitions were few and impressive; she had nothing new to teach her daughter, but what she had been hitherto teaching her every day by example rather than precept, she now summed up, in easily remembered maxims.

This discourse with her mother was never forgotten by Blanche.

Gaspar had provided the accommodations requisite for his young mistress; all their arrangements were completed, and the day was fixed for the sailing of the vessel which was to convey them to Europe. Sebastian confided to his friend a packet for Don Emanuel de Castro, signifying the extent to which he would engage himself with any foreign power willing to assist him: this packet contained also a letter to Queen Elizabeth, which Blanche was to deliver at their first meeting.

Sebastian had written with the dignity of a King, and the tenderness of a father: by the warmth of his paternal expressions, he sought to make her sensible that she could not hope to injure or distress his child with impunity. He expressed himself strongly, yet with such courtly address, that although Elizabeth must feel his meaning, and see his doubts, she could not openly reply to them.

The hour of separation drew near; the ship was to sail on the morrow.

Having resolved to let no other objects share her heart with her parents, at that moment in which she alone would occupy theirs, Blanche took leave of the Indians on the preceding evening: their uncontrolled lamentations affected her powerfully; and it was not till the night was far advanced, that she recovered from the mournful impression.

Day-break awoke her: when she first opened her eyes at the rustling of the breeze among the tall tops of a grove of Magnolias, when she saw their beautiful foliage, and heard the birds singing from their branches, she felt a sudden shock; for this was the last time in which she should see these trees, or feel this air!

She was going far away! she was going from her parents! at this conviction a death-like sickness oppressed her very heart: she sunk back on her pillow, and believing the effort impossible, resigned herself to an excess of despair. The tears which she shed in floods, gradually relieved her feelings, and left them more obedient to her will: she repeated to herself the injunctions and arguments of her parents, she strove to fix a short period for the continuance of their separation, and having recourse to devotion, was enabled to quit her chamber with a tolerably serene countenance.

It was yet early day; no one else was stirring, and Blanche rose thus soon, that she might take a parting look at the recent grave of Barémel.

This playmate and guardian of her infant days, had died of old age, and was buried by Sebastian himself under a cluster of Palmito's in his garden. No stone, with indecent resemblance to the monument of departed man, marked the place where he laid; but a circle of plaited reeds enclosed the little mound, and Blanche often stole there, to cover the bed of her favourite with flowers.

She now moved lightly and timidly towards it, half-ashamed of a sensibility it was amiable to feel. O lovely season of youth! how sweet art thou to behold, with thy attendant graces of modesty, susceptibility, and self-distrust!

The colours of the blooming flowers through which she passed painted the soft complexion of Blanche; hers was the complexion that announced a tender and intelligent heart, for it varied with every thought and every feeling; it was now flushed with strong emotion.

She approached Barémel's grave, and was going to throw herself upon it with a violence of sorrow pardonable at her early age, when she was checked by the apprehension of its being criminal.—“ Yet he was so loving, and faithful !” she exclaimed, tears trembling in her eyes, “ I think it cannot be wrong to remember him with affection.” Her innocent heart decided in the affirmative, and sitting down near the grassy heap, she strewed it with blossoms, and gave loose to her tears.

Her mind was quickly thronged with long-past images : different epochs of holidays and festivals in which Barémel had constantly performed some amusing part, passed in review before her. She remembered his joyful bark, his supplicating whine, his watchful and loving looks, his unwearied attendance of her from infancy to youth, over all the romantic region that surrounded Cachoeira. “ Poor Barémel ! I can never see thee again !” she said, sighing : that apostrophe conveyed to her heart a salutary exhortation to take comfort on a far dearer subject.

She was indeed going to quit her parents, but not for ever ; they were yet in the flower of their lives, and Providence therefore permitted her to anticipate their future re-union. Blanche was of a grateful disposition ; she loved to be happy, and far from partaking in the nature of those wretchedly tempered spirits who seem to feast on discontent, and refuse to be comforted ; she opened her soul to admit the smallest particle of consolation.

Her reflections now assumed a more serious cast, (for they were employed in enumerating the mercies she yet possessed, and those she might anticipate without presumption,) but they were no longer afflicting :

anxious to seize this moment of resignation for appearing before her parents, she got up, and giving a long look of regret to the resting-place of her early companion, turned homeward.

Sebastian was advancing in search of her: "I have only been to look at poor Barémel's grave," she said blushing, "since you have told me all that I owe to him, his memory has become almost sacred to me, he saved my dear father's life."

Blanche added the last sentence with trepidation which shewed she was eager to give an honourable excuse for what might have been deemed a weakness. Sebastian pressed her hand as he led her forward: "like thy mother in all things!" he observed, "ever diffident of thy best and most engaging actions!"

They proceeded in silence to the apartment of Kara Aziek: she had yet many things to say, or to repeat, and she was now gathering fortitude to pronounce them calmly. Blanche sat down between her parents: each held out one of her hands, and frequently pressed it; but as yet, none of them spoke: their eyes were fixed on the ground.

Why is it that the dearest connexions, when about to lose sight of each other, avoid looking on the countenance they love, and which they will so soon long to behold again? is it that the soul instinctively prepares for its calamity, and tries to soften the pang by gradual abandonment of its enjoyments? or is it that grief would be uncontrollable if those delightful feelings were indulged which we are conscious must end with the removal of the person beloved?

Whatever be the motive, its effect was seen in the family at Cachoeira: they remained silent and immoveable, drawing by stealth long and interrupted sighs. They were summoning resolution to speak of parting.

At this moment Gaspar hastily entered; every eye was raised towards him: "The ship sails an hour earlier than we expected, a messenger has just come

from St. Salvador to say so, we have not an instant to lose."

Kara Aziek uttered a loud shriek, and clasped her daughter in her arms; they had started up at Gaspar's first words, and now remained clinging to each other. Tears, sobs, broken exclamations, embraces repeated again and again, were the witnesses of their sorrow.

Gaspar called on them to remember the fatal consequence of delay: almost subdued himself, he yet had courage to appear barbarous, that he might shorten the pangs of others.

Blanche heard him not: she flung herself alternately from the arms of one parent to those of the other, and as she deluged their bosoms with her tears, she called on them to assure her that their separation should not be eternal.

Cold damps stood on the brow of Sebastian, for the pains of death were in his heart, but his eyes were tearless. Kara Aziek was like one frantic; her softness had given place to a wild and resisting despair: she clung to her child, and no remonstrances had power to loosen her grasp!

Sebastian trembled for her reason, and that fear gave him strength to accomplish what he knew to be indispensable. He advanced towards his wife, forcibly, yet tenderly, unlocked her hands as they met round the waist of Blanche, and hastily pushing his daughter towards Gaspar, exclaimed, "Go, go my child! if you would not kill your mother. I have, I have blessed you—I bless you again."

Gaspar had seized the arm of Blanche, while his agitated master was trying to detain Kara Aziek; he now led the former towards the door, and lifting her up, ran with her from the house to the caloche which was to carry them to St. Salvador.

On reaching the carriage, he found that she had fainted; less alarmed at this natural effect of sorrow, than he would have been grieved by her lamentations, he got into the vehicle, and supporting her against his

der, proceeded to bathe her temples with a pungent
ce he usually wore about him.

s exertion succeeded, Blanche revived : she look-
und, and seeing herself on the road, she knew
all hope of present change was desperate : her
closed again, but it was only to weep with less
usness, and to preserve their last look of her pa-

CHAPTER XII.

IT was long ere Sebastian could calm the anguish of her, who still

“Warmed his fond heart, and beat in every pulse.”

To the pang of parting, quickly succeeded the tortures of suspense; her child was at the mercy of an ocean whose horrors she had herself experienced too awfully not to apprehend similar disaster for others.

Aziek soon ceased to complain, but Sebastian's watchful eyes marked the sudden alteration in hers at every blast of wind. Those wintry storms which formerly served to heighten the sublimity of their scenery, were now heard with horror: the pale cheek, the lifted eye, the scarce-breathed, half-checked apostrophe, all testified the suffering of an anxious mother.

Sebastian perceived the inutility of remonstrance and exhortation; these might teach her to conceal her grief, but they could not bring her to conquer it: he abandoned them therefore, contenting himself with winning her to other interests, and planning new calls upon her benevolence.

He talked perpetually of Blanche, he talked without gloom; he reverted to her sweet manners and virtues, he repeated the anecdotes of her childhood, (anecdotes, which a mother never ceases to hear with interest) he drew various imaginary pictures of her future destiny, and he took care to make those pictures pleasing. By degrees Kara Aziek learnt to associate the prospect of happiness with this temporary privation; she learnt to believe the sanguine fortunes he foretold, and her mind, permitted to dwell on one dear object, readily took the only way he chose should lead to it. If tears sometimes trickled down her cheek at the name of her *far-distant treasure*, they were tender tears, full of *gratitude and hope*.

The tedious months at length wore away, and letters arrived from Sicily.

What were the emotions of the parents when they saw the writing of their daughter, and were thus assured of her safety ! for some time they could not read her letter ; but they opened not any other, their child's sentiments and situation absorbed all their interest. Having recovered himself, Sebastian read the letter aloud, though his voice and his hand yet betrayed signs of remaining agitation.

The letter contained an account of Blanche's voyage, a warm acknowledgment of Gaspar's cares, description of her reception by the Duchess of Medina Sidonia, and a confession of her pleasurable emotions on witnessing the customs and refinements of Europe.

To these details was added the most affecting expressions of love for her parents, and of sorrow at their wide separation : it was evident that the simple enjoyments of her native village yet held their place in her uncorrupted heart ; the amusements of Sicily could not displace them, for these amusements only gratified her senses.

Charmed with the Duke and Duchess of Medina Sidonia, she described their kindness in glowing language : her delineation of their sentiments relieved Kara Aziek from many fears ; with such noble persons she could trust her daughter's heart.

The packets from De Castro and Gaspar were chiefly on business : Sebastian perused them attentively. They informed him that Queen Elizabeth's favourable disposition yet remained unimpaired, but that being desirous of acting on certainties, and avoiding indiscreet reliance on her good faith, De Castro thought it expedient to return to London with his credentials from Sebastian, for the settlement of a final treaty between them ; of which Princess Blanche should be the pledge on the side of Portugal, and an immediate loan of money, (for the furtherance of their schemes,) the guarantee on the part of England.

This arranged, he would instantly send for Blanche

who might be safely committed to Gaspar, and would be permitted to retain this watchful friend about her person, at the court of London.

Through the exertions of Lord Essex, some German Princes had promised to join the triple league against their common enemy, and Henry of France, (perhaps secretly favouring those principles he had weakly yielded up to gain a throne,) actually advanced an unconditional sum of money for the aid of Sebastian's agents in their various missions.

A formidable expedition under the gallant Essex, was fitting out in the ports of England ; the capture or destruction of Cadiz was its object. But the most extraordinary part of this communication, was contained in the following sentences.

" Amongst the volunteers in our expedition, there are two, at whose names your majesty will start. Antonio of Crato, and his son Don Christopher. For some time the prior had been upheld by the English, but on discovering the instability and levity of his character, they abandoned his interests : I found him living a neglected and private individual in London.

" He was unconscious that my exertions here were caused by any stronger motive than the abhorrence of the Spanish yoke, (for our secret goes not beyond a small circle) and he deemed it right to visit me—my reception was so cold, that he quickly left me, and we have never met since.

" He is embarked in the enterprise, foolishly believing that it is meant for his exaltation : Lord Essex is aware of the use which may be made of this folly, (as it indeed serves to mask the real candidate for Portugal) and suffers him therefore to boast as he will.

" Don Christopher is of a different stamp : there is an honourable melancholy about him, that touched me at first sight ; it is easy to perceive that he blushes at the remembrance of his mother, and that the story of your majesty's wrongs has reached his ears. He accompanies the Earl of Essex as his lieutenant : for he is a true patriot, and seems earnest to make some

atonement for the sins of his parents. Let me, Sire, bespeak your favour for him when you meet him in Portugal."

At this mention of his perfidious cousin, Sebastian felt an emotion long unknown: his blood ran cold, and hastily putting down the letter, he took up that of Gaspar.

Kara Aziek had no attention to bestow on the abject Prior of Crato: she was absorbed in grateful contemplation of the happy prospect before her. Don Emanuel had enumerated so many Spanish and Portuguese nobles, eager to assist in the re-establishment of Sebastian or his offspring, that it would have been criminal to refuse placing some confidence in their efforts. England, France, and Holland were on their side, and nothing remained to be concluded, except the signing of a treaty, and the delivery of their mutual pledges.

With these prospects she was not merely consoled, she was inspirited: for the first time since the departure of Blanche her lovely eyes shone with happiness, and she smiled without effort. Her hopes were gay, her joy unclouded; for of the political world and its tumults, she had experienced too little to form a distant idea of its rapid mutations.

Sebastian on the contrary, though he abounded in hope also, formed an instantaneous picture of all the struggles and vicissitudes likely to follow the public proclamation of his claims. The lives, the fortunes, of every one embarked in his cause were now at stake: if Spain should feel in herself the strength adequate to resistance, she would certainly refuse to yield back the crown of Portugal, at the mere summons of England. War then, must decide it at last; that war which he had hitherto so carefully shunned!

To the painfulness of this reflection he opposed the chief argument of De Castro, which consisted in the horrible oppression of Philip: his extortions and cruelty, daily ruined or maddened some noble Portuguese; he carried their youth to fight against the Nether-

lands, and since not even personal safety was purchased by submission to his yoke, was it not better to shed their blood in brave resistance?

Aided by other powers, they would contend on equal terms, in point of physical strength: and the force of a powerful sentiment would surely give them superiority in all that related to opinion.

Revived by this reasoning, Sebastian banished the gloom of useless regret, yet he could not cease to occupy himself with conjecture and anticipation:—his mind was active and anxious, but that activity and that anxiety were full of cheerfulness.

From this day the discourses of Sebastian and Kara Aziek lost their pensive strain: they conversed more frequently together, and the theme they dwelt on was their return to Europe. Time seemed long to them, because they were eager, but it had ceased to be sad.

In these new emotions their former duties were not forgotten: as they anticipated a removal from Cachoeira, its peaceful inhabitants, formed by their care, and dependent on their goodness, became more interesting to them; the Guaymures had claims on their hearts, which neither Sebastian nor Kara Aziek were of a nature to disregard. They now redoubled their solicitude for their welfare; and Sebastian already decided on leaving part of his property in the hands of two respectable Portuguese, who had settled near his abode: to these men he might safely trust it, as a deposit for the promotion of public works, or as a fund in case of any unexpected calamity by fire.

Months had gone by, and the second appearance of ships from that quarter of the globe where all their interests were centered, was looked for eagerly by Sebastian and Kara Aziek: the ships arrived.

Assured of his daughter's health by seeing her hand writing, and now deeply solicitous to learn the event of the pending negociation, Sebastian transferred her letter to his wife, and opened the packet from Don Emanuel.

It was written immediately after his second return from England: it was full of joyous expectation, Elizabeth had acceded to all the requests of the King of Portugal; she was ready to exchange a large subsidy for the person of the Princess Blanche; her expedition against Spain had sailed, and the moment she should obtain some advantage there, and have the presumptive heiress of Portugal in her possession, she meant to send and demand of Philip the restitution of her father's kingdom.

De Castro was come back to Sicily for the purpose of securing his brother-in-law's support to the measures of England: by the council of his nobles, Philip might be influenced to resign a crown which he could not keep without their assistance.

Affairs then were at their crisis; or rather that crisis was past, and at this moment, Blanche was either residing in the palace of her ancestors, and accepted as the representative of her father, or dwelling in England, while foreign armies were disputing for her father's rights.

The agitation excited by this idea, was yet fresh in the hearts of Kara Aziek and her Sebastian, when a vessel with dispatches to the governor, brought intelligence that Cadiz was taken by the English, that it was suspected they meant to send out a fleet against Spanish America, and that consequently the governor was called on to prepare for obstinate defence.

This news reached Cachoeira by the messenger who brought a letter that had come in the same ship.

The letter was from Gaspar, and but a month later in date than that of De Castro: it was short and afflictive: Don Emanuel was dead. A long and violent fever with which he had been siezed soon after his return to Messina, had delayed the departure of Blanche, and had at last terminated the life of her most valuable friend.

De Castro had died in the full belief that Providence favoured the cause of justice and his King; he had died at the brightest moment of their enterprise; he

was therefore to be envied perhaps, if Providence should will a different fate, and ordain disappointment to the allies.

But what a shock was this event! what a loss! the grief of Sebastian was as profound as remembrance of De Castro's past services, and dependence on his exertions might be expected to render it: he lamented not only the best of men, but the most zealous of friends. The sinew of his strength was gone; nay rather, was not De Castro the soul of every project?

A solemn check was here given to those anticipations which had so lately spread joy through Cachoeira: one blow, taught him who had been stricken by repeated misfortune, to expect another, and while he mourned the companion he loved, he trembled to imagine that new calamities might be in store for himself and others.

Kara Aziek entered into all his feelings; her daughter, deprived of this faithful protector, whom power and influence rendered more valuable than the humbler though equally devoted Gaspar, pressed on her heart, and called aloud for succour.

Upon the affection of the Duke and Duchess of Medina, she slightly calculated, (for we do not receive strong impressions by mere description, we must witness attachment, to rely on its existence) Kara Aziek only saw her inexperienced daughter, alone, desolate, and sad, going amongst strangers, to whose honour she must trust for generous treatment.

Distracted, bewildered, unconscious of what to wish or to propose, she fell into a passion of grief which Sebastian understood but too well. He was standing buried in thought: at the sound of her sobs he started, and approaching her to support her, said in a composed tone; "We have indeed lost our best friend, my Aziek! he cannot be replaced. Ought I not to consider his death as the voice of Heaven calling me to abandon this solitude and appear on the scene myself? Even in his most sanguine moments De Castro regarded England with suspicion, and knew her to be guided

by self-interest : that base principle may as easily lead to her betraying my affairs, as to her advancing them. What then would be the fate of our Blanche ? rouse yourself my beloved ! we must stand the shock of peril together—my resolution is taken—I quit Brazil.

At these words Kara Aziek flung herself on his bosom with a cry of joy ; she had lost sight of every object except her daughter, and contemplating her desolate state, possible danger to her husband was forgotten. “O my Sebastian !” she exclaimed, “let us indeed brave the world united ; give me back my child, and then whatever be the destiny awarded us, we shall meet it with courage. Here, our peaceful days are over—long, long have they been over, without Blanche we live on, bereft of our soul.—Shall we ever see her again ? O thought too blissful !”

She ceased, overcome with an emotion which Sebastian endeavoured to moderate, by assuring her, that when once they had regained their daughter, no political motive should induce him to resign her a second time.

The letter from Gaspar was again read ; and a long postscript which Sebastian had overlooked in his first consternation, now served to guide him in his plan for the future.

This postscript informed him that Juan (the cousin of Don Emanuel) had set off for England with the intelligence of their loss ; and that the detention of Blanche had been agreed upon amongst them, until Queen Elizabeth should fulfil her promise by sending part of the stipulated subsidy. This caution, together with the length of time which must pass ere Don Juan could return, (in consequence of the secret and circuitous route by which all voyages to an enemy’s country were necessarily taken) animated Sebastian to hope that his daughter had not yet left Sicily, and that he might find her still at Messina.

It was his intention rather to become his own pledge of faith, than to risk the security of his child. Known in Sicily as the orphan ward of Don Emanuel, she had

hitherto lived unsuspected, under the protection of his sister: it was true, most people concluded her to be the illegitimate offspring of her reputed guardian, but that conclusion excited no further inquiries, and threatened her with no danger: it was therefore the safest asylum in which affection could place her.

Having formed his resolution, Sebastian lost no time in beginning to act: he settled his arrangements at Cachoeira; he left the largest portion of his remaining property in the hands he had proposed, and preparing his mind for toils and troubles to which it was now disused, he bade an eternal farewell to Brazil.

It was a day of dismal sadness at Cachoeira, when its founder departed: the importunate lamentations of his Indians followed him even to St. Salvador; many of them petitioned to go with him, some refused to quit his side till they saw him embarked, others flung themselves into the sea and swam after the ship.

Sebastian had thanks and benedictions for them all: Kara Aziek repaid them with her tears, and affectionate though mournful smiles. She knew they were never to meet again, and her heart ached to think how delusive were the hopes of their return, which each ardent native continued to express, and demanded to have confirmed.

At length the sounds of sorrow no longer reached them from the receding shore, it became more distant every moment, it lessened to a speck, it sunk beneath the horizon! They looked back, and that vast continent was blotted out from their sight: nothing remained but their solitary vessel in the midst of that solemn and toiling ocean, beyond which they were going to court difficulty and danger.

Their situation was like that of a soul returning a second time into mortal life, after having long reposed on the calm of another world. Kara Aziek doubted whether she should have strength to encounter the cares inseparable from such a change: and Sebastian searched his spirit to discover some of that fire and decisiveness which once predominated in his character, though it had lain dormant at Cachoeira.

Bereft of Don Emanuel de Castro, he felt dependent chiefly on himself; (for Don Juan he remembered merely as a very young lord whose character was not yet developed when they sailed for Africa,) he shuddered to think what might ensue should the Duke of Medina fail him at this awful moment: should he have betrayed the secret of Blanche's birth, her parents might be hastening only to hear that their innocent child was immured in a Castilian prison; but should he prove faithful, his counsel might in some measure atone for the loss of De Castro.

Sebastian revolved these thoughts with deep attention; for the period was critical, and he was about to play a solemn game that staked his liberty and his life, the safety of his wife and daughter, and the existence of Portugal.

CHAPTER XIII.

FILLED with such agitating interests, neither Kara Aziek nor Sebastian marked the dangers of their voyage : they heard the raging storms without apprehension ; mightier storms were threatening from afar, of still deadlier import, and though they cherished a rational hope of finding the scene less fearful than they dreaded, they felt a presentiment of impending evils.

In something more than three months they reached St. Lucar, whence they immediately took a passage up the Straits, to Messina.

They had re-embarked, and the vessel was under weigh, when a stranger put off in a boat from the shore, and gained the ship. He had come post from Madrid on some business near St. Lucar, and was now anxious to reach the Venetian gulph where he calculated on obtaining a birth in some vessel proceeding to Venice : his looks were those of a man who has just quitted a scene of confusion : he had indeed left the capital of Castille an hour after its gloomy tyrant had breathed his last.

Philip the second was dead : and as if the whole fabric of her enormous power was shaken by this event, the strangers in Madrid all hurried to convey the news, each to his own country, anxious to proclaim that this was the moment for crushing the despotism of Spain.

Sebastian was sitting alone with Kara Aziek in the cabin they had exclusively engaged for themselves, when the captain suddenly entered, and unconscious of the peculiar interest his passengers had in such a communication, imparted the death of Philip merely as a piece of news. He then bolted out again, leaving Sebastian transfixed with surprise.

This event was indeed important to him : it was that which would give his confederates every advantage,

by affording them the opportunity of falling upon Spain at a moment when her unsettled government could but feebly resist, or would find it policy to comply with their demands : such an event looked like an omen of success.

Amazement had struck both Sebastian and Kara Aziek speechless : they did not hear the concluding sentence of the captain, who had requested leave to send his new passenger into their cabin, as he was of rank, and no other part of the ship was fit for his reception ; they were startled therefore to see a stranger of good mien and richly habited, enter their apartment.

The bright flush of their countenances subsided directly, and they turned towards the windows ; for Sebastian was anxious to avoid the chance of recognition.

The stranger hesitated ; at length closing the door, he advanced and apologized for his intrusion, pleading the necessity occasioned by a violent fall of rain, which drove him from the deck, and obliged him thus to throw himself upon the politeness of others.

The gentleman spoke in Italian, which was evidently his native tongue.

His address was too courteous for Kara Aziek to persist in an appearance of incivility : she turned round, and pronounced with hesitation, the permission he sought.

Sebastian remained as if in thought, with his face to the windows ; the stranger sat down : he continued to converse with his fair companion, who listened attentively, since he talked of the event which occupied her thoughts. He spoke eloquently of the atrocious crimes that had disgraced the life of Philip, and hazarded several acute conjectures upon the changes which his death would produce in the cabinets of Europe. In particular, he described one of the tyrant's most insolent acts to the republic of Venice, and anathematized his iniquitous treatment of Portugal.

At this part of his harangue, Sebastian unconsciously turned round, and fixed an earnest look on the speaker ; the latter started, stretched eagerly forward, be-

trayed signs of doubt and surprise, and for a moment was silent ; but he resumed his discourse, on seeing that Sebastian precipitately moved away.

While the Italian continued to speak, he watched every movement of Sebastian: his countenance rapidly expressed the succession of thoughts which this observation excited ; suddenly rising he came directly in front of the person he scrutinized. At this action an indignant flush crimsoned Sebastian's features ; his look became severe ; and the proud majesty with which he stepped back from the advance of his observer, made the latter pause.

" I mean not to offend, Sir !" said the stranger, respectfully inclining his head, " Gracious Virgin ! can it be possible : I know not what to—I dream surely !—so many years !—if I am right in my suspicion, my knee should follow the homage of my mind."

Sebastian saw that he was discovered, but resolving to retain concealment as long as possible, he gravely replied, " your manners surprise me sir ! I am unconscious of ever having seen you before."

The stranger still kept his eyes rivetted to the face of Sebastian, but their expression was rather inviting than hostile. " My memory assures me, sir," he returned, " that I have seen you before : it was in the palace of Santos de Veiel, on the coast of Algarve, where I went on a secret mission from the Venetian Republic, to the young king of Portugal. Many years have gone by since that period, but I still retain the impression made on me by Don Sebastian's most princely lineaments and gracious presence.—His moderation, justice, and magnanimity in the conduct of state business, I had then an opportunity of observing ; his ardent piety was no less my admiration :—and since the fatal year in which he was said to have perished, I have always been one of those who most eagerly listened to the various stories of his re-appearance.—I wish you to know *me* completely, sir : I am Signor Giuseppe Morosini: the name of the noblest house in Venice, is, I trust, a herald of honour :—at this day, *my brother* holds the first dignity of the republic."

"Your mien announced your nobility, sir!" replied Sebastian, endeavouring to preserve the repelling coldness with which he awed the vivacity of the Italian: Signor Morosini looked disappointed and embarrassed; his remark did not answer his question, and he feared to repeat it.

"My enthusiasm transports me too far;" he said, after a short silence, "if you are not the personage I imagine; my discourse must sound like the ravings of a madman, pardon me sir, I have no curiosity; respect and disinterested zeal, alone dwell in my heart.—I see that I am not understood—or not recollected—or not credited:—I am at a loss what to do."

The Venetian stopt, and sitting down, Sebastian perceived that he contrived to let his mantle fall off, and discover below the collar of his ruff, a device of diamonds which fastened it to his vest: this very bauble he remembered having given to the Venetian envoy, at the period mentioned by this stranger. He now examined him attentively; and as Signor Morosini's countenance had lost its vivacity, and taken an air of mortification, that expression came nearer to the serious air of a man of business: he began to recollect his features and his figure; though the former were extremely darkened, and the latter greatly enlarged since they met at De Veiel. But still he shrunk from precipitate disclosure, and remained silent.

Kara Aziek, in whom the stranger's first address had awakened a thousand fears, now recovered from that impression, and exchanged an approving glance with Sebastian: she ventured not to speak, and for some time, silence succeeded to the warmth of energetic discourse.

The reflections of Sebastian were fluctuating and troubled: his nature led him to implicit confidence in the protestations of a man of whom he remembered nothing that was not honourable; but experience had taught him to doubt and to investigate, ere he trusted past recal.

Yet in what way should he act? if Signor Giuseppe were permitted to depart under the impression which

it was evident he retained, pique at being distrusted, might render him forward to describe the person he had seen, and the surprise that encounter had caused him. Such conduct must prove destructive of that secrecy, which, for awhile, should belong to Sebastian's intercourse with Spanish subjects: he would be traced to Messina, to the abode of the Duke de Medina Sidonia's wife, and the sacrifice of their whole family might follow the annihilation of his own.

Was it not better therefore, to take a bold step, and rely at once on the honour and truth of this Venetian's near relationship to the Doge, and the aversion he expressed to the memory of Philip, might be fairly considered as grounds for confidence; and if his favourable remembrance of the Portuguese monarch, inspired him to attempt acquiring for the confederate powers, the assistance of Venice, his friendship must be considered as an important advantage.

These thoughts were agitating her husband, while Kara Aziek tried to support languid conversation with Signor Morosini: the latter preserved a timid and mortified air, yet now and then he stole an earnest glance towards both his mysterious companions.

Sebastian suddenly approached, and lowering his voice, said, "I would learn from you, noble Venetian, the name of him for whom you take me?"

Signor Giuseppe raised his head, and said frankly, "For Don Sebastian himself."

Sebastian gave no other answer than a gracious smile: the Venetian seized the confession made by this well-remembered smile, and bent his knee to the ground; the King gave him his hand, raised him up, and seated himself by his side.

Signor Morosini, with the vivacity of his country, then began to pour forth expressions of sincere joy, of wonder, of curiosity: he was eager to learn where the King of Portugal could have been concealed so long; and ere Sebastian found voice to reply, had imagined a thousand fantastic and improbable adventures, *which he uttered with more than his usual rapidity.*

Sebastian briefly replied, then added, "You find that I know what is due to the bare word of a veritable man: you have merely assured me that I should serve me, and relying on that assurance, I never hesitate to employ your friendship in connection with the Republic. For my long irresolution at our first meeting, your own sense of discretion advised: in circumstances like mine, caution is a

Mr. Morosini replied with an excess of urbanity: he witnessed his words; and the readiness with which he promised to use the utmost diligence and care, in his negotiation with the Doge and the Senate, forced Sebastian to confess, that his warmest friends were ever those on whom he had no right to depend.

Aziek had retired to another part of the castle, taking up some needle-work, ventured not to interrupt a discourse, where every word was of consequence to Sebastian, who alone could know how much to hold or to confide.

Sebastian observed, that he never mentioned Blanche, but only prayed leave to postpone telling the whole of her adventures, and that although he spoke of England, France, and Holland, as favourably disposed towards the Republic, he did so in general terms; declining further explanation, until Venice had determined on what course she should pursue.

Mr. Giuseppe understood only, that the King of Sicily was going to seek some old friend in Sicily; and solemnly swearing not to confide that secret, even if another, he promised to be speedy in dispatching the success or failure to Messina.

When situated, the vessel brought them to the mouth of the Venetian gulph.

As many ships were proceeding to Venice, that Signor Morosini found no difficulty in procuring the passage sought: he renewed his promises of secrecy and devotedness, and getting into a felucca, was soon landed from the vessel of Sebastian.

Filled with unexpected satisfaction by this Providential rencontre, and led to hope complete success since Philip was snatched from the world, Sebastian discouraged not the expression of Kara Aziek's joyful feelings. He believed that the terror of Philip's name no longer operating to intimidate other Sovereigns, past injuries would make them rise to limit the power of his successor, such an event must prove a signal for Portugal to start forward in her own cause: and if at the same time her long-lost monarch should appear at the head of a confederate army, would not his miraculous appearance stimulate them to victory.

It was now that the sun once more shone out over the darkened fate of Sebastian: how various, how trying had been his lot! but he was becoming accustomed to change: and that equanimity of soul which so peculiarly distinguishes those who have passed through many vicissitudes, was already visible, equally under sunshine or under storms.

Kara Aziek was less philosophic, and more animated; she thought their allotted time of suffering had reached its termination, and fondly anticipating a reunion with her daughter, trusted that after this moment their destiny must remain bright and secure.

The wind favoured her eagerness: their vessel proceeded rapidly, and gained the port of Messina.

The house of Marco Cattizone (a name assumed by Gaspar, who believed it prudent to lull curiosity, by passing for an Italian) was easily discovered: as Sebastian and Kara Aziek approached it, their heart throbbed with apprehension, lest they should not find him: if he were gone to England with Blanche, another tedious voyage must be taken.

They had wrapped themselves in large mantles to conceal their figures, without appearing to have studied concealment, and having landed towards night they reached the house unnoticed. Sebastian knew that Gaspar had married the favourite woman of the Duchess Medina, (by whom this little estate was given

as her dowry) he was therefore prepared to act cautiously, when appearing thus unexpectedly before a friend, whose surprise might betray him into indiscretion.

Having learned that Marco Cattizone was at home and alone in his garden, he went with Kara Aziek into a retired room, and desired him to be sent for. In a few moments Gaspar entered: Sebastian and Kara Aziek stood with their faces averted till the servant had closed the door, they then turned round, and Gaspar uttered a cry of joy: the next instant his countenance changed, and he exclaimed, "In the name of God, dearest master, why are you here? this precipitate step"—His looks expressed the apprehension he felt.

Regardless of themselves, the impatient parents only pronounced the name of Blanche. "She is here, blessed be Heaven!" returned Gaspar, "still the care and delight of our good Duchess."

"Does she remember us," exclaimed Kara Aziek, "does she love us as she used to do?"

Gaspar's animated reply drew a flood of joyful tears down the cheeks of the tender mother: lost in delightful anticipations, she listened not to the alternate interrogatories and explanations of Sebastian and his friend; when they spoke of the subject nearest her heart, she was all ear again.

They spoke of Blanche's prolonged stay at Messina.—Gaspar confessed, that after the death of Don Emanuel de Castro, some wavering conduct on the part of Queen Elizabeth, had rendered him fearful of committing so precious a pledge to her good faith. Elizabeth had taken advantage of their loss, to dictate new terms of alliance, and in her conversation with Father Texere, had stipulated for two of the most important islands belonging to Portugal, in the Atlantic and Indian Ocean, to be given her as a compensation for her services, in case Don Sebastian should be restored: the repayment of the subsidy, of course, was not abandoned in her altered articles.

Her avidity, and the ungenerous advantage thus ta-

ken of desperate circumstances, had alarmed Gaspar, and disgusted the other adherents of Sebastian : they deemed it right to detain Princess Blanche till the English Queen should come back to her former terms; since once delivered into her possession, the safety of Blanche might be turned by her into an instrument of fresh extortion.

The ultimatum of the confederate nobles had lately been sent to London, and at this period, Don Juan de Castro, (who was the bearer of it) was daily expected to arrive with the decision of Elizabeth.

Intelligence like this must have struck a death-blow to the hopes of Sebastian, had he not possessed a ground of encouragement in the prospect of Venetian aid, and some consolation from the death of him who had trampled on his country : his countenance was undismayed. " Let us not despond, my friend ! I have other resources yet.—Providence has not abandoned your King :—our prime enemy is gone to answer for all his crimes against God and man,—Philip of Spain is dead."

Gaspar looked as if doubtful whether he were dreaming or awake, he turned a vacant gaze from Sebastian to Kara Aziek : the former repeated his assertion, briefly adding the source whence his information was derived. That explanation led to a narrative of the adventure with Signor Morosini ; at which Gaspar passed from the extreme of despondency, to the extreme of joy.

All his trouble vanished : he rightly believed that the accession of fresh allies would force Elizabeth into moderation and fidelity ; and that Philip III. unwilling to strain the nerves of an infant government, and eager to regain those friends which his gloomy predecessor had spurned from him, might yield with a good grace to the mediation of so many princes, and restore the crown of Portugal.

Relieved from the torture of contemplating future disasters, he now considered the arrival of his sovereign, as an alarm to raise the spirits and confirm

the loyalty of his adherents ; and no longer apprehensive for his personal security, he delivered himself up to the gratifications of friendship.

Only the remembrance of De Castro, the generous De Castro, saddened this meeting : his activity and virtues were sincerely eulogised : his last hours were described by Gaspar ; and many were the tears which then embalmed his memory.

The distance of villa Rosolia, obliged Kara Aziek to resign the expectation of embracing her daughter before the next day. Gaspar dwelt at Messina for the convenience of receiving and forwarding despatches beyond sea ; and Kara Aziek divined, that as his wife still retained her situation about the person of the Duchess, he had formed the connection chiefly that he might visit the villa unnoticed by the other domestics ; thus preserving his intercourse with the Duke, and his interest in Blanche undiscovered.

Villa Rosolia was two leagues off, but Gaspar deemed it expedient to despatch a messenger with a letter to Blanche under cover to his wife, informing her of the arrival of her parents, and preparing her to receive them on the ensuing day.

The return of this messenger brought a letter from Blanche written in the overflowings of filial joy ; she named an early hour for receiving her parents on the morrow, when she hoped they were to meet never to part again.

Parental emotions banished sleep from the pillow of Kara Aziek and Sebastian : their night was spent in conversation about her, upon whom hung all their domestic happiness. Would they find her still the same artless and admirable creature they had parted with in Brazil ! would the same beautiful countenance present itself unchanged to their partial sight ?

A multitude of natural doubts and fears moderated their joy, but increased their impatience, and they rose soon to commence their short journey to Rosolia.

Gaspar had the self-denial to remain behind, lest his appearance in familiar society with the visitors of the

Duchess Medina, should excite curiosity in her household.

The hired carriage which conveyed them from Messina, was not long of bringing them to the gate of the villa. At beholding that house which contained her child Kara Aziek's emotion was heightened to painfulness: she turned pale, grew faint, and alighting from the carriage, tottered into a hall, almost unconscious of existence.

Having paused a little to recover herself a servant led them into an unoccupied apartment, where they were immediately joined by their daughter.—She came alone.

At her entrance, both parents stretched out their arms towards her, without having power to advance; they scarcely saw the beautiful young creature who sprung to their embrace with the bloom of a Hebe, and a sensibility which covered her glowing cheeks with tears: they knew it was their child; for her voice vibrated in well-remembered sweetness on their ear.

They blessed, they embraced, they wept over her; they murmured out their gratitude to Heaven; and lost to every thing else, thought only that they were indeed met to part no more.

When this mutual transport had a little subsided, they were able to look attentively on Blanche: it was not her extreme beauty (though she was lovelier than any "mortal mixture of earth's mould") that elevated and delighted their hearts; it was the expression which made that beauty beautiful to them. Her eyes still beamed the tenderness and sweetness of her mother, her brow yet announced the energy and heroism of her father; her manner was still simple and modest; her words the language of unperverted truth.

The mutual details of this happy family may be easily imagined: they consisted on the part of the parents in the repetition of what they had already repeated to Gaspar; and on the side of Blanche, in accounts of her habits of life, and such interesting *anecdotes* of her protectress as were connected with them.

She informed her father that the Duke had been sent for express the evening before, on the death of Philip II. and ere Sebastian reached Messina, had gone for Spain with his only son Don Hyppolito, in order to appear at the first council of their new sovereign. This circumstance, though it robbed Sebastian of that nobleman's advice, was yet to be considered as replete with advantages, since in quality of counsellor to the new monarch, he might add his influence to the Portuguese party, when England and the other allies should openly proclaim in his favour.

Eager to introduce her protectress, Blanche now hastened away for that purpose; she returned, preceded by the Duchess.

Her resemblance to Don Emanuel deeply affected Sebastian, he kissed her hand in silence, and as he lifted up his head again, the Duchess saw that tears were on his cheek: interpreting their cause, she too, turned aside to hide rising emotion.

It is only a half sorrow which seeks to display itself: true grief, like true virtue, courts the shade.

Not a heart there, but was full of De Castro's memory, yet not a lip trusted itself to breathe his name.

The conversation flowed less on the past, than the future. Sebastian found that the Duchess possessed an acute and penetrating mind: she had entered into all the views of her brother and husband: and though the latter had never consented to act in rebellion against his own lawful sovereign, he was forward to avow his abhorrence of usurpation, and to prove it, by entering his protest against a detention of the Portuguese crown, should Philip refuse to resign it on the appearance of Sebastian.

She stated these principles with perfect candour, professing no more in her husband's name, than she knew him earnest to perform. She offered Sebastian the protection of her house, and the use of the revenues attached to it; for the family of Medina Sidonia was the richest in Spain, and this Sicilian estate made but a small part of their wealth.

Impressed by her generous conduct, both Sebastian and Kara Aziek renewed those protestations of eternal gratitude which they had first uttered, while acknowledging all they owed to her for her maternal care of their daughter, but they neither required nor accepted any additional favours beyond that of shelter for awhile.

Happy were the days that now flowed away at the villa Rosolia ; in the enjoyment of life's most hallowed affections, the parents and the child refused to allow any moment of their time to distracting cares ; they were all absorbed in each other.

Gaspar might be said to hover over their domestic circle ; for his spirit was always with them, though their inequality of rank rendered the discretion of distant respect an act of necessity. At some periods, however, this restraint was amply compensated. Innocent stratagems were devised by which he had opportunities of conversing whole hours with his noble friends ; and though his wife was not entrusted with the secret of Blanche's connexion with these extraordinary strangers, she knew them to be his former master and mistress, and wondered not at their graciousness to her husband.

Letters from Spain and Venice changed the calm aspect of villa Rosolia.—Medina Sidonia wrote, that he found the new King well inclined to lighten the burthens which his predecessor had imposed on the Portuguese, nay, that he was aware of the danger of driving them to despair, and the policy of conciliation ; and that he had listened with attention to Medina's suggestion of placing at the head of their government their first noble, the Duke of Braganza. This suggestion had been hazarded to try Philip's pulse, and from the moderation with which he received it, Medina sanguinely concluded, that he would not attempt retaining the crown when the legitimate owner was proved to be living.

Signor Morosini's packet contained more substantial *good fortune* : it accompanied an invitation from the

for Don Sebastian to repair immediately to Venice, where he promised (on certain conditions, advantageous for the republic, and not inimical to the interests of Portugal) to protect him against Spain, to procure the assistance of other Italian states, and if supported by England and France, to take up arms in defence.

Among the motives for gratitude to Don Sebastian the Venetian republic felt and acknowledged, a very considerable loan of money which she had borrowed at a time of imminent want, and which she had not since been able to return. Sebastian had cancelled the debt; and he now received this forwardness to assert his rights, as an honourable proof that politeness had not abandoned the world.

A list of illustrious names was subscribed to this declaration: he well remembered many of their signatures, which had been inscribed on official papers at the period referred to, and no longer doubting either the sincerity or success of Signor Morosini, he once more gave vent to his sanguine nature, and believed himself justified in trusting to the honour of the Venetians.

This seemed the crisis of his fate, the hour that was to determine whether Portugal should be emancipated, or doomed to eternal slavery. The bold act of sudden assuming his rights from the bosom of an independent state, would fix the wavering inclinations of France, England; Holland had never retracted her good offices; and thus supported, Sebastian believed himself bound to resolve decisively.

It was important for him to secure the friendly offices of some powerful personage in his own dominions, to whom could he look with such certainty, as to his kinsman the Duke of Braganza?

This nobleman was that Theodosius, Duke of Braganza, who at eleven years old had borne a royal standard over the field of Alcazar: he was now the only representative of their ancient house. To him, (as one to his recollection, and well acquainted with his feelings) Sebastian intended to address a confidential

dential letter, informing him of his existence, and of his determination to repair immediately to Venice, whence he should send a summons to Philip for the restoration of his dominions.

Gaspar eagerly offered to become the bearer of this important despatch, fearful that any messenger less aware of its momentous nature, might fail of delivering it, or loiter on his way. Gaspar's long absence from Portugal persuaded him that his person would be worn out of the memory of all but his most familiar associates, and to none of them, except his sisters, was his return from Barbary known. Besides the motive of duty, he pleaded his wish of once more beholding his relations, and to the force of such a plea rather than to his reasoning, Sebastian reluctantly conceded the permission he sought.

The letter for Braganza was given to Gaspar, who prepared for instant departure from Messina.

"This is a time of joy, honoured Sire!" exclaimed he, as he knelt to receive the parting benediction of his master, "why then that serious and almost sad look? I go with such a glow of hope in this heart of mine, that it convinces me Providence ordains Gaspar Ribeiro to be one of the favoured instruments in the great event we anticipate. Give me a farewell smile, my beloved liege! or I shall fear you doubt my discretion."

Sebastian gave the smile which his faithful servant solicited, but his heart smiled not, for the recollection of De Castro's death came over him, and he shuddered to think that even of this friend also accident might deprive him.

The departure of Gaspar was followed by preparations for that of Sebastian: his resolution was taken; and not even the fantastic fears of Kara Aziek (whose courage failed her when the moment drew near in which they must wholly depend on the sincerity of Venice) could make him shrink from the bold experiment he was about to hazard.

"Better to sink at once," he said to himself, "than to continue thus struggling for life, in a stormy ocean

of perpetual vicissitudes : the most precious things are not precious, unless held with a security of possession. I will loose or I will gain all !”

This determination, as it rather endangered his own security, than involved that of others, was equally the effect of reason as of feeling : he was no longer able to dwell in obscurity, since half Europe knew of his existence, and should he let this favourable crisis escape him, Spain would have time to win away his adherents, and might finally end by extirpating him and his race.

Again, therefore, must he repose his only child on the affection of the Duchess Medina Sidonia. Adopted by her, and known but as the offspring of Don Emanuel de Castro, should Providence ordain her parents to perish or to fail, she might pursue her blameless life in retirement, striving to forget that she had ever dreamed of power or of distinction.

Kara Aziek felt the urgency of this reasoning too strongly not to acquiesce in its decision : the safety of Blanche was far dearer to her than her own gratification ; but the lover of her youth, the tender friend and long-endearred companion of her maturity, had claims on her heart which not even her child could weaken.

“ I share thy fate, my Sebastian !” she said, as he spoke to her of remaining in Sicily, “ time has not changed thy Aziek’s soul : dost thou believe her less thine, or more capable of outliving thy loss, than when she drooped for thee to the tomb in Africa ?—Ah, know her still !”

“ I do, I do know thee still !” exclaimed Sebastian, with an overflowing heart,—“ and it is only my anxious care for thy safety, that makes me apprehend any danger where I expect none for myself. We go then, together, my Aziek ! May the Almighty grant that this may be the last, the decisive struggle !”

CHAPTER XIV.

PROSPEROUS as were the views before them, Sebastian and Kara Aziek did not leave their Blanche a second time without a trying conflict ; but they left her in the hands of another mother, and a short voyage wafted them into scenes of most momentous interest.

Signor Morosini received them at his mansion in Venice, with a vivacity of joy : and the Doge evinced his respect, by paying the homage of a first visit to his illustrious supplicant.

In this interview the terms of their future alliance were specified and fixed, and the mode of their proceedings settled. Morosini was appointed to repair immediately to Madrid, with a formal notification to Philip III. of his royal relation's existence, he was to assert the identity of Don Sebastian, and to demand the restitution of Portugal ; should Philip hesitate, he was then empowered to announce the Republic's intention to maintain the rights of their ancient ally. Armed with the assurance of aid from England, France, and the Low Countries, the Venetians feared not to embark in a cause so ably supported ; a sense of recent injuries from the proud house of Austria, contributed to inflame their zeal.

On the day of Morosini's departure from Venice, messengers were sent off for all the different courts in Europe, calling on them to assist in replacing a brother-monarch. Sebastian wrote with his own hand to Queen Elizabeth and to Essex, requiring the former to abate her hard conditions, and to accept any other guarantee for his fidelity to the engagements she exacted, than his only child.

While these agents were rapidly passing to and fro, the King of Portugal remained in the house of

Morosini, not yet formally declared before the senate, (because Morosini's presence would be necessary for his acknowledgment,) but in private implicitly trusted, and honorably attended by every senator.

The Protestant powers had already replied favorably to the letters of Sebastian, and despatched their representative to the court of Madrid, testifying their conviction of his identity, and making his restoration the basis of a general peace: no decisive answer was yet come from that court.

Morosini wrote, that Philip, and his ministers of course, rested their delay on the question of identity; and willing to consider Sebastian as an impostor, were then endeavouring to find him so: he advised an instant appeal to the Pontiff of Rome, whose investigation of the truth or falsehood of this wonderful event would be guided by pious motives alone, therefore to his decision the King of Spain must submit.

At this suggestion, Sebastian felt called upon to reveal his bosom principles; after explicitly detailing them, and pledging his solemn oath never to let them interfere with his conduct in public affairs, he declared his resolution to live and to die a Protestant, whether as a King or as a fugitive. He abjured the authority of Rome, protesting his willingness to meet the scrutiny of the Pope in common with other temporal Princes, but never to consider him as his superior in spiritual things.

Here was a stay to the forward zeal of Venice! the Doge receded with terrified precipitancy at this unforeseen avowal, and the reply of Morosini was full of dismay and persuasion!

Clouds began once more to gather over the fortunes of Sebastian; his warmest Italian friends avoided his society, or employed their zeal only in vain arguments to induce him to recant those doctrines which they deemed abominable, and which they dared not pollute themselves by hearing!

The Pope's legate finding exhortations and promises totally useless, at length pronounced the sentence of reprobation in his master's name; and threatened the

inhabitants of Venice with excommunication if they continued to uphold him, whom he proclaimed to be a devil, or a magician, assuming the form of the really deceased Sebastian.

Morosini returned from Madrid: his manner was changed, his zeal extinct. Of a character eagerly open to new impressions, which by their vivacity deceived the observer into a belief of their durability, he had been fascinated by the insinuating graces of Philip III. and suddenly chilled by the discovery of Don Sebastian's altered sentiments on the most important of subjects.

Philip had address enough to perceive the unsubstantial character he had to deal with; he affected to lament the affronts offered to Venice, he promised ample reparation, and by the most studied attentions to Morosini, flattered his vanity, and lighted up a transient flame of enthusiasm in his inflammable breast.

Morosini yet wavered between the romantic interest which a fugitive King excited, and the vain exultation inspired by a young and prosperous monarch's caresses, when the Pope's bull fell like a thunder-bolt between him and the fortunes of the former, and severed him from them for ever.

He now met Sebastian with confusion and restraint: his discourse was full of abstruse dogmas and church threatenings; he eulogized the unshakable, yet unpersecuting spirit with which Philip III. professed the faith of Rome; and he reluctantly confessed, that unless the King of Portugal would consent to acknowledge the supremacy of the Papal See, and to accept his crown on her conditions, the Senate of Venice could not openly proclaim, or secretly support him.

"What then!" exclaimed Sebastian, with some of his former impetuosity, "do you maintain the impious doctrine that man is more powerful than God? what human hand dare bar my hand to that throne on which the Divine Hand had placed me at the hour of my birth? Your birth-right is your patrimonial house, your *noble name*, your rank in the republic—mine is the

throne of Portugal and the Indies ; and now, by the blessing of God, I will perish ere I renounce it. When Kings are prosperous, then do you make them Gods ; when they are in adversity, you reduce them below humanity : what manner of justice is this ? Who shall say that aught but crimes can deprive a common individual of his lawful inheritance ? and are Princes to be more hardly dealt with than their subjects ?—Shame on such base conclusions.”

“ It is a crime, Sir, to abandon the only true faith, and adopt the creed of heretics.” Morosini spoke with a ruffled though hesitating voice. “ I dare not league my soul with any Prince who professes enmity to the church of Peter. If this were a mere political matter, we should not scrutinize the opinions of an ally, but it is a question of conscience. Can the Catholic republic of Venice consistently with its character, assist in taking the crown of Portugal from the head of a pious King, to place it on that of an apostate ?”

Sebastian gave him a lightning glance of proud indignation, but quelling the sudden emotion as it arose, he said deliberately,

“ The republic of Venice knows that my sentiments are in direct opposition to all persecution : that liberty of conscience which I claim for myself, I am ready to grant to others. Man cannot answer for man, at the last dread day ; beware then, how you yield up your soul to the authority of a mortal like yourself !—I disclaim all power over the spiritual part of my subjects : they are responsible to God, not to their King, for those religious tenets from which their good or evil actions proceed. When I return to Portugal I return to obey and to execute the laws ; to provide for the political prosperity of my people ; to endeavour at forwarding their moral improvement by my example ; and to live in amity with all nations who acknowledge one obligation to worship one creator, and to obey the one law of virtue that he has placed in every heart : further, than this, I exact of no man ; different portions of reason and different habits, will produce, to the end

of time, different degrees in the scale of religious advancement.

"Morosini, you now know my sentiments ; which I solemnly take Heaven to witness are faithfully delivered to you. If your republic will continue to support a man of such sentiments in his just claim, I pledge myself for eternal gratitude : if not, I condemn her not ; I lament her slavery to that anti-christian authority which once fettered myself, and I will depart in peace."

"Not so, Sir !" said Morosini, changing colour, and in a hurried voice, for shame was at his heart. "The republic is under the painful necessity of detaining you until our most holy father the Pope has signified his pleasure respecting her conduct."

Sebastian was transfixed by this reply ; the blood recoiled upon his heart, and he stood some moments incapable of speech ; then advancing and fixing a stern look on Signor Giuseppe, he said,

"On the faith of the whole republic, not merely on the word of him who proffered friendship unasked, did I come hither : eternal infamy will light on that republic if they suffer a hair of this head to fall. Beware how you damn yourselves to posterity by this unheard of treachery."

"What treachery, does Don Sebastian injuriously apprehend ?" asked Giuseppe, endeavouring to look tranquil.

"That which lays upon the surface of your own words : " was the reply—" you return from the court of him who has fallen heir to my usurped dominions, with a determination to make the fulfilment of your hasty promises depend upon my renunciation of those principles, which still believing, I dare not abjure. You cannot dispute the identity which your own eyes and lips have acknowledged, therefore, (seduced into Philip's interest,) you take refuge under Papal authority, and will deliver me up to imprisonment or to death, at the ordination of Rome."

Morosini appeared indignant at the supposition : in-

leed his mind was not yet made up to any decision ; and though fanaticism had taken alarm at the obstinate heresy of his former idol, he was far from lending a willing assent to an act of violence.

“ I am cruelly situated :” he exclaimed, at length, and the facile tears stood in his eyes—“ remember, Don Sebastian, that at the period I swore to serve you into death, I knew not that you were otherwise than a son of the church : since then you have undeceived me ; and that difference of opinion on matters of conscience which you have yourself established, obliges me to stifle the pleadings of my ardent prejudice in your favour, and to place my future conduct at the disposal of my spiritual director. In this instance I am only the organ of the republic ; it is she, who waits the result of her message to Rome : till that arrives, your majesty must condescend still to consider this house as your own. You command here as the guest of Giuseppe Morosini.”

Sebastian turned towards the Italian with a strong expression of disgust at his now-offensive courteousness : his blood boiled : but quickly subsiding, he repeated with a smile of contempt a short quotation from the Poet of England.

.....“ Note this good Sirs !

When zeal begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.”

“ Morosini !” he added, (and he spoke sternly and with the air of majesty) “ I must be spared in future this mockery of respect.

“ You cannot feel it, if you sincerely believe me reprobate of Heaven ; and if you do not believe me so, this abandonment of my cause either from interest or from fear, renders you despicable in the eyes of an honest and a brave man. Leave me, Sir ! I remain then, your prisoner—but I have friends without these walls who may with God’s blessing shake them to their centre : yea, the foundations of your city itself.”

Sebastian turned away as he concluded, and Morosini abruptly retired.

Sebastian was still too ingenuous for the world he lived in : the moment that roused his feelings or inflamed his passions, laid his whole heart open : that mantle of reserve, in which long efforts had taught him to wrap himself, was instantly discarded, and he shewed himself to his adversary with all his weaknesses and all his strength.

Fatal was his present sincerity : Morosini left him, mortified, humiliated, and enraged ; one hour's discourse had made him his determined foe.

When Kara Aziek rejoined her husband, she saw in his perturbed looks the herald of disagreeable tidings : her first thought was of Blanche, and she pronounced her name. Sebastian quieted this natural fear, and then, conscious that it is vain to think of concealing evils which we know must endure for a certain period, he proceeded to tell her the nature of his interview with Morosini.

She was prepared for disappointment, but not for an actual misfortune ; and at the intimation of their being prisoners in Venice, the blood forsook her cheeks. Her rapid imagination instantly created a thousand frightful images, which were indeed too likely to be realized : she sat cold and speechless as a statue, while Sebastian, tenderly enumerating the motives to courage under this evil, exhorted her not only to confidence in the exertions of their friends, but to confidence in Heaven.

Kara Aziek, with streaming eyes, did indeed look only to that Heaven for succour : but dark and intricate are the ways of Providence, and who dare assure themselves that what they dread most, is not destined to form part of those trials by which their souls are to be disciplined for a purer being ? She despaired not, but she ventured not to expect : scarcely did she hope.

Sebastian's courage rose in proportion to the peril with which he was threatened, and in seeking to tranquillize her he loved, he re-assumed himself.

Resolute to assert his freedom, and not tamely to bend his neck to the yoke imposed, he addressed a short note to the Doge and Senate, requiring their immediate answer to his question, of whether they sanctioned the words of Signor Morosini, and demanding permission to leave their territory, in case they declined fulfilling their former engagements.

This letter was answered by a request that he would attend the council of senators at midnight.

At the hour appointed, Sebastian got into the gondola of the Doge, which was sent for his conveyance : it conveyed him not to the senate-house, but to the state-prison.

Morosini's private resentment had co-operated with his ambition, his interest, and his his dread of excommunication : he alone of the Venetians knew the person of Don Sebastian, and upon his professing to believe that he had been imposed upon by the extreme likeness and great address of an impostor, the senate took alarm, readily seized this opportunity of abandoning a man whom the Pope anathematized, and for whose detention Philip had recently offered them the most tempting advantages, and precipitately determined on committing him to prison.

When Sebastian found himself thus betrayed, his fortitude transiently forsook him, and his limbs shook under him ; it seemed as if he had seen the last of all he loved : but quickly recovering, he turned to the governor of the place, and said calmly—

“ I demand the consolation of my wife's society. Tell your Senate, that I charge them, as they are men sensible to human affection, that they separate us not ! as they deal with me now, so will I requite them hereafter : for let them not believe that they may corrupt the justice of Heaven.”

Signor Valdorno bowed and obeyed, and after a long absence, re-appeared with Kara Aziek.

Left alone with her husband in an apartment, which though commodious, was still part of a prison, Kara Aziek looked round her with an air of distraction: her

eyes were wild and tearless, her hands burning as she clasped those of Sebastian. "Here then, we are to die!" she exclaimed, "or here we are to live, buried from our child!"

She fell senseless on his breast as she spoke, and lost for awhile all consciousness of their misfortune. Her recovery was followed by tears and incessant sighs, that pierced the heart of Sebastian: he sought to comfort her, but every delusive expression faltered on his tongue, and at length he remained silent, hopeless of success.

The silent and deep sadness of him who was still the dearest object of her love, made Kara Aziek sensible to the cruelty of indulging her own sorrow: she checked her sobs, she wiped away her tears, and firmly striving to resign herself to her fate, she rose from his supporting arms.

"We have not yet lost all!" she cried, "since we retain each other! for that greatest of mercies, O may I be properly thankful! pardon your Aziek my Sebastian, she is herself again."

Sebastian embraced her without speaking, for now tenderness subdued him, and his words were suffocated. The remainder of the night was spent in mutual attempts at animating the courage of each other, and in secret aspirations to the only source of real fortitude.

When the governor appeared on the morrow, to make a courteous offer of any service he might venture to bestow, Sebastian charged him with a second message to the senate, demanding the reason of this outrageous treatment, and calling on them to remember the respect due to the Lord's anointed. He had to learn that the senate of Venice no longer acknowledged his claim to such a title.

Morosini's moral apostacy had given them all a plausible pretext for violating the law of hospitality in the person of their dubious guest. If he were indeed an impostor, no crowned head would resent their treatment of him, no individual blame it: without having recourse to the plea of religion, (which might embroil

them with potentates professing the same faith with their victim) they might surely detain and punish him as a deceiver.

Most of the lords believed Morosini's assertion, (who had nearly persuaded himself to believe it also) that an extreme likeness had misled him, together with some circumstances which accident might have brought to the knowledge of the pretended King, but that in their last interview, these were rendered of no importance, since the incredible difference between the religion of the true and the false Sebastian, was a decisive proof of his imposture.

Many Venetians doubted this explanation; but they were spell-bound by spiritual terrors, and were willing to let events take their course.

Both parties united in outwardly discrediting his identity, and to that effect they answered his message.

"Since they have taken their stand on this vain ground," cried Sebastian to the governor, "my hour of triumph is at hand. Your senate dare not have the boldness or injustice to deny bringing me to the proof. I demand to be seen of the Portuguese: I am anxious to court the scrutiny of those who have known me from infancy to manhood. There are personal marks about most men which may certify them to others: my body is remarkable for them: let me be seen by those now living that have served about my person! I challenge your republic to produce me before the world. I invite the amplest investigation: if they find me not what I maintain myself, Sebastian the King of Portugal, let my head be smitten off—carry this message, sir, to the Doge."

Fluctuating, and fearful, and interested, the Doge and his counsellors were ill-disposed to grant the fair demands of him they were betraying: the threats of Rome, and the persuasions of Spain, could not induce them to deliver up Sebastian to certain destruction; but they temporized and qualified, and by detaining the object of Philip's alarm till he should gain time to win over Sebastian's friends to his views, they hoped

to obtain the dazzling favors he promised, and to avert the curses denounced by the descendant of Peter.

Morosini already reaped the fruit of his infidelity: he was caressed by the new monarch of Spain, and gratified with the distinction of being admitted into the order of its grandees: he was in short become the secret spy of Philip.

No reply was vouchsafed to the frequent messages of the injured King, and as time wore away, his amazed mind began to admit the horrid thought that Kara Aziek's prophecy was indeed true, and that they were doomed to finish their days in imprisonment together.

But what were become of his friends, and of those princes who had entered into a compact for his sake? they had not abandoned him.

No sooner did the news of this atrocious act meet the different agents of Sebastian on their arrival at Venice, where they had hastened to see and acknowledge him, than they importuned the senate for permission to visit him in his prison, in order to satisfy themselves whether it was or was not their lawful King.

The senate were deaf to their intreaties, and again De Castro, Texere, and Don Christopher of Crato, hastened back to England, Holland, and France, to procure the interference of these powers with the republic, for a sight of him who proclaimed himself their sovereign.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia vehemently urged at the court of Castille, his abhorrence of the perfidy and injustice of the Venetians, calling on his monarch to assert the honour of Spain, by disavowing such conduct, and proceeding to an open investigation of the stranger's story.

The Duke of Braganza dispatched his late mother's confessor, the Father Sampayo, with a written deposition of the person and natural marks of Don Sebastian, taken from the testimony of his foster-brother and his servants, requiring the republic to compare that description with her prisoner.

These various exertions were now making in favour

of him, who remote from all intelligence, remained a prey to every species of misery. The fate of these friends themselves, and of his innocent daughter, began to alarm his fears, and the possibility of being torn from his wife and child, filled him with dismay.

He was sitting one wintry night, (listening to the hollow wind that swept in gusts over the Adriatic) now looking towards the chamber where Aziek had sunk into a short slumber, now fixing his eyes in sad abstraction on the ground, when the door opened, and Signor Valdorno the governor appeared, followed by a person in the dress of a monk.

"This holy man's importunities have made me hazard my office to give you comfort, sir" said Valdorno, speaking low—"your interview shall be private—I will return in an hour."

The governor closed the door, which he fastened on the outside again, and then departed.

Sebastian had risen up: he looked earnestly towards the monk, who was standing with his eyes fixed as wistfully upon him. Sebastian looked to find the features of Gaspar beneath this disguise; but he saw only an aged and care-worn visage, over which a few tears began slowly to trickle.

"So changed! so very much changed!" said the old man in a feeble voice after a long silence, "yet noble and princely still! Can twenty years, then, make such havoc in manly beauty! speak to me, Sir! let me be sure it is my lord and master Don Sebastian; on whose head I laid these withered hands in benediction at the house of the Duchess Braganza, on the day of his embarkation for Africa. Speak to me, Sir—let me hear your voice!"

"Sampayo! good father Sampayo!" exclaimed Sebastian, falling on his neck, and melting into weakness, "do you live to seek me? has your old age been spared only to find your master thus?"

Sampayo wrung his hands in transport, "It is, it is my King!" he exclaimed, while essaying to bend his trembling knee, Sebastian stayed him on his arm.

"Not so, good father! but our time is short; say whence you come, and from whom! know you aught of my friend Juan de Castro—and of him the most faithful, most dear, whom I sent to my kinsman in Portugal?"

"I am but just come from Lisbon:" replied Sampayo, looking down and lowering his voice; "your kinsman the Duke of Braganza has sent me, on his representations, to ascertain your identity: denied admittance to you by the senate, I have procured admittance through the humanity of your gaoler; I go now, to re-urge the Duke's request to the republic for your majesty to be publicly compared with a written testimonial of your person, which I carry. Despair not, Sire! you still live in the hearts of the Portuguese, and you have zealous friends. England, France, Holland, openly demand of Venice, the satisfaction of bringing your truth or falsehood to the proof. I lament the sad change in your religion; but you are my dear lord and master still."

The old man shed tears as he spoke, and devoutly crossing himself, repeated an inward prayer for the soul of him he believed seduced into error.

Sebastian's countenance brightened: "All is not lost then!" he exclaimed, "the path is rugged and hard to climb, Sampayo! but I shall gain the summit at last. Yet talk to me of my friend! where is he? why stays he from me at the time of my extremest need?"

Sampayo was silent: his care-worn countenance altered visibly, and appalled Sebastian: the latter fixed a look on him, as if he would have dived into his soul. "Why stays he?" he repeated hastily; still Sampayo replied not, and the frightful silence which followed, was first broken by the King.

"In the name of God, father! answer my question."

Sampayo looked sorrowfully up, and said in a trembling voice, "Ours is a chequered life, dear master! grief and gladness, gain and loss are so woven together, that—"

"No preparations father!" cried the King, grasping his arm with a wild sternness, "what have I to learn?—that some horrible misfortune has befallen my last friend?—that I am bereft of him also?"

"Yours is the misfortune, Sire? his, the blessing:" returned Sampayo, "he is gone to everlasting joy."

The blow was too sudden to be borne: Sebastian uttered a dismal cry, and fell suddenly to the ground.

At the sound of his voice, Kara Aziek awoke, and starting up, ran into the apartment: She beheld her husband seemingly lifeless, lying at the feet of a very aged man, whose shaking hands were feebly essaying to lift him up. She sprang towards them, she raised Sebastian in her arms, and slackening the collar of his doublet, sprinkled his face with water: her cares were all employed for him, but her mind was full of alarm for her daughter, and she incoherently questioned the stranger about her alone.

Sampayo's answers convinced her that he knew not of whom she spoke: and now her fears took a new direction, and she believed him a messenger of death to her husband.

At this moment Sebastian opened his eyes; he turned them from her in search of Sampayo, with a look of unutterable grief; then raised and fixed them upon Heaven.

Kara Aziek's faltering voice could with difficulty intreat an explanation of the scene before her: Sampayo briefly repeated it. For a more vital wound, her imagination had so far prepared her, that she received this without that acuteness of anguish which otherwise must have assaulted her sensibility; she merely sunk down upon a seat, pale, speechless, and awe-struck.

Sebastian leaned against the wall of the chamber, with his head bent down, unconsciously knocking his hand against his heart, with a violent motion that shewed how intolerable was the pain he felt there. "Half my life is gone!" he said, after a long and doleful silence, "he was the dearest of my friends, for we had suffered together; he lived only in me, doubtless he died for me!"

At this thought a burst of tenderness forced the passage from his heart, and covered his face with tears: Kara Aziek and father Sampayo wept with him. Several times Sebastian attempted to inquire the particulars of his loss, and as often did a passion of sorrow sweep the words away.

It was now Kara Aziek's part to interpose herself between him and affliction: she tenderly besought him to retire into the room she had quitted, while she learned from father Sampayo those circumstances which he could not hear without fresh emotion. Sebastian hastened to comply; for he was no longer master of himself, and his grief increased rather than subsided.

While he ran to hide his lamentations in solitude, father Sampayo proceeded to detail the mournful event of which it was his fate to be made the messenger.

"My royal master is already informed of the noble Braganza's favourable reception of his confidential agent. Convinced by the hand-writing of Don Sebastian, and by several anecdotes of the Braganza family, which Gaspar Ribeiro repeated, the Duke lent all his authority to the mission of your friend, he permitted him to use his name in every attempt to disseminate a spirit of inquiry on this important subject through our countrymen. Gaspar had succeeded to a marvel: aided by one Lopez Vernara (an old inn-keeper, who testified to the return of Don Sebastian, though he knew not at the time the royal guest he was harbouring), he drew crowds to follow him, calling aloud for their lawful King.

About this period the Venetian proclamation of Don Sebastian's existence, and their remonstrance with Spain, followed by those of other powerful states, was known in Portugal: this circumstance substantiating Gaspar's assertions, caused such tumults of joy amongst the people, that the Marquis Castel Rodrigo, who now governs Portugal as viceroy, took alarm, and commanded the noble Braganza to deliver up the man who had originally excited this commotion.

Braganza refused: he told Castel Rodrigo, that on

the truth or falsehood of Gaspar's report his reward or punishment might depend: he was willing to pledge himself for the accused's appearance, on the event of the examination at Venice: when if the stranger there, who called himself their royal kinsman, were shewn to be an imposter, this agent of his should be delivered up to the will of Spain: till then (believing his story) he should maintain his liberty against the whole force of Spanish power.

To this brave answer the Marquis replied, by commanding the Duke to attend him in private, with the person he protected, for the sake of hearing his strange story. Braganza went: and leaving his armed escort in the hall of the palace, ascended with Gaspar to the audience chamber.

Pardon me dear Lady! let me breathe awhile! I am old and soon overcome, and there are some events one cannot recal without sorrow."

Father Sampayd paused to rest himself; while Kara Aziek, pale with anxiety, and trembling with anticipated horror, waited all ear to catch his renewed discourse. It was many minutes ere he had strength to resume.

"Time will not permit me to enter minutely into the scene which followed: the two nobles met avowedly to examine Gaspar's evidence without prejudice. Castel Rodrigo had professed moderation; but in proportion to his conviction of the truth of what he wished to disbelieve, his anger rose: he reviled Gaspar; and finding Braganza resolute to protect his liberty with the lives and liberties of his adherents, he lost all command of himself, called the Duke an ambitious traitor, and aimed a blow at his person.

"The intrepid Gaspar saved my honoured master from such disgrace: he sprung forward, and with a sudden grasp, arrested the arm of the viceroy; but his own hour was come: Rodrigo nimbly drew forth a dagger with his other hand, and plunged it into the heart of Gaspar. He fell, exclaiming, "Commend me

to my dear lord! I die as I have wished—in his cause.”

At this part of his narrative Sampayo stopt again; and Kara Aziek, drowned in tears covered her face, and faintly motioned him not to continue. Removed from the sight of Sebastian, whose grief would have been heightened by hers, she felt privileged to give a loose to those feelings of regret, admiration, gratitude, and affection, which the conduct and the memory of Gaspar excited.

Her ill-suppressed sobs were not unheard by Sebastian: but he had the resolution to remove further from the door of his apartment, sensible, that at a moment like this, he could not bear any addition to his pains.

After a dreary interval of silence, Kara Aziek said tremulously, “Died he indeed, happy, good father; how would this calamity be sweetened to us, if we dare believe that Gaspar left the world with hope and comfort at his heart.”

“The triumphant smile which sat on his pale lips,” replied Sampayo, “assures me that he did so: that smile was still there, when his lifeless body was conveyed to the Braganza palace, for mourning and honourable interment.

“The brutal Marquis, satisfied with the death of his victim, opposed not this act of my lord’s; and the lowly Gaspar Ribeiro now lies by the side of noble dust: he sleeps in the vault of the Braganzas.”

“Ah what avails it!” exclaimed Kara Aziek, weeping afresh, “empty tribute to the best and noblest of human beings! Honours cannot recal him to us.”

“Yet evincing the esteem of others, they may soothe his nearer friends,” replied Sampayo. “I have brought with me a relic of remembrance, a lock of his hair: my royal master may one day love to look on it.”

Kara Aziek averted her head as she stretched out her trembling hand to receive the sad memorial: she ventured not to look at it, even while pressing it to her lips and to her closed eyelids. Moistened by *increasing tears*, she placed the relic in her breast.

A step was now heard approaching: "It is the governor," cried Sampayo, "farewel, dearest lady, I may not see my dear Sovereign again: tell him I go to solicit afresh—bid him be of good cheer—so monstrous an act must arm all Europe against Spain and the Republic." Sampayo had but just time to salute the hem of her garment, when Signor Valdorno appeared, and led him from the apartment.

CHAPTER XV.

SEBASTIAN did not suffer Kara Aziek to remain alone : he rejoined her with an air of desolation, which though profound, was composed. " I am now prepared to hear all that relates to my dear friend : tell me Aziek, how is he lost to us ?"

Kara Aziek answered, with quivering lips, and the narrative she repeated, once more subdued the fortitude of Sebastian. What love, what grief was in his heart while he listened to the death-scene of him, whose whole life had been devoted to his fortunes !

The visit of father Sampayo, and the event of his mission, could not abstract his thoughts a single moment from the memory of Gaspar. But Kara Aziek, in whom every new event excited a new apprehension, felt a tumultuous trouble of soul, to which no reasoning could give rest.

Her daughter's situation, (of which she was ignorant) tortured her with fear : Alas ! what were the feelings of that affectionate child ? and how were they to learn whether the unexpected misfortune of her parents, had not driven her to distraction ? Since perfidy or inconstancy had shewn itself in the character of Morosini, who should say that the Duke of Medina Sidonia would continue his perilous protection to Blanche, and stand the scrutiny which might follow the present inquiries of Spain ?

Should Medina fail them, Blanche must fall a hopeless victim into the hands of their enemy : and should the influence of the confederates produce no effect on Venetian cowardice, her parents might too probably share her wretched fate.

How sad was the prospect ! treachery and alarm were succeeding to enthusiasm and boldness : one by

one, their firmest and dearest friends were torn from them ; and Kara Aziek looked at Sebastian with an expression of piercing pain, as she thought for a moment, that ere a little while, they might possess only each other in the world.

Times of rousing anxiety, times in which our fortunes, our comforts, nay, our very existence, stand on the fate of a moment, are not the periods in which the soul surrenders itself to lamentation : but frequently when solicitude for one object is united with regret for another, we yield to a gloomy sadness, that tinctures every thing with the same hue, and renders the sufferer inaccessible to one cheering emotion.

Aziek and Sebastian indulged not in sorrow, though it might be said to imbue their whole being : they tacitly agreed to give their private hours to the memory of him they lamented, and when together, to converse but on such topics as might benefit them by consultation.

Signor Valdorno's indulgence tempted Aziek to suggest a hope, that by his connivance they might escape from Venice, and she eagerly gave it utterance.

Sebastian returned a glance of surprise and concern : " What, my beloved !" he exclaimed, " would you have me the assassin of my own honour ? To fly, would be to avow myself the impostor they would willingly prove me : no—I am resolved to wait the scrutiny I will never cease demanding. If they suffer me to wear out my days in this obscurity, posterity will do me justice, and own that I must have been the true King of Portugal : but if I basely fly, history will rank me with those miserable madmen who usurped my name, and perished in their folly. Trust still in Heaven, my Aziek ; my soul is anchored there."

His eyes raised and filled with virtuous confidence infused some of their own energy into those of Kara Aziek ; she smiled through tears, and the glow which spread over her face, assured him that their feelings were in unison.

Meanwhile the good Sampayo hastened to renew his

solicitations to the Doge and Senators: the rank and character of his master would no permit the Venetians to hazard refusing him admittance to their council. He was admitted, together with Juan de Castro and Father Texere, who came to present remonstrances from England and France.

Having briefly stated their request, Sampayo concluded thus.

“ My lords! I neither assert nor deny the identity of this man, who proclaims himself Don Sebastian of Portugal; I merely come from his noble kinsman, to ascertain his truth or to detect his falsehood. I come provided with a minute description of the person and bodily marks of Don Sebastian; all of which were deposited to by his foster-brother and his confidential servant, now dwelling at Lisbon: I come accompanied by divers persons, all well acquainted with various minute circumstances, upon which they are ready to question him publicly, so to establish or to disprove his assertions.

“ Believe you not, my lords, that it is important for the Portuguese to discover the truth of this man? think you that we are eager to place ourselves under the dominion of a low-born impostor? think you that the Duke of Braganza would resign his pretension to the succession, (in case of failure in the Spanish line) to any other than to the real Don Sebastian? no, my lords! we are actuated solely by respect for the memory of him whom we have so long lamented. Examine this person, try him before your senate in the face of Europe, or expect to have the whole world filled with outcries against your perfidy and injustice. You can no otherwise efface the shame of your present bold conduct than by proving the guilt of him you detain. You say he is an impostor: in the name of God then, hasten to make it appear: and tell your new friend Philip III. that even his stern predecessor dealt not thus with the pretended Sebastians of his less settled day.”

“ Your holy office protects you, father!” observed

the Castillian ambassador, as Sampayo concluded, "or this licence of speech would surely draw down on you the resentment of the republic: let that sacred character remind you of your duty. Is it a priest of the Romish church who thus advocates the cause of an heretic? be he, or be he not the true Sebastian, he is an apostate, and an alien from the protection of Heaven, and we dare not stir a step in so solemn a crisis, without the directing hand of our august oracle the Pope.

"Beware how you draw the lightning of the consistory upon your heads—I speak to you both, Sampayo and Texere—for both of you tread on the precincts of spiritual rebellion."

"Our sins be on ourselves! said Texere, with an undaunted air, "neither of us will shrink from an honest defence, when it is needful to make it: now, it is for your illustrious prisoner that we speak, not for our own principles. First admit his story to a fair hearing and investigation, after that pronounce on his character; punish him as an impostor, or as the King of Portugal, let our sacred superior exhort him to reconciliation with the church.

"While the Portuguese are ready to receive their King, without insisting on his abjuration of certain private opinions, he is King of Portugal still."

"What abominable doctrine is this!" exclaimed the ambassador, "is it a son of the church, that dares proclaim the *Vox Populi*, *Vox Dei*? but I forget myself—the speaker is Francisco Joseph Texere, a fellow hanging between the heaven and hell of truth and error: one that has not yet decided whether he is to adhere to the rock of St. Peter, or to follow the standard of Martin Luther. I have heard of his residence in England, his attention to her new theories, and the heretical books which he has published, I am not surprised therefore, to see him abet the cause of an impostor, or at least an apostate!"

Texere frowned severely, and disregarding the speaker further, resumed his address to the senate:

good father Sampayo suffered some tears to trickle down his aged cheeks.

"It is our well-beloved monarch whom we would support," he said mildly, "justice and loyalty demand such conduct at our hands ; and Christian charity should teach us to hope, that when restored to his throne, and placed again within the reach of spiritual instruction, his pious soul will retrace its steps, and return to the bosom of the true faith?"

"We are bound to act solely by the Pope's direction ;" gravely observed the Doge, "if you may obtain his holiness's permission to hold converse with this mysterious personage, the republic will cheerfully add her consent—till then, he remains unseen by any one: This is our answer ; you may withdraw."

Texere and Sampayo quitted the assembly, and retiring with their Portuguese friends who waited them without, proceeded to consultation upon their future movements.

It was deemed expedient for one of them to repair immediately to Rome ; and as father Sampayo's orthodoxy and ghostly life had never been impeached, the choice fell upon him. Careless of his age and infirmities, he departed on the instant, and the remainder of the Portuguese lingered in Venice to wait the event, to continue their importunities, and to invite all such persons as remembered the figure of Don Sebastian to join in demanding permission to see and to peruse him.

The long interval of time which elapsed between this period and that in which the different travellers met again, was spent in torturing anxiety by Kara Aziek and Sebastian. Bereft of their faithfulest friend, the devoted Gaspar, no one remained to share their hearts with each other, but their far distant Blanche ; yet of her, they dared not inquire.

Experience had taught them suspicion of all around them ; and since the very existence of Blanche was a secret between England and the late Don Emanuel de Castro's family, they blest his prudence, and resolved

to perish with anxiety, rather than betray their child into danger.

To believe her ignorant of their changed fortune, was to imagine an impossibility : the interruption of their correspondence alone, would arouse her inquiries, and those inquiries must lead to explanation. How then, was she suffering ? and how would her tender nature enable her to live through months, perhaps years of constant apprehension ?

These thoughts preyed upon each ; yet neither of them gave utterance to their sorrow. Sebastian never permitted himself to lament any other misfortune than that of knowing himself the prime cause of so much misery to the woman he loved ; and Kara Aziek, afflicted by this self-reproach, became solicitous to prove that her sorrows were not yet so insupportable as he believed.

Mutually endeared by these mutual sacrifices, their prison still enclosed two hearts that felt not a diminution of love ; and even their bitterest hours were sweetened by the fond glance of approval, the tender smile of gratitude.

Signor Valdorno witnessed this dignified and true attachment with feelings that did him honour ; and though strict in the performance of his duty, his manners were full of respectful pity, and his communications on the events without, as explanatory as he dared hazard. It was from him that Sebastian at length drew an account of the various exertions which were still making by his friends ; and at this information his hopes revived.

The fitful day of his fate might yet change ! so many vicissitudes had already marked its progress, that he deemed it impious to despair ; and the more so, while allowed to retain those precious objects of his soul, without whom, no destiny could bestow happiness.

In the midst of reviving hope, father Sampayo returned from Rome with the Pope's order to the Senate of Venice for an immediate and private interview with their prisoner.

A bright sun-beam shone through the window of Sebastian's chamber, on the face of old Sampayo, as he entered where Sebastian and Kara Aziek sat expecting him ; a brighter beam, for it emanated from a comforted heart, was there also.

Sebastian ran forward to welcome him ; Sampayo whispered a benediction, and dropt a joyful tear over the hand of Kara Aziek, as he feebly grasped it within his. " This is a happy or a sad hour to me, as my Liege shall choose to make it ! " said Sampayo, slowly seating his exhausted frame. " I come back charged with an important mission : the fate of this dear lady, your own fate, honoured Sire ! the lives and comforts of millions are now in your hands, a single word will destroy or save all."

Kara Aziek looked on him with an anxiety which suspended her breath and her pulsation : Sebastian already guessed the mission of Sampayo. " Say on ! " he cried, with a steady voice, " I am prepared to hear you with attention and singleness of heart.—It is of God and our conscience, that we are about to speak."

There was something so impressive in the tone of his last words, and so much of truth and dignity on his brow, that father Sampayo's looks took an impression of still deeper interest, and dropping on his knees, the old man raised his hoary head and withered hands towards him, while earnestly repeating.

" Ere I begin my mission, let me, Sire ! charge you on my knees, to put from you all obstinate prejudice, all proud presumption—all vain desire of men's praises for a seeming contempt of temporal things ! avow conviction and repentance if they touch your heart, and be content to suffer a short odium from heretics, for the sake of your eternal salvation, and for the worldly prosperity of Portugal. Let the example of the pious Henry of France sustain your courage. I am come to invite you back to the arms of our indulgent father ; he empowers me to exhort and to instruct you. If my humble endeavours may avail, he promises to command every Catholic Prince to concur in demanding the res-

titution of Portugal : so must Philip yield up the crown, and your sceptre pass into your royal hand in peace. No sword will be drawn, no blood shed, no families divided by civil dispute, no fortunes ruined. Europe will behold the long-exiled Sebastian calmly retake his seat amongst her monarchs, and universal gladness will follow."

Sampayo stopt, and Sebastian raised him kindly from the ground ; but the lofty smile with which he did so, answered the fearful enquiry of Kara Aziek's eyes : that smile spoke to her of a heavenly crown, not a temporal one, and half-raised, half-sunk her trembling spirit. She seated herself near her husband, while he placed himself in an attitude of attention, requesting the venerable priest to continue his discourse.

All that zeal, and affection, and ability, can inspire in support of a weak cause, was urged by father Sampayo : sincerely professing the doctrines of Rome, he understood and explained them better than any other man, but his explanations were unsatisfactory, his reasonings barred by mysteries ; he talked eloquently, but he talked in vain, for he convinced not his hearers.

After frequent pauses, and as frequent renewals of the important theme, his powers were exhausted, and he awaited the reply of Sebastian. The latter gave him a long look, full of gratitude and esteem and pressing the hand of Kara Aziek as it rested trembling on his, he thus addressed him.

" It is not my aim to change or to disturb the opinions of one who stands on the brink of time, and whose holy life, and sincerity, though in error, may redeem his creed : I have but to assure you father, on the solemn word of an accountable man, that my heart has not yet been shaken, nor my understanding momentarily enlightened by a single argument adduced in support of Papal Christianity. I feel and I believe that the reformed religion of Luther approaches much nearer to the pure doctrines of our blessed Redeemer, and as such I will profess it unto death.

"If the recovery of my rights is to depend upon my abjuration of my principles, I may say at once, "My kingdom is not of this world." Father! I fear not the censure of men, I court not their applause; but the voice of God and of my conscience resounds from the depths of this heart, warning me not to betray my everlasting soul for a perishable honour."

He now turned his softened eyes upon his wife, and went on. "I presume not to read the decrees of Providence; whatever be the cup presented me by the divine hand, shall we not drink it my Aziek? aye, drink it together!—Does not thy virtuous spirit make the same covenant with that of him who has known no joy on earth without thee, and almost fears there would be none for him in Heaven if he had not thee to share it."

Aziek replied in whispered sighs upon his bosom, where she threw herself, oppressed to agony: she exulted in the magnanimity of her Sebastian; she shared his ardours, but she foresaw the price that must be paid for the immortal crown he preferred to that of earth, and some human weakness enfeebled without subduing her.

Sebastian knew her thoughts, and prized her heroism the more, from seeing the tenderness with which it had to struggle. Father Sampayo was plunged in sorrow: his arguments were now succeeded by lamentations and entreaties; he wept, he prayed, but his tears only served to make Sebastian regret without altering his resolution.

Day passed unheeded in this painful contest, till at length the confessor was obliged to quit the prison. "This hope then is over," he said, preparing to withdraw, "your obstinacy, sire, is to be the signal for our great superior's pronouncing you once more an impostor, and excommunicating all who appear in your defence. He persists in declaring that the true Don Sebastian was the elect of God, and could not fall into such accursed heresy. I have now no further hopes; all rests on the good offices of your Protestant allies.

May the blessed virgin and the saints intercede for your darkened soul ! may a miracle restore you ! perhaps these aged eyes will never more behold you till we wake together in—another world.”—The good man’s voice faltered as he uttered the last words, for he dared not say in Paradise, since he addressed a heretic.

Sebastian bent his knee to receive his benediction, and Kara Aziek partook in the affecting farewell. Sampayo embraced and blessed them together, then hastened out of the apartment.

The past scene would have dwelt long on their hearts, had not the father, as he departed, drawn a packet from his vest, and put it into the hand of Aziek ; the writing was unknown to her, but opening it, she glanced over these words : “ A confidential servant of the Duchess Medina Sidonia has ventured to entrust the enclosed to father Sampayo ; he has been long in Venice anxiously seeking some safe method of transmitting it according to his instructions.”

Every shew of composure and self-command vanished at this moment from the countenances of Kara Aziek and Sebastian ; they tore open the letter, they ran over it together with swelling hearts and frequent exclamations of joy ; its contents were indeed balm to their tortured minds.

The Duchess wrote to assure them of her inviolable fidelity to the secret of their daughter’s birth, and to promise her continued protection to the amiable girl through any change of fortune ; she told them that Blanche’s real parents had never yet been guessed at even by Paula, the wife of Gaspar, for whose infant son the Duke of Braganza had sent into Sicily, proclaiming his intention of repaying to the child the timely service of his father.

Renewed vows of friendship, repeated exhortations to hope and patience, and trust in Providence, concluded the letter of the Duchess ; that of Blanche, though filled with expressions of filial sorrow and love, happily convinced her parents that she knew not the

worst of their destiny, but was encouraged to hope beyond probability or present prospect.

Sweet were the tears that now stole down the cheeks of these illustrious sufferers ! they beheld the writing of their child, they believed her out the reach of their misfortunes, and their misfortunes ceased to afflict or to affright them.

The consolation afforded by this unforeseen blessing, together with the inward satisfaction of having sacrificed interest to principle, spread a cheering light through their hitherto dreary prison, they were comforted and revived ; and patient in joy as in sorrow, they cheerfully resigned themselves to await the good time of Heaven.

While all within the prison was peace, all without was confusion and indecision ; every day messages and noble persons arrived from different states, to know the fate of the extraordinary man whom the Portuguese called their King. The friends of Sebastian zealously disseminated their belief of his identity ; the partizans of Philip and of Rome as hotly proclaimed his falsehood. Venice herself knew not how to act ; she began to tremble for the consequences of her rash union with Spain, and to listen with troubled attention to the remonstrances of France, England, and the States-General. The city was now crowded with foreigners of various ranks and ages, daily besieging the Senate with alternate reproach and solicitation.

In the midst of this tumult, Don Christopher of Crato, arrived from the court of London with a threatening letter from the English Queen. She demanded a public trial of the pretended impostor, menacing Venice and Spain with immediate destruction if they refused compliance. The terror of a British fleet decided the irresolution of the Venetians, and summoning a full senate, they consented to hear their royal prisoner.

It was in vain that the Portuguese lords prayed permission to be present at this examination, in order to compare him with their own recollection of the unfor-

fortunate Sebastian. The Seigniorship alleged that the Portuguese were all too desirous of believing the impostor to give an impartial testimony, and that by questioning him on the events of his life, they were more certain to detect him in contradictions.

Venice yet feared and hoped much from Philip, whose ambassador alternately threatened and caressed her; and armed with assertions which Morosini's communications enabled him to fulminate, he now made one of the assembly, proudly pronouncing himself the umpire, since he had frequently seen the real Don Sebastian in his palace of Ribera.

It was midnight, and cold December, when Valdorno came to conduct Sebastian into the presence of the senators: Sebastian wished never more to lose sight of Kara Aziek, and with an air of high authority that would not be denied, he persisted in making her his companion.

A solemn expectancy sat on the faces of the numerous senators who with the Doge, habited in their most imposing habits, formed a semi-circle in the grand hall of the senate-house. One massy branch of lights threw a sullen gleam over the more sullen crowd: no sound was heard amongst them, as the great doors were opened, and Don Sebastian appeared, advancing between Kara Aziek and Signor Valdorno. He paused when he had passed the threshold, and cast an undaunted look around the hall.

The King of Portugal was now at that period of life, when manly beauty assumes a character of majesty, and awes rather than wins: the bright colours of youth were no longer on his cheek, nor its luxuriant fulness on his limbs, but his countenance was splendid still, for the fire of his eyes was unextinguished. He looked

.....“ Not less
Than archangel ruined.”

By his side stood the gentle Aziek, with loveliness faded, not obliterated; graces so lightly touched by

the hand of time, and so interestingly mixed with looks of unresisting sweetness, that she appeared born to contrast the severe dignity of Sebastian. But there was a modest nobleness in her air that seemed as if love had copied the object beloved, and made her worthy of it.

At the first sight of these august sufferers, murmurs of shame and admiration ran through the assembly. Sebastian advanced to the Castillian ambassador, whom his eagle glance had singled out, and stopping before him, said in a high voice, "Here is one that should know me. Sir! whom say you I am?"

The Spaniard who had half-discredited, half-believed the existence of Don Sebastian, now amazed into perfect conviction, turned pale, and the acknowledgment was bursting from his lips, when recollecting himself, he turned aside, and said coldly, "I know you not."

"We have sent for you, Stranger!" interrupted the Doge, as he saw Sebastian hastening to speak, "not to question others, but to answer for yourself, we are met here, without prejudice or partiality, to decide between you and the most Christian King Philip III. of Spain, Portugal, and the Indies. I charge you answer truly to the questions that shall be put to you."

"As an honest man desirous to have his truth apparent to all the world, I am ready to answer you;" replied Sebastian, "I will forget awhile that I am a King—aye Lords! a King: (he added, seeing them look strangely at each other,) there some amongst you that know I am so. Woe unto them, sons of Judas! have they not betrayed me with a kiss of friendship?"

Signor Morosini drew back at this expression, and averted his head; the Doge proceeded to speak.

"How comes it, that you have thus long suffered the kingdom of Portugal to be enjoyed by the sovereigns of Spain, if confident that you were its lawful possessor?"

"Because I had not any direct promise of support from other Princes, and abhorred the thought of plunging my people into war."

"Where have you passed the long period of twenty years which has elapsed since the battle of Alcazar? and how comes it that you are the husband of a Moorish woman?"

"Part of that period has been spent in Barbary, part in Persia, the remainder in Brazil. You ask me how it comes that I am the husband of a Moorish woman; I answer, because I loved her, I owed her eternal gratitude, and she deserved both sentiments."

"What say you to the well-known fact of Don Sebastian's body having been found in a suit of green armour on the field of Alcazar?"

"I reply, that it was the body of some other person. Near the cave of Abensallah, a Moorish hermit, who dwelt among the mountains of Benzeroel, my armour will be found buried under a plane tree: the royal insignia are on it; since Spain and Morocco are at peace, I challenge you to have it sought for."

"How comes it, that having passed this long period, first in Mahometan countries, and lastly in a Catholic one, that you should profess doctrines known only to a few miserable European states?"

"I was instructed in them by the Moorish proselyte of an English slave; I heard, and examined, and believed."

"Enough!" exclaimed the Doge, "now hear what you are said to be. A Calabrian impostor: we have inquired, and heard of a strange person bearing the name of Marco Tullo Cattizone, who abode some time at Messina, and him thou art. This woman is—I know not what;—thy lawful wife is the servant of the Duchess Medina Sidonia, and is now in this city ready to swear to thee as her husband."

"Peace!" exclaimed Sebastian, with a voice of thunder, and throwing his arm round Kara Aziek with a look of protection. At that moment his eye caught Morosini's, and the tide of resentment turned: it was evident that he was the informer, since after their first meeting, Sebastian had directed Giuseppe to address his letters to Cattizone at Messina, and doubtless hav-

ing supposed that he bore that name, they had confounded him with Gaspar, and discovering his wife, who concluding him to be her husband, without intending to abet falsehood, was beguiled into doing so.

Sebastian briefly stated these circumstances, adding, "of his evidence I am deprived by the most cruel misfortune; my faithful follower is no more; but his dying words attest my truth, and the noble Braganza is prepared to repeat them. Let this woman you speak of, be brought hither; she will quickly acknowledge that I am not her husband. If I am a Calabrian, bring forward those who know my birth and lineage.—You have state papers signed by Don Sebastian's name, compare these signatures with my hand writing now. Question me on the secret articles of our various negotiations; if you find me falter in my answers, then brand me with imposture. Let my person be compared with the description of Don Sebastian's: shew me to my Portuguese, they will know the voice and the features of their King, though time and sorrow have marked me with their heaviest print: if my own people deny me, then let disgrace and death light on me and mine."

Sebastian concluded, and seeing that his last words had taken the colour from Kara Aziek's cheek, he gave her such a smile as might in calmer times have transported her to fall upon his neck in an ecstasy of delight: but now, it redoubled her anguish, by heightening her love, and she remained wildly gazing on the men who had the fate of her husband in their hands.

A sharp debate ensued amongst the Venetians. Some, moved by the interesting softness of Kara Aziek, were forward to espouse the cause of her husband, insisting on the equity of complying with his demands. Some, awed into admiration of Sebastian, feared to maintain the assertion of his imposture, but excused their conduct on the plea of his apostacy: others denounced him in the same breath as an impostor, an apostate, a magician, calling for his instant delivery into the hands of Rome, or of the Inquisition. All questioned him *with perplexing varieties of inquiries*, which he *compelled himself* to satisfy.

The Castillian grew clamorous; and at each convincing explanation, called out, "He is an impious sorcerer!"

But the Senate, though far from unanimously believing this superstitious assertion of their ally's envoy, were too much afraid of Papal power, and of Protestant indignation, to take a decisive part on either side: they deemed it best to steer the middle course, and getting rid of Sebastian without providing for his protection, leave him to his fate in the midst of Philip's adherents.

They commanded their prisoner to withdraw, and leave them to deliberate on the nature of the decision they were about to pronounce. Sebastian retired with Kara Aziek.

In a vacant anti-chamber, attended only by Signor Valdorno, whom respectful pity kept silent, they sat awaiting the moment of their recal. The tumult of sharp debate still reached them from the Senate hall: at each noisy burst, the blood retreated yet further into the heart of Kara Aziek; her lips, her cheeks, her very eyes were pale: violent tremblings alone gave to her death-like figure any semblance of life. She sat with one hand closely grasping that of Sebastian, who continued in low and tender tones to chide such apprehension!

He felt the King in his breast, and he could not conceive the possibility of being doomed to leave the world denied and reviled.

At length a person appeared at the door, Sebastian arose, but Kara Aziek hung on his arm unable to raise her sinking frame. That moment was come in which their fate was to be pronounced! Scarcely could Valdorno support her on his stronger arm, as they followed Sebastian into the council room.

The Doge was standing.—"Stranger!" he said, "he to whom you applied for acknowledgment of your bold pretensions, the ambassador of our noble ally, Philip of Spain, solemnly assures us, that your features are unknown to him: we may not therefore, examine you

further: to do so, would be to insult the honour of a great Sovereign, in the person of his representative. We leave you at liberty to seek other investigation: and as we acknowledge no other King of Portugal, besides Philip III. of Spain, we command him who usurps that title, to depart this city within three days, on pain of perpetual imprisonment."

The Doge reseated himself, and with a shriek of joy, Kara Aziek fell lifeless at the feet of her husband. Signor Valdorno hastened to raise her in his arms: Sebastian cast on her a look of sad tenderness, but attempted not to remove her from Valdorno. He turned to the assembly, and viewing them with an undaunted and indignant air, that struck conviction of his royal dignity to every soul, he said aloud, "Once more I tell you, I am Sebastian King of Portugal. I go, with God's help, to prove this assertion on the war-fields of my country, since thus he wills it."

He vouchsafed no glance to Morosini, but passing his arm round Kara Aziek, with Valdorno's aid, carried her forth. A gondola was provided for their conveyance to the lodgings of Don Juan de Castro: Kara Aziek recovered her senses at the movement of the boat, and then so many powerful emotions (joy relapsing into fear, gratitude suddenly checked by remembrance of former evils, love for her husband, and indignation at his false friends) shook her frame, that she evidently trembled on the verge of death and madness.

Sebastian succeeded in beseeching her to let this agitation subside, ere she mixed in a scene likely to increase it still more; it was long past midnight, and as they entered De Castro's house, he resigned her into the care of a female domestic, whom they encountered in the hall, desiring her to conduct the exhausted lady to a place where she might take rest.

Having disposed of her who demanded all his care, Sebastian preceded the courteous Valdorno into a saloon filled with a numerous concourse of friends and *strangers*, and glaringly lighted. He advanced with

his usual kingly port into the centre of them, and stopped there without speaking : Don Juan de Castro fell back amazed at the figure he saw before him.

De Castro retained the vivid image of a young and smiling warrior, gallantly attired, bright with health, and happiness, and conscious power ; he now saw a man in the autumn of life, negligently habited, darkened by foreign suns, wasted with many cares, dimmed by long experience of this world's uncertainty and emptiness. He scarcely knew how to trust his sight : but as Sebastian, observing his trouble, and conjecturing its cause, mournfully smiled, Juan precipitated himself at his feet, exclaiming, " My King, my King !"

That well-remembered smile was decisive : at the same instant, several other persons cast themselves on the ground, proclaiming the person they beheld, to be their King.

Eyes, that had never wept before, now flowed in sympathy with the Portuguese and their persecuted Sovereign : Sebastian's full heart overflowed at every side ; and calling each friend by their name, he turned from one to the other, alternately embracing and raising them to his bosom.

When they were standing around him, he cast a look over the circle, and seeing them variously habited, most of them in disguises, which were assumed for the purpose of despatch on their different missions) some in the fashion of France, some in that of England, some in that of Holland, others as pilgrims, a few as mendicants ; he smiled pensively again, and said with a heavy sigh, " So many sorts !"—

The sad grace with which he spoke, once more touched every heart, and renewing their exclamations, the Portuguese crowded about him to kiss his hands and his garments.

Amongst this group he distinguished the Fathers Texere and Sampayo, De Brito, who had last seen him on the field of Alcazar, when they fought together in defence of the royal standard, Mascaranhas, his favourite attendant, and a tall fair young man whose countenance was peculiar from its expression.

Sebastian fixed his eyes on this last, with extreme earnestness ; the colour fluctuated on the young man's cheek ; " Is it not a kinsman I behold in you, young sir ! he said kindly, " Don Christopher of Crato, I think."

Don Christopher answered by a painful blush ; Sebastian resumed, and his heart yearned towards him as he spoke, " you resemble your father in complexion ; God grant you grace to resemble your grandfather in deeds !"

" The infant Don Louis is the only parent I wish to remember," replied Don Christopher, dropping his eyes, while a deeper dye covered his face.

Sebastian's eyes were still rivetted on him ; for now he recalled that dreadful hour, when he had seen this young man a child in the cradle at Xabregas, and remembered anguish seized him with a transient pang. " Where is his father ?" he whispered to Don Juan. " He is dead, my liege, at Florence." Sebastian gave a sigh to their former attachment, then turning with animation to those around, said—

" Which of you will compare this wreck of Sebastian, with what the proud vessel was, in her day of brave appointment ? Care may have furrowed this once smooth brow, but nothing could obliterate these well known marks." As he spoke, he lifted aside his hair, and shewed a deep scar above the right eyebrow, which had been caused in his earliest youth by an accident in hunting.

" Here De Brito ! is the memorial of a wound you saw me receive, on the most fatal of days," and bending his head, he displayed another large cut above the forehead itself. " This body is flesh, not iron, on which a man may grave what he pleases, yet these marks are accidental ; what I am about to shew, were imprinted on me by the hand of nature."

He now pushed down his cloak, and baring one shoulder, discovered on the exceedingly white skin, a *singular mole* resembling a dark seal or coin : at the same time he extricated his left foot from its sandal

and shewed another curious mark, well remembered by all his familiar associates.

At these convincing evidences, those who secretly wavered between doubt and belief, uttered a cry of gladness, and again the tumultuous murmurs of joy and sorrow (for how could such recognition be made otherwise?) ran through the crowd.

While the King was answering the many questions which followed this complete conviction, and thanking the surrounding strangers for their generous sympathy, Father Texere came forward, leading in his hand a monk in the vigour of life, tall and commanding, on whose acute brow were stamped energy and ability: "Sire!" he said, "suffer me to claim your notice for this excellent person, who of all men present, has sacrificed the most for your sake: it is now some months since he added his powerful support to our party."

"What is he, good Texere? to whom stand I indebted for the zeal you will find me warm to acknowledge?"

"To Father Chrysostom, the most distinguished follower of our holy Faith. He lately filled the office of almoner and confessor to the Viceroy of Portugal, but struck by the recital of your story by Gaspar Ribeiro, and indignant at that atrocious act which brought Ribeiro to the grave, he abandoned his high situation, resigned the revenues and honours granted him by the Marquis Castel Rodrigo, and having travelled through these countries at the peril of his life, boldly declaring your existence wherever he went, and rousing the people to demand their King, he has reached Venice, and become the most zealous for your Majesty's enlargement.

"On his eloquence we depend for reconciling his holiness to your espousal of the new doctrines. Father Chrysostom is unimpeachable in his own profession, and what he sanctions, no devout Catholic may venture to question. Sampayo and myself fail of surmounting the religious prejudice which opposes you, Sire! for they accuse me of being a Lutheran in my heart, and

Sampayo of being too little careful for the salvation of others.

“Deign then to accept the services of Father Chrysostom, and to admit him into the number of your chosen servants.”

Sebastian extended his hand towards the lofty-looking Chrysostom, who received it with respect, and the calm aspect of a man that is actuated rather by reflection and principle, than by any enthusiastic impulse. His thoughtful looks, his temperate words, his unimpassioned manner, when connected with the knowledge of his ardent actions, made Sebastian muse on the contrast between this sacrificing friend and the selfish Morosini.

How different, thought he, look truth and falsehood; or rather, how different does a steady and an unstable character express the same feelings!

When Sebastian had urged many inquiries to Chrysostom respecting the Braganza family, and the situation of Portugal, some of the Portuguese would have learned from him the particulars of his own exile, but sadness shaded his countenance, and praying them to forbear awhile, since the relation of his adventures must painfully revive the memory of early error, he proceeded to learn the state of his affairs at foreign courts, fixing on fit operations for the future.

The unsettled posture of Holland forbade him to seek that asylum there, which he purposed seeking somewhere; (an asylum was necessary to rest in till Portugal should proclaim him, and his allies fulfil their engagements of furnishing him with men and money.) England was beginning to dread a change, for Essex was fallen into disgrace, Elizabeth, grown so capricious with age and jealousy, that she changed her humour every hour, and no longer listened to the solicitations for Don Sebastian, since her favourite was not nigh to urge them. France was the only country that opened her arms to the fugitive.

The King, deeply interested in depressing the house of Austria, and convinced of Sebastian's identity, from

the representations of others, had empowered Don Christopher to offer the persecuted monarch an honourable asylum. It was to his court that Sebastian resolved to direct his steps: while he hastened thither to join the army which Henry offered to raise, [if swelled by succours from any other Prince ;] Sampayo and his companions were to return into Portugal, and proclaim their sovereign ; Braganza was to seize on the national fleet and the treasury: two acts less difficult than they appeared, owing to the devotion of the sailors to Don Sebastian's memory, and the extreme weakness of the Spanish garrisons.

Sebastian reckoned not on Castillian assistance ; he did not even permit himself to name his friends in Medina Sidonia ; for he justly concluded, that although he might trust implicitly where his own safety alone was implicated, he should rigidly abstain from all imprudence when it might endanger another.

He found that the Duke of Medina Sidonia had been suspected of having favoured his cause, and had been strictly sifted by the minister of Philip ; but as no proof appeared of his knowing the stranger in any other character than that of a Portuguese from Brazil, to whom his wife had shewn attention out of regard to her brother's memory, he was dismissed with nothing more than a severe warning.

Upon this information Sebastian remarked in such terms that no one present guessed him at all in correspondence with Medina: and restraining his anxiety to learn, if possible, whether his daughter had been alarmingly noticed, he returned to the subject of his departure from Venice. No doubts could be entertained of the republic's willingness to further in secret, Philip's aim of getting his rival into his power, and this conviction rendered extreme precaution indispensable. By the influence of Philip's ambassadors, all the passages into France and Germany were closed against them; wherever Sebastian went openly, he must expect to be seized as a subject of Spain, being pronounced a Calabrian (Calabria now forming part of its Italian posses-

sions.) Father Chrysostom therefore proposed, that their numerous party should separate, and by different parcels, and different ways, seek their different places, of destination. He offered to risk himself through Italy, with Don Sebastian alone, provided he would assume the disguise of a monk, and travel under that character to a free port, where they might embark for France.

This advice, after some consideration, met with general concurrence ; it was agreed that the King, with Aziék and their prudent guide, should pass first to Chiozzi ; from thence through Ferrara to Florence, so to Leghorn, and finally take ship for Marseilles. Such of his Portuguese as chose to join him on his route might rendezvous at Florence, where they were not likely to be known or stayed, and they might then proceed all together to Marseilles.

Upon this arrangement the consultation ended, and leaving their well-beloved monarch to the care of Juan de Castro and of Don Christopher ; the several Portuguese repaired to their respective lodgings, wishing the morning soon to appear, since they were permitted to return at noon, in order to be introduced to their Queen.

The next day re-assembled the friends of Sebastian. Kara Aziék entered the apartment where they met, with extreme emotion, so much that she had to look back upon with horror, so much to look forward to with anxiety ! yet gratitude and joy were in her bosom, and on her countenance.

. She presented herself to the Portuguese with a timid grace, (as if beseeching them to love her for their sovereign's sake) her gentle demeanour won all their hearts, and when the separate nobles repeated their oaths of fidelity to Sebastian, thanks mixed with tears and smiles, heightened the interest excited by her beauty.

Juan De Castro had undertaken the task of conveying letters to his cousin Medina Sidonia, and to Blanche ; this prospect gladdened the mother's spirit, and she now entered into discourse of their momentous departure *with cheerful courage.*

The assembly separated before dusk, and at night-fall, attired as pilgrims, with Father Chrysostom in his monk's habit, Kara Aziek and Sebastian took their eventful departure from Venice.

The speed with which they journeyed induced them to hope that they should reach Florence (where Don Christopher and De Castro were gone to await them) ere suspicion of their route could arise. The Venetians concluded that Sebastian's escape would, if possible be made to England, and of course the Castilian ambassador's search after him would be directed to the shores of the Adriatic ; this idea was what determined Chrysostom to take the route of Tuscany.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAY was just breaking when the travellers reached the gates of Florence.

"We are now safe!" exclaimed Father Chrysostom, "here ends our toil."

"Not absolutely," replied Sebastian, looking gladly around him, "till I rest those weary limbs in Portugal, my fatigues cannot be said to cease."

"But we are almost safe," whispered Aziek, "beyond the Venetian territory we may breathe and dismiss apprehension."

Chrysostom turned on her as she spoke, and his dark grey eyes assumed an expression that made her recoil; ere she recovered from the strange alarm they struck into her, he had seized a hand of each, and bringing them through the gates which were just opening, stopped before a party of military.

"Here ends our toil!" he repeated, in an altered, triumphant, and ferocious tone, "Soldiers seize this Calabrian! my duty is done!"

Sebastian was instantly surrounded by a band of armed men, who drawing their swords at the same moment with a horrid noise, which drew forth a shriek from Kara Aziek, flashed them before him with menacing attitudes.

Sebastian stood root-bound in their circle, his eyes fixed with amazement on the perfidious Chrysostom: stunned by so atrocious a perfidy, his faculties were for awhile overpowered: at length bursting into such a tempest of rage as had been long unknown to him, he called out, "Traitor! fear you not that Heaven's bolt will fall and strike you?"

"Bridle this madness, impostor or apostate!" (whichever name you affect most) replied the stern

friar, "I fear no bolts; I look rather for the mantle of Elisha! Chrysostom might indeed have dreaded divine judgment, had he acted with the inconsistency of his reprobate brethren. Your damnable creed is my abhorrence: whoever you are, for that creed I would burn you at the stake, did I rule in Spain. My stratagem has succeeded; I have secured to myself the gratitude of the whole church; and may every pernicious heretic thus run into the snare of destruction!"

"And may every—but no, I will not curse," exclaimed Sebastian, interrupting his own fierce transport. "God will avenge."

"Thy ways are hard to understand, O Father all-powerful! teach me to adore and to submit."

His head fell on his breast at the last words, and he remained so awfully wrapt in meditation that he saw not Kara Aziek fall at the feet of Chrysostom, and wildly embrace his knees. Her supplicating voice first awakened him: he recovered himself with a smile almost divine, and tenderly raising her, said calmly, "kneel not there, my beloved! forget not that we are in the hands of God as well as man: if *he* commands to spare, who shall destroy?"

Aziek answered but with low and grievous groans, while she continued to hang upon him; and he, motioning for the soldiers to take him where they would, prepared to follow them.

More confounded by this majestic acquiescence, than by the fiercest violence, Chrysostom stood with a troubled look: "Is this hypocrisy! or what is it?" he exclaimed.

"It is Christian submission," returned Sebastian, not deigning to turn his eyes on him. The friar made an effort to resume himself: "Rather say, coward consciousness of base desert! cease to profane the name of our Redeemer, by uniting it with the accursed doctrines you profess: your miserable imposture is over: you also, madam, may queen it no longer, or if you will still appeal to some tribunal, prepare yourselves for answering at the great judgment-seat of Heaven."

Chrysostom's withering eyes were levelled at both his victims; he stood with his arm extended in the attitude of denunciation, and every lineament of his gigantic figure seemed to grow in power and malignity. Kara Aziek shuddered, turned deathly pale, and closing her eyes, suffered her head to fall back upon the shoulder of her Lord.

Sebastian earnestly gazed on the man before him: "Of what stuff art thou formed?" he said, "art thou man, or devil? is it avarice, or ambition, or hellish bigotry, that has prompted thee to a deed like this? O! blind to the merciful and faithful character of him thou professest to follow! thinkest thou that he will reward thee for perjury and lies? study his doctrines better."

"Away with him!" cried Chrysostom, "the revilings of reprobate souls, are the testimonies of the saints—my glory is his opprobrium."

The soldiers now hurried their prisoner forward, who (suffered to hold her in his arms from whom he trusted nothing but death would hereafter divide him) still retained a gleam of comfort to illuminate future days of darkest misery.

The loathsomeness of the dungeon into which they were thrust, was a melancholy earnest of their intended treatment: but Sebastian complained not; and all devoted to the hard task of detaining the fitting soul of his Aziek, in its feeble tenement, he passed a weary day without learning to what fate he was doomed.

His thoughts were less employed upon personal sufferings, than with amazed consideration of the black treachery of him whom the Portuguese had so incautiously trusted; and many were the censures he passed on them for their credulity.

But in truth Sebastian blamed them unjustly: hypocrisy is the only evil that walks unseen "by man and angels:" and father Chrysostom was a hypocrite even to himself: he could cajole and cheat his own soul.

While his thoughts were in reality fixed upon earthly distinctions, he believed they were solely turned towards heavenly ones. He fasted, he prayed, he mor-

tified his affections and his senses ; he distributed alms, he visited sufferers, he arrayed his body in " sackcloth and ashes," and he persuaded himself that he did all this from love and zeal for our Divine Master. But it was the praise of men he coveted, rather than the approbation of conscience ; and having early fixed his eyes on the triple crown, he placed not his foot except where the step promised to lead towards that envied object.

His advancement had been gradual and sure : now it was likely to prove more rapid. In his quality of confessor to the Portuguese viceroy, he speedily heard of Sebastian's re-appearance, and of the alarm which the success of his various agents spread through the Spanish court. Rodrigo acknowledged that it was Philip's earnest wish to have the pretender at his mercy ; and upon this acknowledgment Chrysostom suddenly conceived the bold plan of affecting zeal for the Portuguese monarch, insinuating himself into his confidence, learning who were his secret abettors, and in case the Venetians should not deliver him up to Spain, deceive him into her power by the means described.

His affected renunciation of places and profits, together with a shew of hot-persecution from the Spanish and Papal court, warranted the friends of Sebastian in their fatal dependance on his superior talents : he obtained his victim ; and secure of the Duke of Tuscany's concurrence, apprized him of the day and hour at which they should enter the gates of Florence.

Juan De Castro, and Don Christopher, who were already in the city, no sooner heard of their King's second detention, than aware of the danger which menaced themselves, and conscious that by the captivity or death of his friends, Sebastian's situation would only be rendered more hopeless, they fled hastily, severally betaking themselves to France and England with entreaties for effectual aid from both those powers.

Meanwhile Sebastian was re-conveyed, with the faithful partner of his afflictions, from the Florentine prison, to the nearest sea-port, where being embarked in a

Spanish ship of war, and closely kept from the sight of the crew, they set sail for Naples.

Sebastian rarely condescended to question the only person who was allowed to attend him, for the man was cold and savage, and seemed prepared to reply with insults; but on launching again upon that ocean which he had so often traversed under such variety of fortune, he one day broke silence, and asked whither they were going to take him. "To the prison del Oyo, for life,"—was all the answer of his attendant, as he shut and bolted the cabin door.

Sebastian and Kara Aziek turned their eyes on each other: they needed not speech to understand what was passing in each others hearts: their daughter's fate alone occupied every feeling.

"Ah, if I could be assured that her innocent life would be spared, her days pass in peace," exclaimed Kara Aziek, "my soul would find rest: I could bound my little remnant of happiness with the walls of my Sebastian's prison, or I could die with thee my husband—die gladly." She bent her face on his neck to hide her gushing tears, as she thought of their perishing together.

Sebastian regarded her tenderly: "I do believe it, my Aziek! cherish this angel resignation; and since it seems Heaven's will, that the sins and the errors of thy husband should descend upon thy guiltless head, O let me hope, that with so grievous an addition to my burthen as that conviction, Heaven will be satisfied, and spare me the pang of having caused my child's wretchedness."

To combat this painful and incessant throe of self-condemnation, Kara Aziek now roused up her fortitude with her love, and while she exhorted him to remember that human sufferings are much more frequently promised to the favourites of God, as trials and perfectors, than as penalties and punishments, her own spirit was elevated and comforted, and she suddenly appeared endowed with supernatural strength.

Resigned to bear, because humble and confiding, no

voice of lamentation was heard from the chamber of Sebastian and Kara Aziek. Their dignified stillness, with their gentle and unresisting looks, sometimes moved even the rough fellow who supplied them with food to murmur as he left them, "I shall be sorry to hear that they come to harm."

Sebastian could take no other advantage of this compassion, than that of winning from his attendant the name of the Neapolitan viceroy. He learnt with pleasure that it was the Count of Lemos, a very old and worthy Spaniard, who had been nobly entertained at the Portuguese court by Don Sebastian, and had more than once bravely hazarded advice to him on important subjects, when his own courtiers shrunk from the delicate task.

From a nobleman of this character, both Sebastian and Kara Aziek now ventured to hope for at least an amelioration of their destiny; and with something like satisfaction beheld their vessel cast anchor in the bay of Naples. They were speedily conveyed to the castle del Ovo, a dark and fearful fortress, now become a prison for criminals. At sight of the narrow dungeon, without any other furniture than straw, Kara Aziek's looks betrayed the sudden horror with which she was seized, "Is it here we are to linger out our lives?" she exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"I have no instructions to confine you," observed the man who had conducted them, "indeed I never heard of any other prisoner than this gentleman, so you must be content to abide somewhere else."

He attempted to take her hand to lead her out, but Kara Aziek sprang back, and Sebastian advanced to deprecate the heaviest of their misfortunes. The man urged his orders to confine the pretended Calabrian in a solitary dungeon; Kara Aziek still resisted, she clung to her husband, wildly exclaiming:

"Kill me—kill me—tear this poor frame to atoms—still will I remain here.—Surely no force can take me away, if I am resolved to die beside him."

Wrung to torture by her frenzy, Sebastian earnestly

sued for permission to detain her. The man's inclinations were in favour of compliance, but his life might have been risked by yielding, and promising to urge their suit in the morning to the Viceroy's secretary, he reluctantly repeated his orders.

The arguments and soothings of Sebastian rather than the explanation and peremptory behests of the gaoler, allayed the ravings of Kara Aziek; suddenly she grew calm, started from the ground, and as if alarmed lest her obstinacy might endanger her husband's safety, she cried out, "Now, now I am ready to go!"—a convulsive embrace was exchanged between her and Sebastian, and the next moment the door of the dungeon closed and divided them.

"No further!" said she, in a low hurried voice, as the man would have led her from the spot, "Here is my bed this night—every night—here will I live till he is restored to me again—force me not from this sad lodging, if you have love or pity in your heart—I cannot get back to him—I may but hear his steps and his sighs, and know that he is near me.—Alas! is that too much of consolation?"

The bitter tears which flowed down her cheeks, and the sorrowful wringing of her hands, presented so moving a picture, that the Neapolitan said kindly, "Well, stay here then, I will surely get you admitted in the morning—what shall I bring you to sleep on?"

"O no sleep—no sleep"—she replied with joyful wildness, "I will take to bless you and to pray for him." She lightly seated herself on the stone floor while speaking, and leaning her head against the door of Sebastian's cell, remained drinking in at her ear each breath he drew.

Frequently did she long to speak and tell him she was near; but then conscious that the idea of her being alone and unprotected in an open passage, exposed to the insults of the wandering guards, and doomed to rest only on a damp pavement, would overbalance the satisfaction of hearing her voice, she checked the wish, and relapsed into stillness.

Morning was far advanced when Stephano appeared : he had been to the secretary and had returned successful. At this intimation, which Kara Aziek demanded even while he was afar off, she uttered a cry of transport ; it was answered by the voice of Sebastian from within, " Kind Heaven ! my Aziek art thou here again so soon ? "

" I have been here the whole night ; I would not leave thy door." While Aziek was speaking, Stephano unlocked the dungeon, and she flew into the melancholy, grateful embrace of her husband.

It seemed as if Providence had allotted them this temporary privation only to make them sensible, that while undivided, they had no right to abandon themselves to despair. Kara Aziek with overflowing thankfulness acknowledged this truth, and promised henceforth to grieve no more.—Stephano passed his hands across his eyes, and replied to some anxious inquiries of Sebastian.

As it was the most earnest wish of the King to be seen by the Count of Lemos, he learnt with regret that Lemos was then lying ill of a dangerous disorder, which devolved his duties upon Sossa, the next nobleman to him in rank and civil honours. This information was indeed unwelcome ; however, Stephano promised to inquire regularly after the Viceroy's health, and to discover whenever his Excellency was in a state to hear of business.

" I am heartily sorry," he added " to be forced to deal hardly with you and this sweet lady ; whatever you be, King or poor Calabrian, you seem to love your wife, so I would fain make you both comfortable. But the Auditor-General (he that commands now) has charged me to keep you very strictly ; and since your wife insists on sharing your prison, she is to be served with bread and water like yourself. I am heartily sorry for it, Sir, but I must do my duty."

Sebastian bowed in token of reply, for his emotion choked him as he gazed on the heavenly smile which shone through the tears of Aziek ; that smile said

how little she regarded the pains and privations of the body—and at that moment he loved her dearer than ever, for never had her unrivalled attachment been so perfectly displayed.

Stephano withdrew, leaving the husband and the wife to seek consolation in the possession of each other's attachment.

On the fifth morning, Sebastian was surprised by the appearance of the Auditor-General with his secretaries, who entering his cell, regarded him some time with severe scrutiny. "I am come hither," said he, "to ask you for the first and last time, whether you persist in your imposture? if you abjure your crime, and consent to make public confession of it before all men, I am commissioned by our Sovereign, Philip III. to promise you life and liberty: but if you continue thus to maintain a falsehood, you will either be left to linger out your days on bread and water, or perish at once by the hands of the executioner. What is your reply?"

Sebastian turned on him a look of exceeding majesty: "I disclaim your authority with that of your master, for I am his equal and his kinsman: let him do with me as he will, I will still call God to witness that I am that self-same Sebastian King of Portugal, who in the year 1578, passed into Africa against the Moors; and the very same, who to augment the name and the power of the Christians, put his life to the hazard, together with that of twenty thousand brave men, whom his criminal obstinacy devoted to slaughter. I am that unfortunate Prince, who for the punishment of his sins lost the battle of Alcazar!—this is a truth which I may not deny without endangering my immortal soul. Deal with me as you are commanded, I will continue to utter the same words, in prison or at the stake."

Sebastian turned from him as he concluded, and awed by his royal manner, the auditor with his notaries (who had taken down the King's words in writing) departed without further speech.

Day after day now lingered by, and as they passed

they cast a deeper gloom over the prospects of Sebastian. The Count Lemos grew worse, and Sossa (naturally of a harsh temper, and devoted to Philip) prohibited the slightest mitigation of suffering to the unfortunate Sebastian.

Not for himself did Sebastian grieve, but for her whose tender heart and delicate frame, were so ill suited to the rigours of their destiny. Yet alas! his grief was vain and powerless.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed, when Stephano entered with a glad look, to communicate the news of Count Lemos's disorder having taken a favourable turn; and to assure Sebastian that his friend the secretary (whose mediation had procured to Kara Aziek the liberty of sharing her husband's fate) had promised to inform his master, of the peculiar severity with which the alleged Calabrian was treated.

The secretary kept his promise. No sooner was Count Lemos in a situation to investigate business, than he granted Don Sebastian permission to appear before him, and for that purpose had him brought privately to his house.

Neither time nor suffering could wholly deface the rare lineaments of him, who might once have stood forth the model of manly beauty. Lemos was not long of recognising in this interesting stranger, the noble and heart-winning Sebastian: he looked at him with sorrow and surprise; and having questioned him on several matters known only to themselves, he acknowledged himself convinced.

But the old nobleman was too well versed in the character of ambition, to hope that Philip's persecution arose from a real belief of imposture: he justly thought that his august prisoner was secretly devoted to a lingering death, and thus trusted to his keeping, from the apprehension, that if brought either into Spain or Portugal, his escape would be productive of more immediate danger, or his death exasperate the people into a revolt.

Lemos could only promise what he sincerely meant

to perform, a strong testimonial to the truth of Sebastian, and a consequent remonstrance with his royal master : should that fail, he must content himself with watching over the life of his prisoner, and yielding him all the comforts within his power : to permit his escape, a nice sense of honour forbade.

"Whatever be the trust reposed in me, Sire!" he said, "if I accept it, I am bound to hold it inviolate : and as my respect may sweeten your majesty's hard destiny, to refuse the charge of your person would be only to deliver you up into the hands of a severer guardian."

Too grateful for any amelioration of his fate, since that of Kara Aziek was inseparable from it, Sebastian urged not a single argument against the opinion of Count Lemos : he bestowed a warm eulogium upon his justice and generosity, and accepted with gladness the offer he made of future protection.

By Lemos's orders, the royal prisoners were removed into the best chamber of the fortress, where Stephano and his sister were permitted to wait on them. Books, musical instruments, and occasional walks in the garden, under certain restrictions, now lightened their captivity : air and better diet quickly restored some bloom to the cheek of Kara Aziek, and the information (which she covertly obtained during the visit of Count Lemos) that the Medina Sidonia family remained undisturbed, brought back some peace to her mind. But anxiety for the ultimate end of their misfortunes, devoured the inmost part of her heart, and like a canker-worm, preyed on the source of life.

It was well for Sebastian that some innocent recreations enlivened his captivity, since the prospect of ever being released, seemed daily less probable. Philip's answer to Lemos, had been in his usual strain of artful moderation : afraid of exasperating that most respectable of his nobles, into a revolt from his authority, and a public espousal of Don Sebastian's interests, he deemed it wise to tolerate him in dispensing those indulgencies to the prisoner, which he boldly avowed his

intention of always allowing ; while at the same time he peremptorily forbade the viceroy to write or to speak to him in defence of an impostor. This title Philip scrupled not to give him, in defiance of the Count's testimony, being determined to resolve every difficulty into the unreal solution of those days, absolute sorcery.

Several of the Portuguese, who had openly taken part with Sebastian, were outlawed, and their properties confiscated : amongst them were Don Christopher of Crato, and Juan de Castro.

Braganza's high birth and vast influence alone saved him from feeling the heaviest weight of Spanish resentment : policy taught Philip not to exasperate the Portuguese too much, and Braganza was therefore spared. But in the persons of his retainers he felt the malice of his rival :—Father Sampayo was cast into the cells of the Inquisition on spiritual charges ; and had not Texere escaped into England, (where Sir Anthony Shirley for the love he bore his master, granted him an honourable and safe asylum) he too must have groaned in the same dismal prison.

Either by threats or bribes, the Spanish King had allured into his views, nearly all of his courtiers that had been hardy enough to plead for a fair scrutiny of the pretender. Rome had launched her lightnings and terrified France again into silence : and in England, the disastrous fall of Essex, the death of Elizabeth, and the succession of James, had changed its politics, and rendered any expectation of support from that quarter a vain chimera.

To pass their lives in the castel del Ovo, was therefore the last prospect that remained to Sebastian and to his blameless wife. When our fate appears inevitable, who is it that weakly continues to contend against it ? Confiding their daughter's future happiness to Heaven, and to the Duchess Medina Sidonia, they dried their tears, as they sometimes flowed, when thinking of their eternal separation, and taught themselves to rejoice in her liberty.

Of the world they now thought only as of a scene

on which they should never more appear: they banished its hopes, its fears, its anxieties, and submitting to the divine decree, made their world in each other's hearts.

Those qualities which had never failed to attract and to attach every one within their influence, still continued to win the affections of whatever persons approached them. Stephano and Baptista privately confessed to their friends, their admiration of the royal sufferers, and their firm belief of Sebastian's just claim on liberty and dominion: these confidential discourses, spreading from confidant to confidant, at length diffused throughout Naples so lively an interest in the supposed impostor, that Sossa and others of Philip's party became uneasy, and remonstrated against the indulgence of Count Lemos.

While persisting in his generous line of conduct, the good Lemos was seized by a return of his disorder, and in a very few days reduced to the brink of the grave: his son, who was just arrived from the Spanish court, and who came hotly zealous for the punishment of him, whom Philip affected to consider a base-born Calabrian, was summoned to the death-bed of his aged parent.

Count Lemos spoke of the prisoner: having listened patiently to the short but violent reply of his son, Lemos raised himself on his pillow, and addressing him with a solemn voice, said, "I am dying, my son! and the words of a dying man may be trusted.—As I hope for mercy and pardon at the judgment seat of Christ, I believe this man whom you call an impostor, to be the true and lawful Sebastian King of Portugal: as such I charge you (should my government devolve on you) treat him nobly; and let no worldly honours tempt you to touch his life, or to connive at the violence of others. Friends! you who surround and hear me at this awful moment, I charge you all to testify what I have said, and to bear with it, my dying request to my Sovereign master Don Philip: I entreat him for his soul's sake, to sift this matter more closely."

Exhausted by this exertion, Count Lemos stopt, and laid his head back upon the pillow :—shortly after he breathed his last, and nothing remained of the venerable old man, but a clay-cold corse.

This event was a fatal blow to the comparatively happy state of Sebastian and Kara Aziek : they were immediately remanded back to their dungeon by Sossa ; for Lemos feared Philip too much to obey his departed father, and compromising with his conscience, by resigning the invidious task into another's hand, pretended that an excess of filial grief, made him unfit to investigate so momentous a subject.

This severe treatment was followed by a visit from the stern auditor : he came to demand a second time, the outraged King's reply to his insulting questions. Again Sebastian declared, that were he to live a thousand years, and every hour of that long period to be employed in making the same demand, he could not return any other answer than that he would live and die professing his truth and his wrongs ; that he appealed to a public trial in his own dominions ; that he protested against the injustice of his kinsman's proceedings, and would persist in doing so to his last breath.

“ Your sentence is then pronounced,” returned Sossa, as he departed, “ your obstinacy condemns yourself : our illustrious and long-suffering monarch has condemned you for life to the galleys.”

As the auditor disappeared, Sebastian fixed a fond but sad look on the agitated features of Aziek. “ Faint not, my beloved ?” he said, “ our appointed trials must be bravely borne to the last—every species of oppression and insult are to swell the cup of your Sebastian's destiny ; but remember the bitterness of that mortal draught is short, in comparison with the eternal spring, of which, through God's grace I hope we shall drink together in Heaven.”

Kara Aziek smiled with a breaking heart, and filled with admiration of her husband's magnanimity, earn-

estly prayed for strength to imitate so noble an example.

On the day which removed Sebastian to this new scene of misery, he was led from his prison to be conveyed to the galleys. Lemos and Sossa believed that to shew this compassionated sufferer to the expecting crowd under degrading circumstances, would be a surer antidote to their respect, than if they beheld him brought to public execution : they had therefore decreed that he should be led through the streets of Naples to the port, mounted on the most ignoble of animals, and followed by his faithful Aziek in the meanest attire.

At the gate of the castle, he beheld multitudes of soldiers and spectators, and a herald holding the ass upon which he was to mount : * his countenance was unchanged : he placed himself on the lowly animal with a serene and majestic aspect that might have become a throne ; it ennobled his sorry garments, and touched every beholder with respect and pity.

His eyes, (brightening as he moved) were fixed upon Heaven : it seemed as if in this triumph over human weakness and human passion, he felt the blessed earnest of eternal reward.

As Kara Aziek hastened to follow the slow progress of Sebastian, some unfeeling wretches scoffingly bade her behold the King her husband, and admire the splendour of his array ; she flashed on her insulters a glance of honourable indignation, for in her heart was love and veneration united for him they contemned. No fear, no shame could find entrance there : love raised to enthusiasm by grief and admiration, irradiated her features, and gave its former bright flush to her burning cheek : a single black garment wrapt her somewhat wasted figure ; her head and feet were bare, by orders of the merciless Sossa ; but those delicate feet rending their tender surface against the sharp pavement of the streets, and that hair which fell dishevelled in all its beauty around her, excited only the more compassion.

* This incident is an historical fact.

Beauty is the most touching orator ; and the loveliness of Kara Aziek heightened the effect produced by her devoted attachment to the husband she followed.

As they moved along, preceded by a herald, proclaiming the offence and the sentence awarded to Sebastian, the murmurs which at first rose among the crowd, gradually died away, till an awful and unbroken silence universally prevailed. The people looked on each other with sorrow and amazement ; while Sebastian now and then removing his eyes from Heaven, looked round upon the spectators with pardon and pity for their sin of consenting to so black an act. At times, when the herald called aloud, " this man whom traitors assert to be King of Portugal, &c." Sebastian would interrupt him in a loud voice, exclaiming, " and so I am,"—then resuming his calm attitude, proceeded in dignified silence.

Arrived at his place of destination, he turned to bid farewell to some of his humblest friends, whom he recognised amongst the crowd. " Friends !" he said, " ere you lose sight of me for the last time perhaps, bear witness that I testify to the truth of my own assertion : I am Sebastian King of Portugal : this matchless woman my lawful and beloved wife. I submit humbly to the will of God, not basely to the oppression of man : my body I account for nothing ; and upon that only, may Philip heap indignity and pain ; my soul, is above his reach.

" From such of you as have suffered, or may suffer loss for my sake, I crave pardon and pity ; the most grievous of my sorrow, is the consciousness of having caused sorrow to others : Heaven will reward you, since the unfortunate Sebastian has no longer any thing to bestow but his poor thanks."

He had scarce spoken, when the sound of weeping was heard, and a woman pressing forward, threw herself on the earth before him and Kara Aziek : it was Paula the widow of Gaspar. At sight of her, Sebastian turned pale from excess of emotion, and tears gushed from his eyes. " My poor Gaspar !" he ex-

claimed, "I regretted thee when I should have rejoiced! hadst thou lived to see this woeful day!"

Sebastian stopt, for Kara Aziek's long-stifled grief, now burst forth with such passionate violence at the prospect of separation from him (for she was denied the consolation of sharing his destiny) that his fortitude began to faint, and his limbs shook as he sought to support her.

Meanwhile Paula was calling on the people around, to witness, that since she now saw the person whom they had taken her to Venice to swear was Marco Catizone, she denied his being so; that she recognized in him the former master of her deceased husband, and not that dear husband himself. She wept the memory of Gaspar with unfeigned sorrow, which encouraged Sebastian to require her care of his Aziek, for whom no better habitation offered an asylum than the humble one of Baptista and Stephano.

These good people had promised to receive and to comfort Kara Aziek at the fatal moment in which she must be severed from the partner of her life. Baptista engaged to effect occasional interviews between the wife and husband, through her influence over a young man in the galley to which Sebastian was doomed; and it was from this promise that Kara Aziek gained strength to live through the wretched scene in which she was now performing.

Amidst tears, embraces, lamentations, and exhortations, she was torn from the arms of Sebastian: he was hurried into the galley, and she led almost lifeless away to the lodging of Baptista.

Associated with slaves and malefactors, behold the once imperious and fiery King of Portugal submitting to his destiny with a resignation that gave a dignity to humiliation: he arraigned not Providence, for he remembered his past bigotry; and though the humanity of his nature had prevented him from carrying his zeal into absolute persécution, he ventured not to say how far that zeal might eventually have transported him; devising it just that he should find his present

punishment from that disposition in others, which he had cherished in himself.

Even the most merciless of his oppressors in Naples, dared not outrage that dignity which awed them, by insisting on his labouring like a criminal at the oar: he was condemned to the galley merely as to a more public prison. Philip thus making a shew of believing that the more he was seen, the less he would be credited; but in reality hoping that one of those malignant fevers common to the galleys, would soon send him to another world.

Stephano kept his word, and procured more than one meeting between the royal sufferers. Paula undertook to transmit an account of the King's situation to his kinsman Braganza, by whom her infant was now protected. She herself was thus far on her way to rejoin the Duchess of Medina Sidonia in Spain, whither Paula found her gone to take leave of a dying friend. Paula used all her rhetoric to persuade Kara Aziek to accompany her: but not even the temptation of beholding Blanche again, could swerve the conjugal love of Aziek: she was determined to follow the fate of her husband, wherever it might lead; and as the Duchess held in her possession the little remnant of their wealth, and might transmit it through Paula, Aziek resolved to avail herself of Stephano's protection, and dwell at least in the vicinity of the galleys.

Charged with letters to their beloved child, and to the Duchess, in which the anxious parents besought all efforts for their own happiness to cease, and nothing be attempted but for that of Blanche, Paula departed from Naples.

No sooner was the injured King of Portugal placed in a situation which exposed him to all eyes, than crowds flocked to see and to converse with him. Every day, every hour, produced fresh testimonies to his truth: and had not religious prejudices enfeebled their compassion, and lowered their respect, the Neapolitans would have joined the loyal Portuguese in rescuing him by force from the galleys.

This universal discontent so far alarmed the new Count Lemos, that he despatched a messenger to Madrid, with a detail of what he feared: the consequence of his despatch, was an order for the galleys to quit the Mediterranean and come down to the western coast of Spain.

Not even this change, could divide Kara Aziek from Sebastian: she followed him in a little vessel bound for the same port, accompanied by Baptista, whom kindness and fidelity had endeared to her, and rendered her chief solace.

The galleys were commanded to ride in the bay of St. Lucar: and at St. Lucar Kara Aziek took up her abode.

Unknown and unnoticed, she depended solely on the humanity of Baptista's lover, for distant interviews with her husband.

The saddest period of Kara Aziek's life was now present: she lived forlorn of every comfort except only the humble attentions of her servant, and the occasional sight of him from whom she once fondly hoped nothing less than death would ever have parted her. She beheld this object of her heart's idolatry, loaded with chains, and condemned to the vilest of human stations: her imagination pictured the closing scene of this dismal tragedy, and presented him at the stake or on the block. Her amiable daughter was now far away, and too probably the eyes of each fond parent would close for ever without beholding her again. Their private friends were dead, or dispersed; their more potent ones, the Sovereigns of Europe, changed by circumstances, or rendered powerless from necessities of their own. All around was dark and dreary; and wherever she looked, still the same black horizon shut in her fate.

Where is the spirit that can resist calamities so heavy? Religion may enable us to curb complaint, to submit with humility and a thorough conviction that he who ordains, is all-wise, and all-good; but not even religion can benumb "the nerve whence agony is born:" The heart may break while it yields.

Kara Aziek felt hers to be fast decaying: sorrow wasted her bodily strength, and with it her mental energy. A deep sadness was fixed upon her countenance, and heavy and continual sighs (of which she was herself unconscious) told the attached Baptista, that her suffering mistress was hastening to the repose of Heaven.

At this period, Baptista unexpectedly heard that the family of Medina Sidonia had a residence in the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, and were coming to visit it: she imparted this to Kara Aziek, believing Paula likely to be in the Duchess's suite, and knowing of no other interesting object; this intelligence lifted up the soul of the fond mother; she hazarded a letter to the Duchess through the medium of Paula, and remained with trembling eagerness anticipating an answer.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME days had passed in anxious expectation, when in the dusk of evening, a man in a domestic's habit appeared at the obscure abode of Baptista, and announcing himself sent by the Duchess Medina, urged admittance to Kara Aziek. She received him alone.

Having cautiously closed the door, the stranger threw off his cloak and hat, and Kara Aziek saw at her feet a young and handsome man, on whose intelligent countenance nature's hand had stamped truth and goodness.

"It is the Queen of Portugal to whom I bend my knee?" said the animated youth, with a look that demanded if he were right. Kara Aziek answered with ready tears, "Alas! it is the most desolate of women—the wife of him whom would to God I could say was not born to a throne; but you come from the Duchess of Medina Sidonia—know you her young companion—Blanche?"

A graceful disorder appeared on the face of the stranger, as with deepened colour and a fluttering voice, he replied that she was even then near St. Lucar. Kara Aziek clasped her hands together in an ecstasy of gratitude: but the emotion of the stranger did not escape her; and his menial habit so ill suited to the elegance of his air, made her attach an agitating meaning to the emotion he betrayed.

"I do not see a domestic of the Duchess Sidonia's?"

"No, Madam—you behold her son."

Don Hyppolito now put into her hands a letter from his mother, which Kara Aziek eagerly read. It informed her that Hyppolito was zealous in the cause of Don Sebastian, though wholly ignorant of their lovely ward's connexion with his fate; that the Duchess was eager to afford the parents a sight of their daughter;

and that the Duke having been fortunately importuned by all the Spanish grandees around, to visit the newly-arrived galley, in which the King of Portugal was confined, in order to disprove the impostor from his personal knowledge of the true Sebastian, he had seized the opportunity of yielding to his own earnest desire, and was come openly to St. Lucar for the avowed purpose.

Desirous of bringing the mother and child to an immediate meeting, the good Duchess had sent her son (disguised thus to prevent observation) with orders to attend Kara Aziek to their dwelling near the town. Hyppolito (thus ended the letter) has no suspicion of the relationship we so religiously conceal, it will depend on yourself and the royal Sebastian, whether he may ever be so greatly trusted.

But Hyppolito scarcely needed to be now informed of the momentous secret; the likeness to Blanche, which a lover's eye directly discovered, together with a recollection of Blanche's distracted sympathy with the sufferings of the King and Queen of Portugal, and now the wild joy of Kara Aziek, all united to shew him the fact. Trouble and apprehension succeeded to his lively enthusiasm; and a multitude of strange pangs seized his young heart, as he prepared to lead forth the trembling mother.

During their hasty, and rather long walk, no words were exchanged between them; Hyppolito stopped under the high wall of a garden, and opening a small door concealed by trees, conducted Kara Aziek in. The next moment brought them to a pavilion, where he would have left his companion to enter alone, (so his mother had instructed him) but detaining him by the arm, she exclaimed in a low voice, "O no—leave me not—I owe you the reward of seeing how happy you have made me."

Hyppolito caught at the permission; he pushed open the door, and the next moment beheld the mother and the daughter senseless in each other's arms.

Joy and grief so blended, were too powerful for their

hearts : nature sunk under such a meeting, and it was long ere the Duchess and her son succeeded in restoring them to life.

Sorrowful happiness was that which the young Hyppolito now witnessed ; no sounds, save those of weeping and sighing, were heard through the apartment. Though the mother and daughter fondly embraced, fondly gazed on each other, their hearts were full of Sebastian, and incapable of real joy.

The tears of Blanche flowed with redoubled impetuosity whenever she looked on her mother. What a change did she see in that face and that figure ! as her eyes wildly noted the ravages made there by sickness and sorrow, cold chills crept through her veins ; she felt that a moment was approaching in which she would require the consolation of some object equally dear, and her eyes then sought those of him to whom her innocent heart unconsciously trusted for all its future comfort. Hyppolito's soul speaking from his face, answered the supplication of hers : he advanced, and joining the hands of Kara Aziek and her daughter, in one of his, he pressed them with trembling lips, while a tear fell from his cheek upon the hand of Blanche. Kara Aziek smiled benignly, and returned the affectionate pressure.

To proclaim her maternal claim on the love of Blanche, seemed needless ; but Kara Aziek gratified the Duchess by requesting her to place that confidence in the young Hyppolito. After a hasty explanation, the Duchess ventured to offer some incitement to hope of better days, lamented the circumscribed power of her husband, but assured Kara Aziek, that after he had seen Don Sebastian, by the desire and in the society of those noblemen who had urged him to the interview, and had convinced himself, by ocular proof of his identity, he would boldly publish the truth at all hazards. The Duke was now absent at the Governor of St. Lucar's, but the morrow was pitched on for his visit to the galleys.

This information infused a faint hope through the

bosom of his wife ; she recovered by degrees from the excess of her first emotion, and remained till night was far advanced, tasting a sad pleasure in noticing the ardent and respectful passion which now blazed out, now receded from the fine eyes of Hyppolito, and fitfully coloured the cheeks of the bashful Blanche.

This love unknown to themselves, even while for ever felt, was not unmarked by the Duchess ; and her looks had already interrogated those of Kara Aziek, with a sort of pleadingness for her son's happiness, which gave the most solid satisfaction to the anxious mother.

Kara Aziek returned from this interview with a placidity long unknown to her ; and Baptista, who merely guessed that she had been visiting Paula, made no inquiries, contented to observe that her mistress was really less dejected than usual.

But violent emotions, whether sad or exhilarating, are equally dangerous to a weakened frame : Kara Aziek was unable to rise from her humble couch on the ensuing morning, when Hyppolito came to inform her he was going with his father to recognise Don Sebastian.

Her death-like paleness (over which a smile of grateful regard cast the brightness of immortal beauty) touched the romantic heart of Hyppolito, and as he earnestly regarded the lovely wreck before him, love and pity inspired him with the determination of attempting something to smooth at least her departing hour.

Having received a tender message for Don Sebastian, he hurried back to Blanche, whose duteous love did not wait for the disclosure of his wish, ere it prompted her to exclaim, "So ill ! so desolate !—O, Hyppolito, since my dear mother may not dwell here unsuspected, I will go to her habited less guadily : confined to her sick chamber alone, in such an obscure quarter of the city, who will know the adopted child of the Duchess Medina Sidonia ?—Some excuse may be invented for my absence, to prevent the curiosity of

domestics—Ah! if she were to be torn from me, without my having the consolation of ——”

Tears choked her utterance, and covering her face, she remained abandoned to sorrow, while Hyppolito was urging the Duchess to sanction their pious project.

What mother could refuse such pleadings? Blanche was allowed to follow the impulse of filial tenderness; her dress was secretly exchanged for one of Paula's, and gliding unseen through the garden, Hyppolito conducted her out of the private door, and led her safely to the arms of her expecting mother.

The ardent young man had not time to do more than kiss the hand of Kara Aziek, ere he ran off to join his father, and the rest of the grandees.

Accompanied by his wife, the duke of Sidonia proceeded to the shore: his aspect was grave and thoughtful: for he was reflecting on the wondrous vicissitudes of our mortal life. That unfortunate Prince, upon whom all men might now gaze unchecked, all tongues move in reviling, was that same Sebastian whom Medina had last beheld, surrounded by power and majesty. It was that King whom Medina had himself served twenty years before, with submissive awe; whom he had feasted and entertained with tilt, and tournament, and ball, while he waited at Cadiz for the troops of Philip II. These reflections occupied the Duke till his company reached and mounted the chief galley.

Hyppolito was the first to spring on deck: he looked eagerly round, and immediately singled out the august object of his search. Removed from the other slaves, in a lonely quarter of the ship, he saw a man seated, with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground; his single garment was coarse and dark; his head and limbs were without covering; but the large and noble proportions of those once powerful limbs, and the majestic air of that head, denoted him to be the King of Portugal.

Hyppolito hastily advanced, and his quick breathing

stirred the attention of Sebastian; he looked up, his eyes met those of Hyppolito, who felt them enter into his soul. By a sudden impulse, the young man half bent his knee; surprise and inquiry illuminated the countenance he was observing. Sebastian slowly arose, and as he did so, his youthful companion heard the clank of chains.

Such an expression of shame and indignation banished the air of veneration with which Hyppolito was looking at him, that Sebastian understood what passed in his mind. "Young man," said he, "blush not for me—blush for my oppressors, and my coward friends!—deserved punishment is disgrace—but unmerited oppression, if nobly borne, is glory!"—He moved away as he concluded, leaving Hyppolito gazing after his kingly step, and yet—commanding figure.

The vessel was soon crowded with illustrious visitors from the yacht of Medina Sidonia: the captain of the galley understanding their errand, shewed the Duchess and her company to a wider part of the deck, and sent to inform Sebastian that they entreated to see him. He turned back with the captain, and calmly advanced into the circle formed by his examiners.

The Duchess who had last met him at Villa Rosolia, under such different circumstances, almost uttered a cry of melancholy welcome: her company burst forth into remarks and questionings: the Duke remained on one spot, steadily eyeing the figure before him.

So long was his scrutiny, that some of the groupe impatiently demanded whether the man they saw, were not really an impostor. Medina suffered them to importune him for an answer, and at length seriously replied, "Am I to speak the truth my lords?—I declare then, that in the voice and mien of this stranger, I recognise the very voice and mien of the King of Portugal. The alteration I find in his face and figure, is only such as twenty years of suffering might be expected to produce."

"What then, you believe he is Don Sebastian? You assert it?"

"I assert nothing: persons and voices may resemble; but in events we cannot be mistaken. If this be the King, whom I entertained at Cadiz, ere his expedition to Africa, he will be able to point out to me amongst some armour which I have brought hither, the present he made to me at that period."

"I gave thee a sword, Sidonia!" said Sebastian, "and I think I should remember it again."

The surrounding nobles, with dismay and surprise, followed the Duke to the stern of the galley, where some attendants had just arrived with a heap of swords, spurs, curious pistols, and daggers. The Duke silently pointed out to them all, the weapon given him by the King, which being less costly than any of the others, was the least likely to be guessed at as a royal gift.

Sebastian, who had remained exchanging looks of interesting meaning with the protectress of his daughter, courteously went to meet the returning party; an old servant displayed the armour; Hyppolito bent anxiously forward, fearful, that if the King's memory failed of retaining such a trifle, they who chose to cavil at this truth, might seize so plausible a pretext, and pronounce his father deceived.

But, at the first glance, Sebastian recognised his own plain sword, and drew it from beneath a heap of others. "With this sword did I make thee a knight of Avis!" he said, sorrowfully, "O sad remembrance! for what a train of bitter recollections is in its train!"

"Now, my lords, what say you?" exclaimed the indiscreet Hyppolito,— "should you not bow your knee and acknowledge the royal kinsman of our sovereign Philip of Spain, and should we not all join in bringing this convincing proof to his abused ear?"

Most of the nobles, who well knew that the ear of Philip was wilfully stopt, fell back, murmuring "Sorcery or accident," while others expressed their conviction, but lamented their want of influence. The captain of the galley stood with an air of sincere remorse, which did not escape Hyppolito. The old servant holding the armour, having carefully examined

the lineaments of the King, added his testimony to that of his master. The deck of the galley became for a while a scene of confusion and strong emotion. Sebastian alone, was little moved; he was no longer to be deceived by vain hopes; he knew that all those people would go home convinced of his truth, pitying his misfortunes, and in earnest wishing them at an end; but that in a short time their wonder and their concern would cease; he would be forgotten, and left to his fate.

With Medina Sidonia he conversed aloud on various subjects, calculated to place his integrity under a yet broader light: the gratitude he felt for the protection afforded to his daughter, gave warmth to his manner, and attracted the heart of Don Hyppolito.

Upon that young man Sebastian cast many approving looks, for there was a careless intrepidity in the young Spaniard's manner, and an ardent precipitation in his speech, which announced a generous and a brave character. Sebastian loved such characters, and he therefore beheld the homage of Hyppolito with engaging benignity.

The grantees who accompanied Medina Sidonia forcibly betrayed an extreme anxiety to depart: the Duke requested them to stay a moment.

"Nobles!" he said, "it was through your importunities that I came hither to determine on the truth or falsehood of the illustrious person before us, when you intreated me, you all promised to bear witness to the faithful testimony I should give, whatever that might prove him. I now insist upon your performance of this promise, and require that you set off with me on the instant for the court of our royal master, in order that he may hear from us together, the singular circumstances of this morning. That done, the event remains in our Sovereign's breast; we shall have acquitted ourselves to God, to our conscience, and to this injured monarch."

Ashamed of opposing so equitable a demand, and trusting to private representations of their own unwill-

lingness, the nobles were obliged to assent, and taking leave of Don Sebastian, they descended into the yacht which had brought them from St. Lucar.

Don Hyppolito lingered behind: no one was near Sebastian; he approached, and hastily whispered, "Blanche is with her mother—fear not for them—I will watch over their safety: for that purpose I remain in St. Lucar." Hyppolito hurried away, and joining his party, was conveyed to shore.

In whispers to his father, he excused himself from attending him to Madrid, pleading the comparative insignificance of his youth, and the indecorum of leaving his mother alone. The Duke, little dreaming of the romantic scheme which his son was then revolving, made no hesitation of according to his wish, and the Duchess was too much gratified with such filial attention to receive it without pleasure.

Having left his parents at their own house, Hyppolito hastened to detail the scene he had just witnessed to the expecting Blanche.

In his progress across one of the squares, he was stopped by a knot of young lords, who knowing the visit that had been proposed, now stayed him with various questions. Hyppolito's answers were full of his usual candour, and were mixed with so many passionate expressions and sympathy with the wrongs of Sebastian, and so many invectives against the inactive Portuguese, that he attracted and fixed the attention of a person, who clothed as a mendicant, remained without being noticed upon one spot close to the speakers.

After uttering a few unthinking jests, the young lords went away, and Hyppolito was now proceeding alone, when the mendicant followed, and drew nigh to him: Hyppolito threw him a piece of money unasked; the man passed it with trepidation, and said in a low voice, "I am no beggar, noble Guzman! but a friend of him you compassionate; one, that you see, is willing to risk his life on any scheme that may serve Sebastian of Portugal."

Hyppolito turned joyfully round, and looking on the

stranger, saw the features of a brave and honest youth, under the squalid rags in which he was enveloped. He made him a sign to follow at some distance, and getting out of the streets as fast as possible, the two young men found themselves in a lonely thicket, just beyond its precincts, "Now then, say on," cried Hyppolito, "tell me your name and purpose,—we both risk much by this sudden confidence; but who would not risk all, save his immortal soul, for the injured Sebastian."

"I am Don Christopher of Crato," replied the stranger, blushing and sighing as he pronounced the name he mentioned, "my grandfather was great uncle to Sebastian, I am therefore bound to his fortunes by the ties of blood. Having returned into France after the base detention of my dear Sovereign at Florence, I obtained from the French King a solemn promise of inviolable protection (a promise written by his own hand, and which I now possess) for Sebastian and his Queen, should I ever be able to effect their liberation. For this purpose the generous King has given me a large sum of money, with which I hastened to Naples, determined to attempt the rescue of Sebastian either by bribery or by artifice; but I found him removed to St. Lucar: hither I have followed him, and disguised as you see, am now watching an opportunity for the performance of a duty."

At the name of Don Christopher, (whom the late Emanuel de Castro had so often extolled at Villa Rosolia,) Hyppolito dismissed his fears and suspicions, and at once unfolded to him the design he had himself formed during his visit to the galley.

From the countenance of her captain, and the mean salary attached to his station, Hyppolito believed he might be induced to receive a rich reward for conniving at the escape of his prisoners; all the jewellery in his own possession he had already in thought, devoted to this generous purpose;—even the brilliant chanfraine which had sparkled round the brow of his horse when its master was proclaimed victor at a tournament, and

he had ridden up to Blanche to receive her praises and her smiles. But Don Christopher shewed him the wisdom of keeping these gems as a fund for future emergency. "I have enough for our purpose:" he said, "enough to take us into France, and after that, I can offer from myself a noble asylum to my royal relation. The fairest and the richest heiress of Brittany, will bless me with her hand the moment I return to claim it. Own that I love my King, Don Hyppolito, when I confess that nothing but his service should have torn me from the feet of my adorable Adelaide."

Hyppolito smiled approbation, and returning to the plan for Sebastian's escape, continued to converse on that subject, till a neighbouring clock twice reminded them that they should part. They now separated: Hyppolito promising to impart the meeting to Kara Aziek, and Don Christopher expressing a hope, that should he repair at dusk to her abode, in less lowly attire, she would admit him into her presence.

The interesting circumstances which Hyppolito related to Kara Aziek, shed a bright light over her long benighted spirit; at the description of Sebastian's conduct, and the impressions it produced on all the beholders, she shed tears of exultation: her life was closing, but could she preserve his, bestow Blanche upon Don Hyppolito, and obtain their solemn promise to forget that the blood of Kings flowed in the veins of their children, she should die happy. Some such prospect now opened on her, and the ardent language of young Guzman taught her to believe it near.

Blanche spoke not; though her eyes, (fixed on Hyppolito with such fulness of love and gratitude, that she thought not what they were expressing) thrilled through all his frame, awakening a transporting conviction, that he was exclusively beloved.

No sooner had Don Christopher paid his respectful visit to Kara Aziek, than the two young men proceeded to commence their attack upon the honesty, or the compassion, of Haro, captain of the galley. The man was necessitous and he was humane: both motives

rendered him accessible. Since the recognition of his prisoner by the Duke of Medina, he had granted to him (by the Duke's request) the indulgence of walking over the vessel with his ancles unfettered : this indulgence might, he thought, be turned into an apology for his disappearance. Thus free in his limbs, nothing would be sooner credited than that the wretched Sebastian had thrown himself into the sea, and perished by a voluntary death.

Haro proposed that Don Christopher and Don Hyppolito, should come some midnight under the stern of the vessel, when he would undertake to have all the slaves, and other officers, either at rest or at a distance; he alone, watching by Sebastian.

To convey the King privately down the side of the galley into the boat without discovery, might be difficult, but not impracticable; and the moment the boat received him and rowed away round the other end of the galley, Haro was to extinguish his lamp as if by accident, fling some large substance into the sea loaded with the chains of Sebastian, and by his outcry bring all the other persons to this end of the ship.

The clank of irons and the descent of a heavy body, might well pass for the last plunge of the living Sebastian: with a conviction of his self-murder, the sanguine Hippolito believed that even Philip himself would rest satisfied. Should success crown their project, Don Christopher was to proceed into France with his prize; and as in that case, Aziek would remain behind, and Blanche be denied the joy of embracing her father, Hyppolito projected a scheme to attract his mother into meeting these two friends at a lonely fishing lodge which he possessed on the coast, only a few leagues off. It would be easy to land the King there, allow him a few hours conference with his child, and afterwards depart with him and Aziek for France.

This arrangement was no sooner settled, and Haro put into possession of half the sum he was to receive in recompense for so important a service, than he permitted an interview between his captive and the two

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young noblemen, who conversing with him apart from the other slaves, (a circumstance now so frequent that it was not regarded) opened before him a prospect of freedom and of peace.

Like light suddenly restored to the blind, was this amazing hope to the soul of Sebastian: touched by the chivalric ardour of two youths to whom his qualities were so little known, and recalled to the fond wishes of a father and a husband, he pressed his hand on his heart unable to express in any other way, what was swelling there.

After some moments silence, he uttered a few animated words of gratitude and gratification, coupled with apprehension for their safety, should he accept their services, and accident hereafter discover them to the King of Spain.

Don Christopher declared he risked nothing, since he was already exiled from his country, and dependant on the favour of the French monarch, to whom he should return: and Hyppolito laughing at the chimera of a discovery, braved it as a phantom, protesting his belief that accident could not develop their share in a transaction to which no other person than Haro, would be privy.

His tongue, eloquently, though hastily, represented the joy which her father's release would bestow on Blanche and on Kara Aziek, whom he reluctantly confessed to be now in a state, which rendered a peaceful mind absolutely necessary if they would preserve her life.

At this argument Sebastian lost sight of all other objects, and eagerly yielded assent. To regain, to preserve her, was it not to regain more than liberty? and where was the obscure spot in creation, to which he would not fly for that blessed purpose?

Don Christopher briefly referred him to Haro for the management of his part of the plot; and in order to silence all the King's apprehension, declared his belief that an offer from the French King would allure Haro into France, where an honourable provision might

recompense him for thus abandoning his country—in such a case, neither Hara nor Don Christopher need dread being known as the accomplices in Sebastian's escape, when the time should arrive in which he would re-appear as a candidate for Portugal.

Sebastian listened patiently, then sadly smiling, said in a voice of determination. "Mark me, generous young man! too long have I struggled against the visible will of Heaven, too long have I sacrificed all that is nearest and dearest to me, for that enfeebled people who have shewn themselves rather disposed to clamour against my injuries, than bravely to arm and redress them. For their sakes I have made shipwreck of all that was precious unto me: alas! if I may but save one little remnant—If I may but find some retirement to shelter me and mine, where we may live and die in happy oblivion—my heart will have attained all its present wishes. I feel that I have acquitted myself of my duty to Portugal, and now I abandon her throne for ever.

"What, Sire! exclaimed the young Hyppolito in a transport of awakened hope, "and the amiable Blanche, do you abandon for her, all claim."

Sebastian's penetrating eye read the lover's heart: he smiled graciously, and pressing his hand, said, "Yes, for her also, I speak: her safety and her happiness are the sole objects of her father's anxiety; and how are they to be secured, save in domestic privacy? Think of her again, Hyppolito, as you were used to do; forget the Princess of Portugal, but ever protect and cherish the unpretending Blanche."

Hyppolito hid his suddenly suffused face upon the hand which he now carried to his lips; his heart beat with strange and delightful emotion. Don Christopher earnestly strove to alter the resolution of Sebastian: the latter was inflexible. "I owe the remainder of my life," he observed, "to my family and my friends: the period is too short for us to waste it in fresh struggles: let us be content Don Christopher to pass it in tranquillity."

The captain of the galley now approached, and breaking off their discourse, the young men hastened to impart the consent they had obtained, to name the day of their enterprise, and to return to St Lucar.

The short interval between this period and that which was to crown or to blast all their expectations, was spent by the young friends in active preparation, and by Kara Aziek and her daughter in the most agitating anxiety. The stimulus thus given to the nerves of Kara Aziek, imparted a transient hope of returning health : a bright glow was ever on her cheek, a brighter light for ever in her eye. With a motive for desiring life, the power of retaining life seemed to be granted ; and while she opened her heart to receive the sanguine anticipations of Blanche and Hyppolito, they fondly fancied that her hour of danger was passed.

The Duchess of Medina Sidonia was wilfully kept ignorant of the important affair now agitating : Hyppolito secretly resolved to meet the punishment of his temerity alone, (should any chance discover it to King Philip) since, if he could solemnly swear and prove that his parents were not accessory to the act, he justly believed that not even the deadliest tyrant would dare violate their lives, or their fortunes.

The evening preceding that on which Sebastian was to be carried off, Aziek and her daughter were removed to the fishing lodge of Hyppolito, (a lone house almost buried among rocks and thickets) of which only one purblind domestic had the charge.

Hyppolito suggested this place as more suited to an invalid than a noisy sea-port, besides which he urged, that his mother, who might not hazard the singular act of visiting a humble individual in her mean abode, might safely give them the meeting here, and occasionally come to share in the pious cares of Blanche.

Satisfied with so natural and considerate an arrangement, the Duchess hastened to embrace the suffering Aziek, whom even this short journey contributed to enfeeble. Knowing the effect which solicitude too highly raised, ever produced on her mother, Blanche

forbade Hyppolito to mention the real night of his enterprise; certain that such an enterprise was on the point of execution, she would in some degree be prepared for its failure or success, yet being deceived as to the precise instant would spare her the useless torture of suspense.

Obedient to this judicious injunction, on the very evening of their plot, the young friends named a succeeding one, and departed for St. Lucar.

Blanche had now to rouse up the whole force of her spirit to support the hard task of concealing an agitation which amounted to agony. As she hung over the couch of her pallid mother, indistinct apostrophes to Heaven, perpetually faltered on her lips, while hiding the flush of her cheeks and the restless wandering of her eye, from the unconscious Duchess, she strove to smile and to talk on subjects of trivial interest.

It was a serene and balmy evening, and as the stars appeared one by one in the firmament, and the illuminated sea slowly advanced and receded from the cliffs surrounding the fishing lodge; so much of peace and beauty pervaded every object, that Kara Aziek felt the scene tranquillize and renovate her.

"Suffer me to remain here, my child! she said, (as Blanche hearing the clock strike ten, would have had her retire to rest) "the sight of these boundless and sublime objects, seems to elevate and calm my spirit. Never before have I beheld them with such feelings. How wonderful! how magnificent, how surpassing all human ideas of nobleness, wisdom, and goodness, must be that great Being by whom they were created! it is fit I should habituate myself to contemplate and adore that divine perfection which I may so soon be summoned to adore in the courts of Heaven."

Aziek paused, and her eyes floating in sweet though mournful tears, remained fixed upon the stars. Blanche turned weeping away, and the Duchess ventured to utter a few words of hope.

Kara Aziek smiled gratefully, shook her head, and repeated in so low a voice that her words were scarce

audible, "I am past hope, and you must not deceive yourselves: might I but behold my Sebastian once again, know him safe, and obtain from him one promise, I should die completely happy."

Blanche spoke not: she clasped her hands together with convulsive energy, and her heart only uttered a fervent petition to the Omnipotent for the success of her lover.

The Duchess seated herself near the couch of the invalid. "And what, dearest madam!" she said respectfully, "what commands do you leave me for my future conduct to this dear girl whom I love as I do Hyppolito? a day must arrive when other affections than filial ones, will arise in her bosom—how then am I to decide for the Princess of Portugal?"

Kara Aziék withdrew her eyes from above, and fixed them on the Duchess: the look which they exchanged at that moment, needed no interpreter. "Decide for her happiness, my kind friend! and let the generous man who may devote himself to the obscure and untitled Blanche, accept the blessing of her dying mother, for her dowry. I have nothing else to bestow."

Drowned in tears, flowing from various sources, Blanche precipitated herself by the side of her mother, covering her hands with kisses; the Duchess resumed, "Such are your sentiments, but what are those of Don Sebastian? Would not he frown on the presumptuous house of Medina Sidonia, where they to hazard a wish for uniting their proudest boast, their brightest hope, with the heiress of Portugal? My Hyppolito feels far more than a brother's love for our Blanche; his passion is worthy its object, for he loved her ere he knew her rank."

Blanche heard not her mother's reply, for a loud blast of wind, shaking the walls of the fishing lodge, made her start up and hurry to the window. The stars were disappearing under volumes of clouds, which this sudden wind had driven up from the horizon; extreme darkness was succeeding to light and beauty:—gloom was favourable to the views of the adventurers, and

Blanche blest the darkness, even while trembling at the storm.

Kara Aziek and the Duchess continued so long and so earnest in conversation, that they did not notice the watchful looks of her about whom they were talking : by degrees the wind fell, and although the stars were but faintly discernible at intervals, there was still enough light to guide experienced mariners on their road over the waves. Blanche stole back to her former station, and knelt down by her mother's couch, listening to her discourse. She had scarcely placed herself, when the sound of distant oars grew on the stillness of night. At first, her limbs lost their power, and she could not rise from her kneeling posture, but quickly recovering again, she started abruptly up, and complaining of the sensation of suffocation, opened a door leading down a slope which terminated on the sands.

Having bounded away with bird-like swiftness, she turned aside among some rocks which formed a creek for the shelter of small vessels ; by the dim light, she fancied that she perceived a boat afar off : her eyes remained fixed on the object—the night grew clearer, she saw more distinctly, and at length became certain that a single boat was approaching, rowed by two men.

But where was the third ? where was her father ? it might be, that he was concealed at the bottom of the little vessel, or that Hyppolito had failed. The rowers frequently looked behind them, as if afraid of pursuit, but they made no signal to her.

Blanche leaped upon a high point, and waved her handkerchief ; the boatmen answered only by redoubling their exertions to make the land. They approached—they moved swifter as they advanced nearer ; and the agitated girl hastening from the cliffs to the sands, eagerly rushed into the very waves ; for now she beheld by the star-light, a human figure lying at the bottom of the boat.

The voice of Hyppolito warned her of her danger, and the next instant some one plunged into the water, and springing to shore caught her in his arms : it was Sebastian himself.

By the same impulse, both father and daughter sunk on their knees in each other's embrace! their hearts gushed out at their eyes in silent gratitude.

Don Christopher hurried to break the joyful news to her, whose patient suffering had quickened their exertions; and Hyppolito mooring his bark, flew to share in the happiness he had bestowed.

Rising from the sand, Sebastian now beheld the amiable youth kneeling by the side of Blanche; he stooped to embrace him also. As he encircled them both, and pressed their beating hearts together, he fervently repeated, "I bless you both, my children! may I not say, that I join you in your father's arms? would to God that this union may be eternal!"

Transported to ecstasy, Hyppolito hurried forth a crowd of rapturous and tumultuous expressions, in which Sebastian peculiarly distinguished the promise of resigning for Blanche, and for her offspring, all pretensions to dispute the crown of Portugal.

Blanche answered the eager questions of her lover, and the more temperate inquiry of her father, by sinking her blushing face on the shoulder of him to whom she was given, and tenderly returning the pressure of his hand. Hyppolito was in Heaven, and forgot for awhile that the heart-wearied Sebastian was anxiously waiting the re-appearance of Don Christopher, from whom he was to learn whether Kara Aziek had strength to bear an interview.

Don Christopher at last appeared; and his countenance shewed how much he had been affected. Sebastian silently accepted the offer of his supporting arm, as they turned towards the house, leaving Hyppolito to lead the tottering steps of Blanche, whom joy, grief, and love, rendered feeble.

Imagination must picture the solemn and moving scene which took place in the apartment of Kara Aziek; the tears, the embraces, the broken exclamations, the fond and distracted perusal of each other's altered persons, the alternate bursts of transport and anguish, *which succeeded to this certainty of being restored to*

each other, and this fear of being doomed to part for ever.

When a little tranquillized, Kara Aziek desired to be left alone with her husband, and then she unfolded to him her last wishes for him and their daughter. Sebastian's soul had gone on the like track with her's ; she found that the same events had produced on each the same effects, and that he was as willing to promise, as she was to exact, a determination of abandoning every thought of Portugal.

Believed self-destroyed, he was resolved to enter France with Don Christophèr, and retiring to some solitude with her, and such of his friends as chose to join his retirement, pass his life in such happy obscurity as they had done at Cachoeira. Though separated from Blanche by the union to which they destined her, they believed this sacrifice demanded of them, in gratitude for the services of the Medina Sidonia family ; and since occasional visits from Blanche and Hyppolito, would enliven their retirement, Sebastian tried to persuade his Aziek that they might yet find happiness.

" A few brief years," she said tenderly, " and then my beloved, we *shall* enjoy it together. I go to prepare a place for thee in that world to which we have so long accustomed ourselves to look for imperishable joys ! My soul exhausted with suffering, languishes for the rest of Heaven. Shake not thus, my Sebastian—what mortal agony convulses those dear features ?—Wouldst thou then retain me in a world like this ? O ! rather rejoice that I am going to leave it. Shall I not breathe my last on thy faithful breast ? O blessing ! O comfort unutterable !"

Sebastian believed at this moment that she was indeed drawing her latest breath ; for spent with emotion, her heart ceased to beat, and her eyes closed. He folded her in his arms, and uttering a doleful cry, remained gazing on her pale face with the stare of madness.

Alarmed by his voice, his friends and daughter rushed in, and finding that Kara Aziek yet breathed, though

almost imperceptibly, they exerted their influence to persuade him to withdraw awhile.

During their short absence from the apartment, Don Christopher hesitatingly asked, what measures his King meant to pursue ; the vessel that was to carry them to France, lay at anchor two leagues up the coast, and as Kara Aziek could not be moved thither, without the certainty of immediate death, Don Christopher ventured to hint that his Sovereign's safety could only be secured by his departing with him alone.

At this friendly suggestion, some of his youthful impetuosity burst from Sebastian : " What ! leave her ! " he exclaimed, " My Aziek ! my wife ! my life's comforter ! the very soul of all my past happiness !—no, no, young man. I will stay by her, till Heaven restores, or tears her from me : after that blow, all the world will be nothing to the undone Sebastian, and Philip may triumph as he will, over this senseless body. I think of your own safety—I ought to urge you—but my whole soul is swallowed up in one sad object. You have my thanks for your loving care—some other time perhaps,"—Sebastian could not proceed, and again he returned to the room where he left Kara Aziek.

Recovered by the assistance of the Duchess and Blanche, Kara Aziek had strength sufficient to assure them that she was better, and believed herself capable of being removed in any way that was requisite to speed the departure of her husband. To this assurance, Sebastian replied with a steady declaration of his late taken resolution, and being joined by Hyppolito in arguing against the chance of a discovery at a lodge so little known, when the story of his self-murder would lull inquiry, he vanquished the reluctance of Kara Aziek to let him remain beside her.

Don Christopher then suggested the prudence of suffering the Duchess to return to St. Lucar, lest her longer absence should create any curiosity, and with an unwilling mind, after receiving again Sebastian's pledge that he would resign Blanche to Hyppolito, she departed from the fishing lodge.

For three successive days and nights, Kara Aziek enjoyed the sacred pleasure of seeing her sick bed attended by the object dearest to her on earth; whenever she opened her eyes, during the day or the night, still they met the anxious gaze either of her husband or her daughter. Hyppolito too, watched her with a son's tenderness, and the attached Baptista shared in all their feelings.

Contemplating her husband restored to liberty by the noble youth with whom Blanche was to unite her destiny, seeing in Don Christopher the faithful friend that was to repair her loss, and cheer the spirit of Sebastian, Kara Aziek felt a grateful and placid happiness, which sweetened the pains of approaching death. How much was there to be thankful for, in a death thus softened, which otherwise must have approached in unutterable horror!

She ventured not to repine that her life was prematurely abridged by late sorrow, since of former felicity, she had enjoyed so large a portion; and fixing her thoughts on that eternity which would re-unite her with her husband, she gently yielded to the decay of all her powers.

Like gradual sleep, death stole over her faculties and her feelings; she lay stretched on a couch, losing by degrees the powers of motion, and of speech, the faculty of hearing, and of sight.

Sebastian hung over her marble form, speechless, pale, and despairing: he spoke, and she heard him not; he touched her, and the death-cold hand that returned not the agonizing grasp of his, convinced him that she felt not the pressure. But still her closing eyes were directed towards him, and the heavenly smile that moved her lips, spoke to his breaking heart of love and better hopes.

Too soon these dim eyes ceased to see the objects before them, her faint breathing was scarce perceptible,—she breathed only at intervals; at length her eyelids closed for ever, and she breathed no more!

Blessed close of a virtuous life! what are all the wild

transports of earthly joy, when compared with the
cy of thus "falling asleep" to wake in Paradise!

Sebastian was standing with his eyes fixed on
her face, and his hand holding hers; he watched her
but his looks were no longer sad and patient, the
pressed alarm, anguish, desperation. He put his
to hers; no breath mingled with his; his hand
her heart,—all there was still!—a mortal cry
from his very soul, and dropping the cold arm he
grasping, the desolate Sebastian fell lifeless upon
body of her he lamented.

Supported by her lover, Blanche was kneeling
bed, distracted between grief for her mother, and
for her father's senses; Hyppolito hastily resigned
to Baptista, and judging this to be the decisiv
ment, he dashed away his own tears, and motion
the pale Don Christopher, they lifted Sebastian
the chamber into the open air.

Trusting him to their attention, Blanche al
herself to yield to her own sorrow, and remained
ing over the beauteous remains of the tenderest
men. Meanwhile Hyppolito and Don Christ
hastened to the boat, placed their royal charge
it, covered him with their clothes, and swiftly
away towards that part of the coast where their
vessel was in waiting. When Sebastian recover
looked round, and beheld himself in an open b
the wide ocean, over which the grey of mornin
began to glimmer; he saw that Don Christophe
Hyppolito were his companions. At first his sca
senses were unable to recollect more than hi
escape from the galley, and he fancied himself
rescued from that dismal situation; but soon th
jected looks of his friends, and returning memor
nished this short delusion, and he awoke to the c
ousness of being bereft of all he loved.

Sebastian had risen from the bottom of the bo
now sat down again without having spoken; and n
uttering groan nor sigh, neither shedding a tear
raising his head, he remained like one stupified
stone.

This dismal silence was unbroken by his pitying friends ; they plyed their oars unremittingly, and after much toil came along side the ship, which they hailed and mounted.

All this time Sebastian spoke not ; he suffered Hyppolito to lead him into the cabin, while Don Christopher remained above, to give directions for her immediate sailing. When the latter re-appeared, he rose to depart. In silence he bent his knee to kiss the hand of Sebastian,—in silence, the grief-wrapt Sebastian placed his hands on his head in token of benediction.

“ You bless me as your son, my father !” asked the young man, with much emotion.

The desolate Sebastian strained him in his arms, and attempted to speak, but finding the effort impossible, he repeated the embrace, and motioning for his friends to withdraw, he shut himself in the cabin, and delivered himself up to despair.

Hyppolito earnestly commended the unfortunate King to his friend Don Christopher, settled with him their mode of communication, promised to visit France the instant he could obtain permission to travel, and bring with him his wedded Blanche ; then exchanging an affectionate farewell, he leaped into the boat, again seized the oars, and toiled through the sullen waves to the fishing lodge.

THE CONCLUSION.

ABOUT thirty years after the period in which Don Sebastian was conveyed into France, a majestic old man was seen to enter the palace of the Braganza's, at Villa Viciosa ; his mourning garments were plain, but not ignoble ; his steps were supported by a staff ; the hair that parted from his serene, yet time-worn brow, was whiter than silver ; in his eye, and on his lips, sat a sort of sweet mournfulness, that added a touching interest to his venerable age ; the ashes of that youthful fire which had once blazed there, still remained to say that such fire had been ; but the fire itself was extinct. Resignation, peace, and benignity, had taken its place.

He enquired for the Duke and Duchess of Braganza : the former was at the village of Almada, but the young Duchess was alone, and the stranger was conducted to her presence.

Upon entering a splendid hall, where sculpture, painting, and armorial decorations united to bestow grandeur, the hoary-headed traveller paused, and fixed his eyes upon one object. It was a young and admirably lovely woman, who had just laid her sleeping infant upon a couch, where she stood gazing on him with a mother's fondness.

Her graceful figure owed nothing to the imposing aid of dress ; a plain satten robe, and a cluster of roses knotting up her bright, dark hair, were its only ornaments ; but " she was covered with the light of beauty," and wanted no other decorations.

At the sound of a heavy sigh, she turned round, and perceiving a stranger, hastened forward to meet him. The old man continued looking at her as she advanced : " my eyes are somewhat dim," he said, in a voice broken by emotion, rather than by feebleness,

but I think you are the last surviving child of her who is now an angel in heaven!"

The young Duchess trembled with sudden emotion, and her fine countenance assumed an expression of veneration, joy and sorrow, which heightened its charms; she half bent her knee, while exclaiming, "who is it that I behold? O majestic stranger, dare I believe that I see in you—"

"The father of your mother!" replied the old man, tears trickling down his cheek, "the widowed, wandering Sebastian."

Luisa sunk at his feet, and devoutly kissed them. "You return then, at last!" she said, weeping with delight, "all who have known or persecuted you, my honoured father, are vanished from the earth. Here in the arms of your remaining race, your old age may now pass in security and honour, and your latest sigh be breathed on the bosom of affectionate children."

As she spoke, she tenderly led him towards a seat, where placing herself beside him, she continued to wait his answer, with both hands clasping one of his.

Sebastian fondly regarded her a long time in affecting silence, the tears chasing one another down his venerable face, increasing as they flowed, till he could discern her no longer.

"Pardon me my child!" he said, "the sight of you brings back the feelings of my youth. At that period I loved and possessed the dearest of women: at that period your mother was a young and lovely creature like yourself; I had friends and kindred: where are they now? all gone down to dust! O it is sad to think that I have outlived them all; that in you and your husband I behold the second generation from myself, and from my cousin of Braganza. Mighty Providence! what an instant, is the life of mortal man!"

"Tell me, my child, (he added, after a thoughtful pause) are you happy? do you possess in your husband such a friend as your heart devotes itself to with perfect sincerity?"

A vivid glow kindled on the cheek of Luisa, her

eyes were instantly full of her soul : " I am the happiest of women ; she said ardently, " the whole world contains nothing of what is valuable, great, or endearing, that is not comprised in the character of my Juan.

O my father, I am only too happy ; and my fond heart trembles sometimes at its own felicity."

Tears glittered in her brilliant eyes, and the love that blushed through every vein of her delicate frame, communicated a sad thrill to those of the aged wanderer.

" Gone, gone, for ever gone !" he repeated mournfully : then stopping, added with a divine smile, " not so : in the world to which I hasten Luisa, these sweet emotions will revive again, even for me. Surely our virtuous affections are not destined to perish ?"

A smile of equal brightness answered this remark. " But tell me, dearest Sir, whither have you been wandering ? and how has your old age been supported with those comforts which should follow it everywhere ?"

" I shall make winter nights seem short," replied Sebastian ! " when I relate to you, all that I have seen and felt. Since the death of her whom no time can efface from this widowed heart, you know that I have lived a life of wandering. I have traversed Europe, Africa, and Asia, on foot, with no other companion than this staff and scrip ; no other protection save my grey hairs. My pleasure has been the study of human character under all the accidents of different climates, laws, and customs : my duty has been the task of instructing and enlightening the ignorant or wicked of the countries through which I passed. Gratitude and kindness have rarely failed of recompensing these efforts, and I return therefore in good-will with all my fellow creatures."

" Yet ah ! Sir, how could you separate from my dear parents ?"

" Had you felt what I have felt, Luisa," replied Sebastian, raising his head and fixing his eyes on her, " you would not ask that question. I was bereaved

of my soul. When Kara Aziek was ravished from me by death, I saw all my faithful adherents ruined and dispersed through their fidelity to my hopeless cause; I had no other way to end their destructive efforts, and ceaseless importunities, but to remove beyond their reach. I left France and journed into Persia to the court of my friend Schah Abbas: twice I returned to Europe, twice embraced my children and their offspring. Twelve years ago I entered Spain a third time; I found you an orphan, and the only surviving memorial of Blanche and Hyppolito. What then could bind me to a place where but one unconscious child remained? that child one whom I dared not claim or take to myself? I departed again, and it was not till I heard in Germany, (where as his friend, yet unknown by my real name, I had followed the steps of the great Gustavus Adolphus) that you were the wife of Braganza, that I determined to return and close my life under your roof. There is something awful and striking, my child, in this union with the race of Braganza: their claim to my abdicated crown, is next to your own: those claims are now joined—what great event does Providence intend?"

The young Duchess fixed on him a look of trouble mixed with heroism—"I sometimes venture to believe," she said, "that my admirable Juan is ordained to restore the glory of Portugal. The machinations of Spain have failed hitherto of ensnaring him; he yet remains in his country, the idol of its people, the leading star of its nobles. O! my father, how many frightful plots have been formed to deprive him of life or liberty! he has ever scorned to live with less than the splendour befitting his royal blood, and has continued to spend his princely revenues in princely acts: this conduct has fixed every eye and every heart upon him alone; the Spanish court have become alarmed, and not daring to use violence, have artfully sought to entrap him by a shew of favour.

"Olivares, the prime minister of Philip IV., would have persuaded Juan to accept the government of Mi-

lan ; but what Italian government could tempt him who knew himself the lawful heir to a throne ? On the successful revolt of the Catalans, this artful politician sent to demand the assistance of my husband ; Juan would not assist in oppressing a brave and outraged people, and he refused to appear under arms in such a cause. Dangerous was this noble frankness ! the Spaniard dissembling his resentment by a mask of confidence, appointed Juan to command the troops which then lined the coast, protecting it against the threatened attack of the French fleet ; the navy of Spain came to menace them in turn, and its admiral Ossorio, invited my Braganza with his principal officers to an entertainment on board his vessel. Providentially, the secretary (a Portuguese by birth) seized with remorse, privily informed us that Ossorio had orders to sail away with his victims for the remotest Spanish port.

" Whilst we debated how to elude this treachery without appearing to suspect its existence, a storm dispersed the rival fleets, and drove the admiral's ship a total wreck, into the harbour of Cadiz."

" Providential indeed," exclaimed Sebastian, " what followed this ?"

" Disappointed in his base design, Olivares was not slow in forming another ;" resumed the Duchess, " he invested Braganza with some mockery of power, the duty of which consisted in his visiting the fortresses throughout Portugal, inspecting their state, and reporting it to the court of Madrid. The friends of my dear lord discovered that the same orders which had been given to Ossorio, were issued to the Spanish garrisons ; he was to be seized, detained, and hurried into Castille."

" My Juan's answer to this proposed favour, was worthy of his illustrious soul : he told Olivares that the next heir to the crown of Portugal, deemed any other title a degradation rather than a distinction :—he declined the office, and the name annexed to it."

" There spoke his noble blood !" exclaimed Sebastian, while some youthful fire warmed his veins, " Heaven's blessing be on him ! may he fulfil the prophetic

hopes which your words kindle in this time-chilled heart!—Go on, sweet daughter! go on!”

Luisa with all the enthusiasm of ardent affection, resumed her discourse.

“The spirit of her noblest Grandee appears to have lighted up a happy flame in the bosoms of a few gallant patriots: whole provinces have refused to follow the banners of Spain in her attempt to recover Barcelona. The city of Evora resisting an oppressive tax lately levied by our foreign governors, have loudly called for their legitimate Sovereign, Juan of Braganza: the garrisons, almost emptied of their Spanish soldiers, (for Philip needs every aid in his war with Catalonia and France) offer an easy prey to our countrymen, whenever they shall have courage to assert their independence.

“As yet, no plan has been formed, no absolute party made for either pretender to the succession. The families D’Avegro, and Villa-Real, plead their affinity to the throne; but my husband’s right is too clear for dispute: your’s alone—and O! how joyfully will he bow to it—may pass before him.”

Sebastian smiled, and shook his head, “the world and I, my dear daughter, have long since shaken hands, and said farewell to each other: I have no more to do with its honours or its pleasures: these eyes see but one place of rest, and I am fast hastening to it. Sceptres and crowns, at fourscore years, are the toys and rattles of second childhood, and to desire them is to prove that we are become infants again. To rejoice in the emancipation of Portugal from an oppressive yoke to rejoice at beholding the reins of her government in young and able hands, is yet permitted me. I would cheerfully devote these grey hairs to the dust, could that effect so blessed an event.

“The groans of a people once too dear to me—ever dear to me—reach my heart even yet. O might I live to see them freed from their grievous burthen: to see thee, my child, share thy lawful inheritance with my noble kinsman, how would it cheer, how would it exalt *my parting soul.*”

Luisa was about to answer, when the doors of the saloon opening, discovered a crowd of officers, attendants, and guards, in the midst of whom was the Duke of Braganza. Luisa rose to welcome her husband; and as he dismissed his train, the doors closed again, and he advanced alone into the apartment.

Earnest to observe the countenance of Braganza, Sebastian inclined his venerable person, and lifted up the white locks which obscured his sight. His imagination had represented the husband of Luisa, with a mien dignified, but somewhat austere, and a brow armed with the lofty courage of his conduct. On the contrary, he beheld a man in the prime of life, whose elegantly proportioned figure moved with gentle gracefulness; whose face, (seriously sweet) invited love, destroyed apprehension, and spoke a heart warmed with the most amiable affections.

The soft tenderness of his eyes as he took and kissed the hand of his wife, was suddenly changed into the brightness of glad surprise, when she hastily told him who was awaiting his embrace: Braganza broke away, and hurried to throw himself at the feet of his illustrious relative.

Sebastian bent to raise and to press him in his arms, "I need no other warrant of thy worth, my dear son," he exclaimed, than these sweet looks: you are like the noblest child of the Braganza race. My pretty Diego! how freshly I remember him!"

"At what a moment, Sire, do I behold you!" exclaimed Braganza, "the time is critical: Portugal stands on the brink of a great revolution: she is resolved to make one glorious effort—to perish or be free."

The aged King raised his hands and eyes to Heaven in an ecstasy: the Duchess briefly informed her husband of her grandfather's resolution never to resume the throne which he had so long abandoned. Braganza endeavoured to combat this resolution with the rhetoric of one who speaks from the heart but Sebastian had reason on his side, and his arguments were unanswerable.

When this amicable contest was ended, the Duke

resumed the subject which had led to it. "I am come, he said, (and as he spoke, his eyes kindled into the fire of enthusiasm) I am come from a secret assembly of the most potent nobles and citizens in Lisbon: they met at Almeйда, to swear fidelity to each other, and to the sacred cause of freedom. They demand a leader; and it is upon me that they have fixed their eyes. Luisa, I am yours; I am doubly yours, for you have made me a father—it is you therefore that must answer for your Juan. Tell me, sweetest! have you courage to let me share this glorious conflict."

The eyes of Juan, as he now suffered them to rest solely upon her to whom he spoke, by turns softened and sparkled, as love and patriotism succeeded to displace each other in his mind: those of the hoary-headed Sebastian expressed an apprehensive anxiety.

Luisa's changing complexion betrayed an inward and a severe struggle; but courageously conquering every selfish care, she looked up, and said firmly, "It is true, you are mine, Juan! but not to the exclusion of sublimer duties and affections: your country's claims supersede all others. Awful is the thought of what may follow this consent I give; for does not the bolt strike him first who stands on the highest ground? Yet, better to die nobly, than to live meanly!—better to lament a dead hero, than to retain"—"A base coward!" interrupted Braganza, snatching her to his breast with transporting exultation. "O my brave wife! may your spirit animate our boy."

"Bless thee, mighty God!" cried the aged King, as he rose and extended his hands over the admirable pair, "bless them here and hereafter; and grant that their race may ever sit on the throne of Portugal!"

His august figure, dignified yet further by the sublime emotion which elevated his soul, stood like some time-shattered tower, whose ruins shew its former strength and beauty. Luisa contemplated these remains of the once young and love-inspiring Sebastian, with a melting heart; for she thought of all the events and feelings which had filled his chequered life, and

sighed to think how barren and how desolate was that Sebastian now.

Braganza looked at him with respect and admiration: "Honoured Sire! dear Father!" he said, "I have but one ardent wish—'tis that I may not disgrace the illustrious blood which flows in my veins. If there be one drop there poisoned by vile ambition, if there be but one that does not flow purely for freedom and my country, may the whole tide that circles through this body, redden the swords of Spain."

Shuddering at so horrid an image, Luisa threw herself on the neck of her husband and fondly chid him. His smiles and caresses banished alarm, while Sebastian, eager to learn the particulars of an association so fraught with importance, proceeded to inquire the names, characters, and resources of the confederate nobles.

He found that the party which had thus courted the protection of Braganza, consisted of the first families in Portugal; and that the Archbishop of Lisbon, a prelate of great power and probity, had, through the means of the inferior clergy assured himself of the spirit and fidelity of three parts of the people.

The Duchess of Mantua, who governed in quality of Vice-Queen, was in reality but the instrument of Vasconcellos, her secretary. This man, though by birth a Portuguese, was in heart a Spaniard: or rather, was a wretch of such wide ambition, such insatiable covetousness, and such base sensuality, that to gratify these favourite passions, he was ready to trample on the mother who bore him.

His licentious conduct, dissolute life, cruelties, extortions, and insults, had by degrees, exasperated the Portuguese into the most deadly animosity: to this private hatred was added the stronger sentiment of national honour, and the animating one of attachment to the person of Braganza.

Nothing could be more ardent or universal than the latter sentiment. Braganza's noble spirit pervaded every place: his bounties flowed into the remotest corners of the kingdom; and while the splendour of his

household, his retinue, his equipages, his entertainments, and his palaces, kept in perpetual freshness the remembrance of his royal birth, the ceaseless dew of his secret charities fell all around, penetrating the hearts of men with gratitude and with love.

In public, his magnificent train, and serious dignity of manner, preserved to him that profound respect, which should ever follow distinguished personages : in private the sweetness of a benign and smiling temper, the graces of a refined taste, the charm of every accomplishment, and the rivetting talisman of goodness, added affection to respect, and turned admiration into enthusiasm. He was beloved, he was venerated throughout Portugal ; and so evident was the dominion he had acquired over his countrymen, that not even the Machiavalian Olivares, though trembling at his power, dared openly arraign or stop his course.

There was something strikingly different in the present spirit of Portugal, from that irresolute, fearful conduct, which had palsied her exertions for her legitimate Sovereign : Sebastian could not refuse a sigh to the remembrance. Then, not even the probable assistance of other powers, stimulated them into open insurrection : now, they were nobly resolved to free themselves, unsupported by other aid than God and their own arms.

While he was thus revolving past events, the memory of his dearest friend often mingled with these thoughts, and by a natural association, reminded him that Gaspar had left a son. "Where is he?" he exclaimed abruptly, pursuing his thoughts aloud, "twelve years ago, I was told that he belonged to your household, my son?"

"Of whom do you speak, Sir!" asked the Duchess.

"Of Juan Pinto Ribeiro," replied Sebastian.

The Duke's features beamed with pleasure. "You ask after the most attached and estimable of my servants," he said, "Pinto has always studied with me, travelled with me, lived with me more like a brother than a domestic : he is the comptroller of my household ; and it is to him I believe myself indebted for

the universal suffrages of my countrymen. His love for me and his devotion to our country, are sentiments of equal strength in his excellent heart."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Sebastian in extreme emotion, tears trickling down his cheeks, "is it the son of my faithful Gaspar that you thus commend? O my children, so many feelings, long, long since laid to sleep in this heart, now awake and overcome me, that I know not myself. Joy, and the recollection of other days, make an infant of me."

Sebastian bowed his venerable head, and as he did so, a slight colour flushed his pale face; for now he wept uncontrolled, and was ashamed of his weakness.

Braganza respected his age and his tears, and drawing Luisa away to the couch of their son, they leaned over it together, occupying their attention with his childish beauty.

After some moments silence, the King resumed in a low, faltering voice. "Let me see Ribeiro! after that I will take some rest:—my spirit is more wearied than my body, yet both require repose."

The Duke hastened to gratify his royal kinsman, and sending for Pinto, (who was the confidential person appointed to carry his final answer to the confederates) he led him up to Sebastian.

Some faint resemblance to his father (a likeness rather of lineament than of countenance) powerfully affected the venerable monarch; Pinto was nearly the age that Gaspar was when he left his master for the last time at Villa Rosolia, and this circumstance heightened the effect of the resemblance. Sebastian frequently embraced him, and as frequently repeated the name of his dead friend: he wistfully examined the face before him, but he did not find it the exact counterpart of Gaspar's.

Pinto's eyes and air had the fire of his Italian mother: his look was neither so mild nor so tender as his father's; but it was more pregnant with resolution and talent; it announced him what he was, an intrepid, ardent, faithful, and enterprising man.

Sebastian did not require a second glance at this

luminous countenance to decide that Pinto would be the spring and the mover of the Revolution they meditated. After conversing with him awhile, and hearing anew the most momentous details connected with the great event in hand, Sebastian retired at the pressing instance of his lovely grandchild, who watching the fluctuations of his venerable face, grew fearful that he might suffer from so much emotion, and at length succeeded in leading him to a chamber.

Pinto's arrival in Lisbon was the signal for active measures: each noble hurried to his paternal residence, where they severally employed themselves in secretly securing the support of their tenantry, and their retainers. The clergy awakened the consciences of their parishioners by painting resistance as a duty, submission as a crime; they explained the right of Braganza, while they demonstrated the comparative insufficiency of Philip's title to the crown of Portugal. The merchants animated each other with the view of their present humiliation and their past power; and the starying artisans whom Pinto sought out and relieved, owing their lives to his generous master, professed themselves eager to risk those lives for his advancement.

These springs, though privily worked, were visible in their effects. An impatience of Spanish oppression, with occasional demonstrations of contempt, or of hatred, began to occur in every place; Vasconcellos was alarmed, yet he knew not on whom to fix the eye of suspicion: for Braganza was retired into the bosom of his own family at Villa Viciosa, remote from the capital, enjoying himself as usual in the peaceful pleasures of study, hawking, hunting, and elegant society.

The venerable stranger who was now and then to be seen coming forth upon the arm of Luisa to breathe the clear air of the parks, or the sweeter breeze of the gardens, was an object of no curiosity to any of the Spaniards: Braganza's palace was so often the asylum of age, misfortune, and helplessness, that an individual just standing on the brink of eternity excited no suspicion. Sebastian therefore, dwelt under the protection of the last of his race, in happy security: his sun

was about to set ; but it was sinking beneath a cloudless horizon, to rise again in the region of everlasting bliss.

While his judgment steadily scanned and approved all the sentiments, feelings, and actions of the amiable and admirable Braganza ; while he marked the brightness of a soul which no passions obscured, and felt the benign influence of a disposition diffusing happiness like light, he became sensible to a solicitude for the event of the revolution, which entirely banished his long though hardly acquired repose. At every despatch from Pinto, his aged frame shook with strong emotion ; but fortune appeared inclined to favour the good cause, and the heroism of Luisa communicated its own ardour to her parent.

In the midst of this anxiety, an order arrived from the court of Spain, demanding the attendance of the Duke of Braganza at Madrid. The reason assigned for this requisition was plausible and difficult to evade ! for Olivares artfully declared that his august master, grieved at the misery which he was told pervaded Portugal, was determined to investigate the cause, find out and punish the authors, be they who they might, and finally place at the head of the government one of its own Princes.

To refuse attendance after such a declaration, was impossible to Braganza, if he would retain a title to his country's affection, or conceal from Olivares that he knew his destructive intentions : he was obliged to return an evasive answer, which implied that he would appear at Philip's court, when he could draw around him a train befitting his high rank.

At the suggestion of his wife, whom love made politic, he despatched this reply by one of his household, who was charged to hire a superb mansion, engage servants, purchase magnificent furniture, in short amuse Olivares by the shew of preparing for the reception of his master and his suite.

So alarming a command as that which would deprive them of their leader, quickened the exertions of the confederates : it was necessary to establish strong

parties throughout every province, to gain the soldiery, to secure the possession of the arsenal, to win over the keepers of prisons that all confined for resistance to Spanish tyranny might be set free ; in short, that the whole kingdom might rise at once in one body, as if by an electric touch, and displace the Vice-Queen without tumult, and without massacre.

To effect these purposes, required more time than it appeared prudent to allow at a period like this : for messengers came daily from Spain, expostulating with the Duke on his disrespectful tardiness.

Pinto, who had secretly and rapidly made the circuit of all the towns devoted to his master's interest, at length ventured to pronounce that the trial might be hazarded.

The regiment of Braganza, he had contrived to get stationed at Elvas and Olivenza, two frontier fortresses, which may be called the keys of Portugal ; these he intended should form a barrier against the Spaniards, should any obstacle arise in the kingdom itself, and might keep them in check till the revolution was completely effected.

Humanely desirous to avoid the effusion of blood, Braganza would not suffer a step to be indiscreetly taken ; and Sebastian exhorted Pinto to avoid temerity, if he would ensure success without slaughter.

They were yet agitating the subject, when an express from Madrid demanding the appearance of Braganza before the expiration of six days under pain of forfeiting his estates, decided the debate, and rendered immediate action a deed of necessity. Pinto proceeded instantly to Lisbon, circulated the news through the city, and at midnight assembled the principal patriots, concerted with them fit measures for securing the persons of the Vice-Queen and her secretary.

It was agreed that four resolute bands, of a hundred men each, should, at a given signal, seize upon the four avenues of the palace, while the Portuguese regiment of cavalry (then quartered in the city) should ride through the streets, proclaiming Juan the IVth, and calling on the other citizens to join their party.

The archbishop undertook to appear at the head of all the religious orders, animating the people to take the side of justice and of national honour ; and the artisans, headed by the most popular and intrepid of their order, were pledged to hold themselves in readiness to rush out completely armed, and follow the standard of Braganza.

To every city, and every garrison, hurried some noble or some officer, all sworn to rise and proclaim Juan the IVth at the same hour. Braganza, under the pretext of paying his respects to the Vice-Queen, ere he set out for Spain, removed from Villa Viciosa, to a hunting seat opposite Lisbon, where he waited the event with some perturbation of heart.

Sebastian and Luisa were his companions : awful was the time to both !—Sebastian saw the fate of his country in the balance,—the lives and liberties of millions ; Luisa beheld a crown and an axe suspended over the head of him she loved beyond all former love. Braganza was the most tranquil, and the most confident, for he knew his own disinterestedness, and trusted to receive the blessing which virtuous motives almost warrant man to expect from a just and approving Being.

The night fixed upon by the confederate patriots now arrived ; it was the sixth of December, an hour before that which was to decide the fortunes of Braganza. Pinto came to receive his master's latest instructions, and to conjure him not to delay providing for his safety by means of a vessel which his careful friends had secured in case of failure, should Providence destine Spain to triumph.

As he embraced his zealous adherent, Braganza whispered in a low, but firm voice, " I go to a throne or to death : would you that I should outlive the brave friends that must have fallen, ere flight be my only refuge ? No Pinto ! my resolution was taken long since : I rise or fall with Portugal."

Luisa heard not this declaration, but her eye caught the strong beam of Braganza's, as it flashed an answer to the approving look of Sebastian, and she felt that her husband's soul dilated with some great resolve.

Her heart dared not question him, it dared not question itself :—alas ! to imagine for an instant, that he, in whom all joy, all delight, were summed up, that he who was indeed her earthly God, should be ravished from her fond arms, and doomed to the death of a rebel, was to think herself into frenzy. She hastily dismissed the image, and smiling through tears, gave her hand to Pinto, who respectfully kissing it, uttered some inspiring words, and disappeared.

Almost total silence followed the departure of Pinto. At length the clock striking eight, told them that "the work was begun." Sebastian started up at the first stroke of the bell, but immediately sitting down again, he stroked back his grey hair with a trembling hand, and said, sighing, "These white locks, and this boyish eagerness, are not well-suited, my children ! we think our characters changed, when the change is only in our circumstances : for thirty long years, scarcely any event has moved me strongly, and now I am all weak agitation."

"Hurry not yourself, dear father !" said Luisa, "by giving that name to honourable feeling : as the soul draws nearer to her divine source, ought not her powers to brighten, her sensibilities to increase ? I see no virtue in apathy."

Sebastian turned on her a grateful and gratified look : Braganza spoke not ; his thoughts were so entirely absorbed by one momentous object, that he neither heard nor saw what passed around him.

Suddenly confused sounds proceeded from the distant city, shouts, shrieks, the clamour of alarm bells, the trampling of horses, the beat of drums, proclaimed the confusion which reigned throughout Lisbon ; amongst the uproar, Braganza listened for the sound of artillery ; none was heard ; at this circumstance his hopes expanded, and he exclaimed aloud, "All then goes well !"

Pale with anxiety, yet bright with heroism, Luisa sat by the side of her venerable grandsire, alternately returning the agitated pressure of his hand, or the inquiring glance of his eye ; their beating hearts kept

time with each other ; but as they looked on the inspiring countenance of Braganza, apprehension gave way to hope, and hope to security.

The signal of success at last was heard ; a cannon fired from the citadel, announced that Lisbon was in the hands of the patriots, that the Duke of Braganza was proclaimed King.

At this welcome sound, the transported Luisa threw herself into the arms of her lord ; she intended to salute him by his new title, but love alone spoke, and half fainting with sweet emotion, she could but murmur out, " Juan, my dear, dear husband."

Braganza strained her to his breast, his fine countenance all glowing with patriot joy, then eagerly snatching the hand of the majestic old man, he exclaimed,— " Hasten ! hasten, my father ! that is the call for me, —our country, our beloved country is unchained."

A deeper flush illumined his face as he spoke, and the ardour of his feelings burst forth in tears. It was not usual for Braganza to weep, and these tears gave testimony to the noble source whence they flowed.

Yielding to the impulse of his hand, Sebastian and Luisa hastened with him out of the house ; his servants had already prepared every thing for their instant conveyance to Lisbon ; they crossed over, and entered the city.

Sebastian had followed, pale, silent, and uncertain ; so many reverses, so many unforeseen shocks had assailed him at periods of his greatest prosperity, that now he hesitated to believe too soon, or to trust the evidence of other senses than his own.

The gates of Lisbon were thrown open ; they were crowded with armed citizens, wearing the colours of the Braganza's on their caps and scarfs ; the banners of Portugal waved from every public building, the convents and the houses were lighted up, and the whole city resounded with the cry of " Long live Juan the IVth, King of Portugal and of the Indies."

Pinto met his new Sovereign at the entrance of the palace : he fell at his feet, and his manly countenance was overflowed with tears ; he attempted to speak, but

could not. The archbishop, the clergy, the nobles, and the other patriots, hailed their King with loud and repeated acclamations.

"Where is the Duchess of Mantua?" asked Braganza, pausing ere he passed the threshold, "My friends, let her be respected, and honourably conducted beyond the frontier. No blood I hope will flow."

"One victim only!" exclaimed a bold young man, starting forward, and advancing a sword yet red with blood. "This sword (be it enrolled and sainted for the deed) searched the heart of Vasconcellos. I found him hidden in the Vice-Queen's chamber: I drew the quivering villain forth, and at the same moment a hundred weapons was in his breast. The tyrant is dead! I cried, let liberty live, and Don Juan King of Portugal! At that cry, all Lisbon echoed a shout of triumph, the Spaniards dropt their useless arms, and the contest was ended."

"The Duchess of Mantua has been removed to Xabregas, Sire," said Pinto, who now found voice to speak. "The citadel, the arsenal, the fleet, all is your Majesty's. Vasconcellos alone has perished, and his crimes called for the vengeance of Heaven."

Braganza, bowed in token of assent, ashamed of the momentary pang which the death even of one person caused to his humane heart: he then turned to the surrounding multitude, and with an air at once full of thankfulness and of dignity, acknowledged the services of his friends; promised love and protection to his people; and recommending to them all, mercy towards their unresisting enemies, retired into the palace.

While these things were transacting, Sebastian appeared to have been standing in a trance: he now moved slowly on supported between the young King and Queen, who anxiously watched his varying looks.

They entered the state apartment: their august companion would have sat down on the first chair he reached, but Braganza gracefully checking him, led him from it, and placed him, ere he was aware, on the throne itself. Sebastian bowed his head with a divine smile; his heart was agitated, was oppressed be-

yond-utterance ; for the visions of his youth were present here.

This throne, these royal banners, these armorial trophies which witnessed the heroic exploits of his ancestors, those illustrious portraits covering the walls, the very consciousness that he was in his own palace, and that even so, another prince was its master, all united to shake his frame with emotions beyond its strength. But regret mixed not with the sentiment : it was a solemn and an awful fulness of contentment.

He looked down and beheld the amiable Juan with his lovely consort, kneeling before him : their train were left in the outer chamber, and Pinto alone remained. Beyond the palace walls, the city still rung with shouts of " Long live our King !" and still the proud discharge of ordnance shook the buildings around.

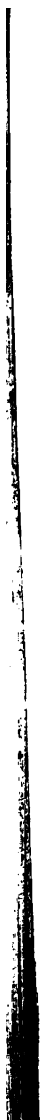
Sebastian's eyes wandered over the illuminated countenances of his grand-children, with an expression of celestial satisfaction ; yet he was mortal pale, and his hands as he laid them on the heads of Juan and Luisa, were damp and chilling. " Give me that babe !" he said, after having blessed the parents. Luisa laid it on his arms.

Sebastian received the boy with trembling avidity : —as he bent to kiss his infant cheek, his silver locks sweeping over the eyelids of the little Prince, awoke him, and he looked smiling up. A nobler smile (for it was radiant with the immortal spirit) lighted up the face of the aged King, he leaned back in the royal chair, he looked at the son of Gaspar, then at Braganza and Luisa, cast a last glance at their child, thought of them he was hastening to rejoin, and fixing his eyes on Heaven, he feebly exclaimed, " Die, die ! thou hast lived long enough."

His eyes closed as he spoke, and Luisa starting up to catch her falling babe, discovered that the soul had indeed ascended to happiness and its God !



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